

PLAYBOY

COLLECTOR'S EDITION

JANUARY 1979 • \$3.00



**TWENTY-FIFTH
ANNIVERSARY ISSUE**

With the Great Playmate Hunt and...

...Marlon Brando: His Most Revealing Interview
Arthur C. Clarke: A New Sci-Fi Novel · John Updike
and Tom ("Cowgirls") Robbins: New Stories from
Two Virtuoso Novelists · **Gore Vidal: Why Sex Is
Politics** · Ray Bradbury: Setting Sail for Outer
Space · **Shel Silverstein: A Tale About a Country
Singer and the Devil** · Robert Morley: Why the
English Like to Dress in Drag · **Bill Cosby: In
Search of Muscles** · David Halberstam: The Small

Failures of Television · **Jules Feiffer: The Language
of Lovemaking** · David Steinberg: How to Dazzle
at the Disco · **Sydney Omarr: An Intrepid Playboy
Horoscope** · Plus a Choice Selection from 25 Years
of Fabulous Pictorials · **A Glittering Review of
the Year's Delightful Dozen Playmates**, and a New
Year's Worth of Good Cheer to Celebrate the 25th
Birthday of America's Leading Magazine for Men



The Great

Playmate

Hunt

It's hard to forget someone who
gives you Crown Royal.



SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N.Y. BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY. 80 PROOF.

When I conceived this magazine a quarter of a century ago, I had no notion that it would become one of the most important, imitated, influential and yet controversial publishing ventures of our time. The early Fifties was an era of conformity and repression—of Eisenhower and Senator Joe McCarthy—the result of two decades of Depression and war. But it was also a period of reawakening in America—with a re-emphasis on the importance of the individual, on his rights and opportunities in a free society—a period of increasing affluence and leisure time. I wanted to publish a magazine that both influenced and reflected the socio-sexual changes taking place in America but that was—first and foremost—fun. *PLAYBOY* was intended as a response to the repressive antisexual, anti-play-and-pleasure aspects of our puritan heritage.

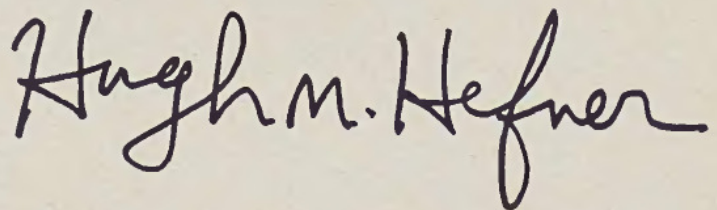
Big dreams for a young man only recently graduated from college, who quit his \$60-a-week job as a promotion copy writer for *Esquire* when refused a request for a five-dollar raise. With a personal investment of \$600 (borrowed) and \$6000 more invested by various friends and relatives, we published that first thin 44-page issue in December 1953. The rest, as they say, is history.

What we lacked in experience and money, we made up for in youthful enthusiasm and energy. By the early Sixties, *PLAYBOY* was being referred to as “a handbook for the young-man-about-town” and we had become a major force in what was termed the American sexual revolution. *Newsweek* complimented the magazine on its editorial excellence, while chiding us on our “peep-show” interest in sex. This is, of course, the point of *PLAYBOY*—a

response to the puritan repression that has for too long pitted mind and body against each other. The impact of the magazine has been incalculable, altering our attitudes about ourselves and about the society in which we live—influencing our views not only on sex and nudity but also on fashions (female more than male), contemporary art (the illustrations in *PLAYBOY* inspired a revolution in the graphics of magazines and other media) and a broad spectrum of other subjects and interests.

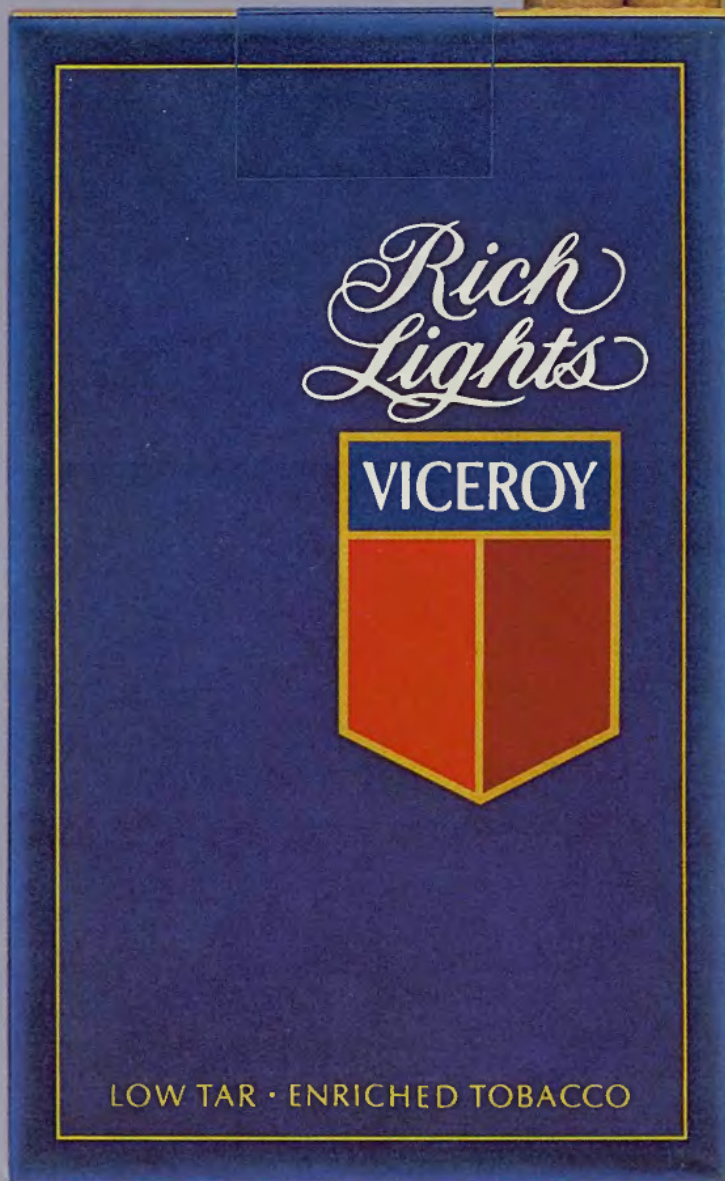
PLAYBOY is, today, the most successful, largest-selling men's magazine in America and abroad—published in six languages in addition to English (and Braille). Our sophisticated Rabbit emblem (designed by Art Director Arthur Paul for the first issue and appearing, in one form or another, on every cover thereafter) is one of the most familiar commercial trademarks in the world—representing not only the magazine but an entire entertainment empire, including books, merchandise, motion pictures, television productions, clubs, hotels and casinos. But none of this is as important as the ongoing adventure—shared with you, the readers—of editing each new issue of the publication.

By way of celebration on this, our 25th birthday, we have produced this special Silver Anniversary Issue—a rich package of articles, fiction, art and photography—to amuse, entertain and edify. It contains its share of nostalgia—including an illustrated history of the publication—but more than a retrospective of the past 25 years of *PLAYBOY*, it is intended as a promise of editorial excellence, integrity, insight and iconoclasm for the 25 years ahead. Stay with us, for the best is yet to come.



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PLAYBILL

LOOKS LIKE WE MADE IT. Twenty-five years old and bigger and better than ever. On this auspicious occasion, it may be appropriate to ask us what it's like to work for the world's best magazine. Well, we can tell you it's no picnic. Manuscripts, for instance, get soggy in the Jacuzzi. Beautiful women clog the hallways. Editors are often dragged off the courts in mid-set just to meet deadlines. Last week, a laser acted up in the tenth-floor disco and burned a hole in the communal water bed, spilling Dom Pérignon all over the sable bedspread. Could you work under those conditions? We think not.

But, hey, we're pros. Despite such hardships, we've managed to put together a fantastic Silver Anniversary issue.

For the *Playboy Interview* in this landmark issue, we've chosen one of the best actors of the past quarter century, **Marlon Brando**. Brando will seldom *talk* to the press, much less consent to an interview of this length. But our interviewer, **Lawrence Grobel**, who has interviewed Dolly Parton, Henry Winkler and Barbra Streisand for us, persevered (over a period of one and a half years) and Brando delivered a remarkable self-portrait.

Our fiction offerings are no less momentous. **Arthur C. Clarke**, who, at last count, had racked up 26 appearances in these pages, is back with a vengeance. We've got two excerpts from his new novel, *The Fountains of Paradise*, that will be published this winter by Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. Part two will run in February. It's large-scale sci-fi in the tradition of his 2001: *A Space Odyssey* and it's rumored that this will be his final novel. Clarke lives in what can be called monastic splendor on the island of Sri Lanka (see photo at right), where he entertains visitors from around the world and scuba dives in the bay. (Ignacio Gomez illustrated Clarke's piece.)

This isn't **John Updike**'s first shot, either. In fact, it's his eighth. Just last May, he gave us *The Faint*. This time, the prolific imagist explores the bittersweet feelings of a couple about to split in *Gesturing*. Knopf is about to publish his new novel, *The Coup*.

Even *Cowgirls Get the Blues* established **Tom Robbins** as one of the foremost novelists of the acid generation, perhaps the only one who survived the Sixties with his mind and sense of humor intact. *The Purpose of the Moon* marks his first appearance in *PLAYBOY*.

Whether he's writing as novelist, historian or culture critic, **Gore Vidal** can always be counted on to ripple still waters with new insights. Did we say ripple? This month's treatise on the volatile subjects of sex and politics can only make waves. The controversy begins with the title, *Sex Is Politics*. **Kinuko Y. Craft**, who illustrated Vidal's *Kalki* a few months ago, does her usual fine job on this one.

The hallmark of a good science-fiction writer is that he has as much appreciation for science as he does for fiction. That's certainly the case with **Ray Bradbury**. With our space program virtually in a holding pattern, Bradbury asks the pertinent question "Why?" in his essay *Beyond 1984* (with illustration by **Gary Ciccarelli**). By the way, Bradbury's story *Fahrenheit 451*, which debuted in our March 1954 issue, will open as a stage play in Los Angeles in April and *The Martian Chronicles* will be a six-hour miniseries on NBC-TV next fall.

Our *On the Scene* section this month features the latest advance in television technology, the flat screen, which just may be an inadvertent commentary on the state of the art. We're already into our second generation of boob-tube watchers and things seem to be getting worse, not better. **David Halberstam** has taken a long, hard look at the pap—especially what passes as news—that pervades the airways and tries to divine the reasons for it in *Power Failure*.

Here in the colonies, we tend to think of Englishmen



GROBEL



VIDAL



CRAFT



FEIFFER



UPDIKE



ROBBINS



CLARKE



CLARKE'S SRI LANKA HOUSE



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as reserved. But when our strait-laced cousins doff their chesterfield, like as not, they'll don a dress. This quaint custom is explored with humor and semi-understanding by English actor and author **Robert Morley** in *Why the British Love to Dress in Drag*. Morley's collection of anecdotes, *Book of Bricks* (the proceeds of which will benefit autistic children), will soon be published in this country by Putnam.

Back on the home front, where our own customs are no less risible, comedian **Bill Cosby** digs into his seemingly bottomless store of memories. This time, he recalls that period in all our lives when sexuality starts to rear its confusing head via mysterious physical changes. His remembrance is titled *A Child's Garden of (Hormonal) Mysteries*. Our own Managing Art Director, **Kerig Pope**, provided the illustration.

Of course, we could hardly put together a 25th Anniversary issue without **PLAYBOY** stalwart **Shel Silverstein**. We've been laughing at his stuff almost from the beginning; but this time, Shel threw us a change of pace. His contribution is a ballad of epic proportions, *The Devil and Billy Markham*. Illustrated by **Brad Holland**, it shows a side of Silverstein that we think you'll like just as much as his humor.

Judith Wax hasn't changed at all, though. Her annual roundup of the year's happenings, *That Was the Year That Was*, still puts everything into hilarious perspective. Judith's new book, *Starting in the Middle*, is due in March from Holt, Rinehart and Winston and has been chosen as a Book-of-the-Month Club alternate.

Speaking of roundups, **Robert Kerwin** has corralled a number of our more famous distaff citizens for some cogent thoughts on the topic *Has Women's Lib Created a New Man?* If you think you know the answers, you may be in for some surprises.

Don't let it get you down, though, just flip to old friend cartoonist **Jules Feiffer**, who makes an anniversary appearance in this issue to make sure none of us gets cocky. Feiffer seems to know what's going on even when the rest of us don't.

A lot has been going on in the 25 years we've been producing this magazine. We really didn't know how much until we started researching the retrospective sections of this issue. Luckily, we were able to lure Contributing Editor and music maven **David Standish** away from his usual duties at the stereo long enough to put together *The Illustrated History of Playboy*. David provided the text and other loyal staffers gathered the pix (there's a special foldout that shows every Playmate and every **PLAYBOY** cover, ever). And we also collected some of the most memorable ladies who have appeared in these pages under the heading *25 Beautiful Years*. It was an overwhelming undertaking, to say the least.

Naturally, when we finished it all, we started to think about what the future would bring. That called for some stargazing, and since our knowledge of astrology is limited to conversational openers in singles bars, we called on the doyen of diviners, **Sydney Omarr**, who went about the task of *Forecasting Playboy's Future*. Omarr pulled no punches.

When we thought about a Playmate for this issue, we envisioned someone special. We did *not* envision what we'd have to go through to get her. You'll find the whole story in *The Great Playmate Hunt*. Our great Playmate, **Candy Loving**, who was photographed by **Dwight Hooker**, is in the usual place.

There's lots more, naturally. For instance, an eerie pictorial on *Dracula*, *Interlude with the Undead*, with text by **Anne Rice**, who penned the best seller *Interview with the Vampire*, and pictures by **Phillip Dixon**, assisted by West Coast Photography Editor **Marilyn Grabowski**. A look at *Elegance for the Eighties* was illustrated by **Martin Hoffman**. **David Steinberg's** *Guide to Disco Etiquette* was put together by Associate Editor **John Blumenthal** and Assistant Photo Editor **Michael Berry**, along with Crazylegs Steinberg. **Gary Heery** handled the camerawork. And, no, we didn't forget our annual salute to the past year's centerfold stars, delightfully shot this year by **Ken Marcus** and styled by **Alison Reynolds**.

That's not all; there are plenty of surprises inside. So welcome to the first issue of our second 25 years!

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PLAYBOY®

vol. 26, no. 1—january, 1979

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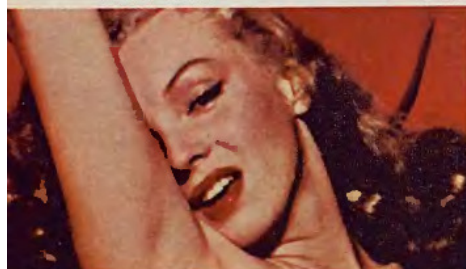
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Corporate Art Director Arthur Paul, who designed the original Playboy Rabbit in 1953, updated long-ears especially for our 25th Anniversary. The emblem, in assorted colors, will be showing a high profile throughout the year.

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"I have clinched and closed with the naked North, I have learned to defy and defend: Shoulder to shoulder we have fought it out—yet the wild must win in the end."

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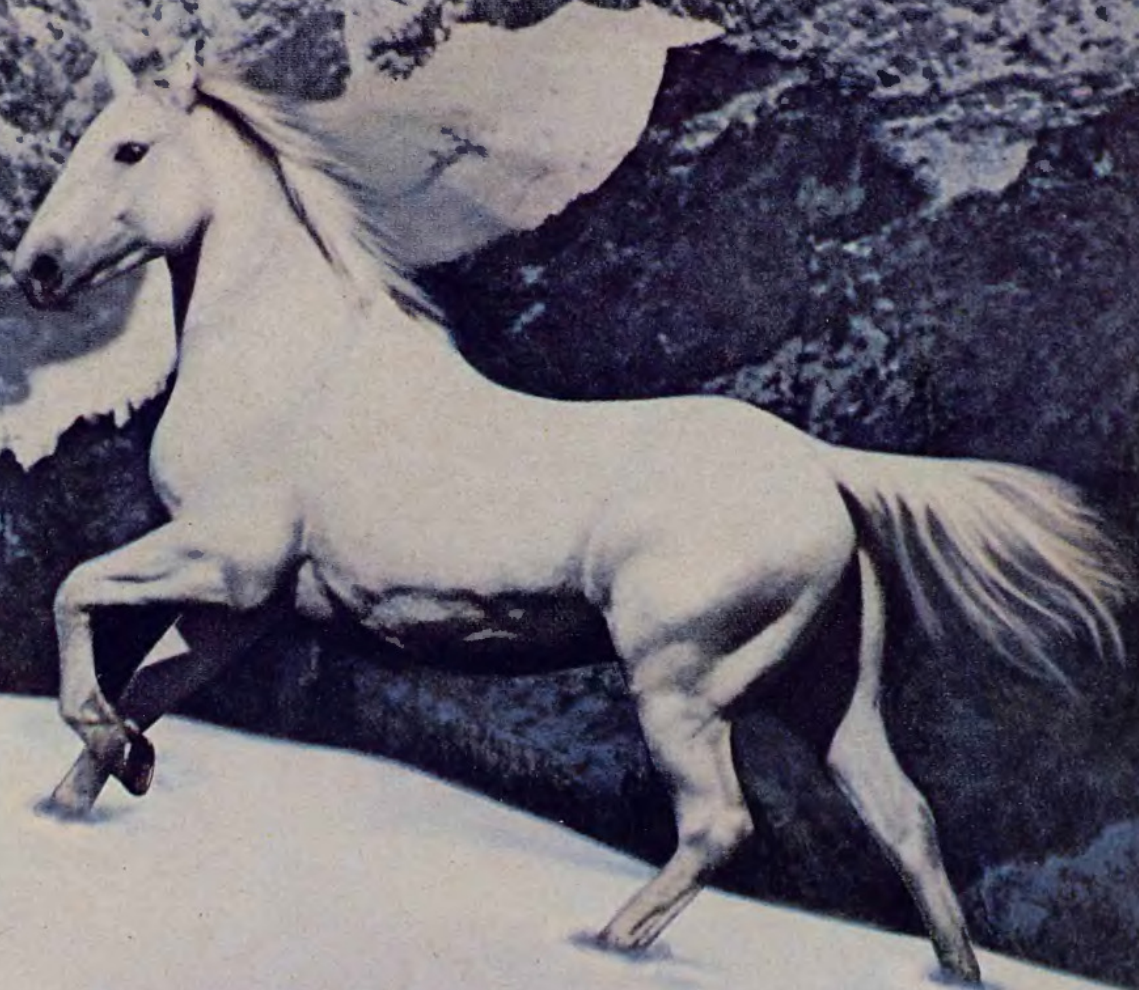
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THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

in which we offer an insider's look at what's doing and who's doing it



Above, actress Edy Williams in conversation with basketball's Wilt "The Stilt" Chamberlain; at right, comedian Jack Carter does a dance turn with ex-wife.

AH, SHAKESPEARE WAS NEVER LIKE THIS!

"Playboy Mansion West," wrote Wanda McDaniel of the Los Angeles *Herald-Examiner*, "emerged over the weekend as symbolic headquarters for all the world to come courting causes or finding fantasies." She referred to Hugh M. Hefner's hosting an E.R.A. benefit (see page 16) and his Midsummer Night's Dream party, pictured here, on consecutive evenings.



Above, our genial host surveys the scene with one of his guests, actress Polly Bergen; at right, Warren Cowan (of the public-relations firm of Rogers and Cowan) laughs it up with Teddy-bear-toting Jane Harvey. For this event, a yearly must at Hefner's Holmby Hills estate, even the bartenders wear PJs; bathrobes are supplied at the door for forgetful arrivals.



Hef, actor Michael Callan and his wife, model Karen Malouf, take a moment to chat at the Midsummer Night's Dream party (above), as do (below, from left) actor James Caan, Ingrid Greer and pro-football great turned Hollywood star Jim Brown.

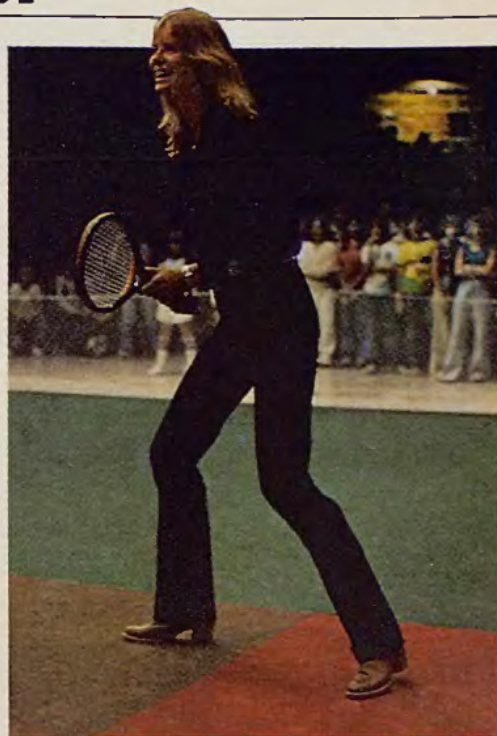


Our April 1978 Playmate, Pamela Jean Bryant, claims the rapt attention of actor Burt Young (who admitted to *Herald-Examiner* reporter McDaniel that it had been years since he'd worn pajamas).

THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

PLAYBOY HOSTS POST-TENNIS-TOURNEY PARTY

Sol Berg (below left), owner of the New York Apples professional tennis team, and woman all-star Billie Jean King (subject of the March 1975 *Playboy* Interview) were among the guests at a cocktail party at the New York Playboy Club following the semifinals of the Apples/Playboy Challenge mixed-doubles tennis tournament at Madison Square Garden. Below right, leading tennis pro Vitas Gerulaitis talks with Playboy Vice-President and Advertising Director Henry Marks; at right, model Cheryl Tiegs, a surprise guest, gets in a few licks on the court. Tournament finals were held later at the Playboy Resort & Country Club at Great Gorge, New Jersey.



N.W.P.C. FEATURES TRUDEAU

Cartoonist Garry (*Doonesbury*) Trudeau obliges a fan (above) at a National Women's Political Caucus luncheon hosted by Playboy veeep Christie Hefner in the Chicago Playboy Club VIP Room. Other guests (below, from left): N.W.P.C. advisory-board member Marjorie Benton, syndicated columnist Ann Landers, the *Today* show's Jane Pauley.



HAPPY BIRTHDAY, CENTURY CITY

Bunny Angela feeds Hef the first bite of cake from the Century City Playboy Club's celebration of its fifth anniversary in its present site; Bunny Kat looks on.



E.R.A. AIDED BY MANSION WEST EVENT

L.A. mayor Tom Bradley and actress Jean Stapleton (below left) were among notables at a Playboy Mansion West benefit for the National Organization for Women's E.R.A. Strike Force; below right, Los Angeles NOW coordinator Gloria Allred and Christie Hefner watch as Hef adds his name to a petition asking Congress to grant an extension of the E.R.A. ratification deadline.



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THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

BUNNY DANA IN SHOWBIZ

Ex-New York Bunny Dana Valentien (below right) joins James (Marcus Welby) Brodin, Serena BlaqueLord (left) and Sharon Mitchell in *Night of the Juggler*, a film about the world of porno.

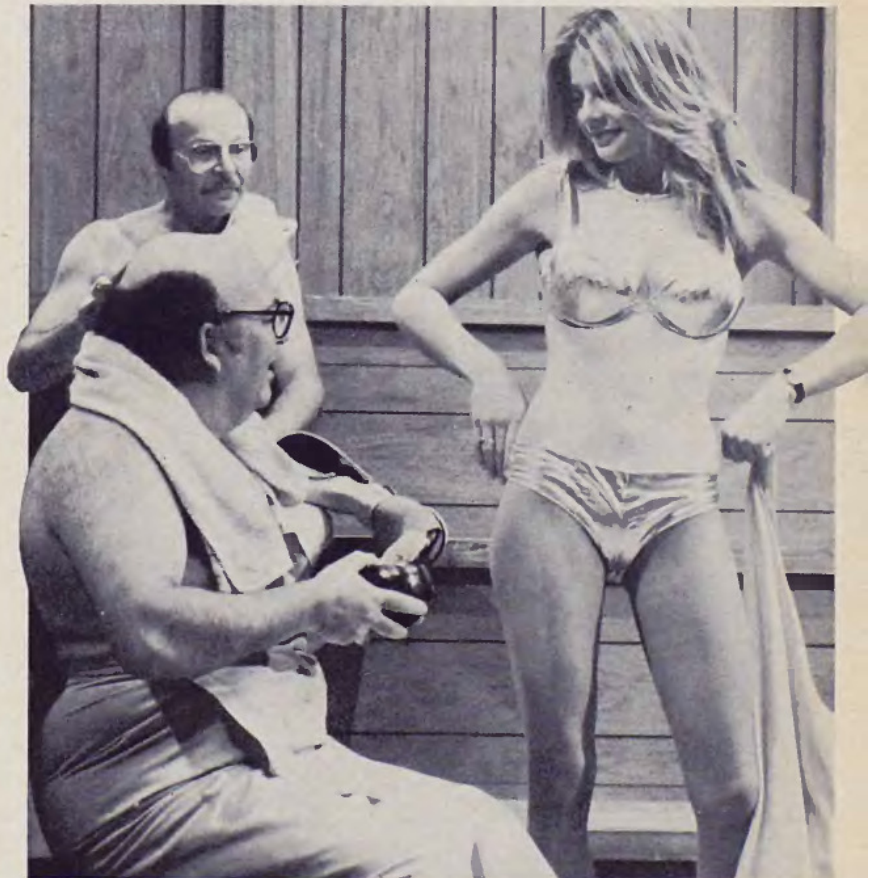


PLAYMATE UPDATE: MISCH MAKES MOVIE

Recognize Miss February 1975, Laura Misch (in a pose from her Playmate shooting, at left), in the movie scene above? That's Laura at the right, Anne Michelle at the left in the film *French Quarter*, which, like *Pretty Baby*, deals with life in the Storyville red-light district of New Orleans; Virginia Mayo stars as Countess Willie Piazza, madam of a 1910 whorehouse.

COVER GIRL ON TUBE

One of our favorite models, Robyn Douglass (that's her cover pose from the December 1974 issue at left), has a new acting career; as Gussie, she co-starred with Art Hindle in the NBC-TV science-fiction movie *The Clone Master* (below).



DAINA HOUSE GUESTS ON TV SERIES

When we last checked in with our January 1976 centerfold girl, Daina House (see *The World of Playboy*, September 1978), she was appearing in *The Last of the Cowboys*; since, she's done an episode for NBC's *CPO Sharkey* (above).

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L'Air du Temps
NINA RICCI
PARIS

THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY



FLEETWOOD MAC, O. J. SIMPSON AMONG GUESTS AT LAKE GENEVA RESORT

Among the celebrities who have found Playboy's Lake Geneva Resort & Country Club a nice place to visit: Fleetwood Mac (above, with Bunny Desiré), who stayed there during a nearby gig, and O. J. Simpson (with Bunny Tana, at right), guest at the Acme Boot Company convention there.



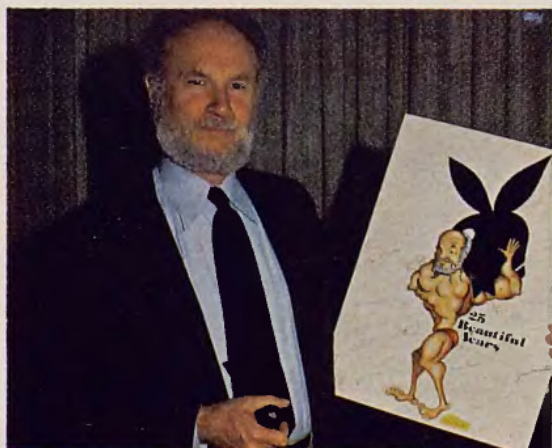
CARTOONISTS LIVE IT UP

Guests at a New York cocktail party honoring *Playboy Funnies* artists included (above, from left) Stan Drake, *Funnies* contributor and creator of *The Heart of Juliet Jones*; Cartoon Editor Michelle Urry and Associate Art Director Skip Williamson.



IS A BASEBALL DIAMOND A PLAYMATE'S BEST FRIEND?

The gatefold girls were invited to referee a celebrity baseball game at USC's Dedeaux Field, but they got in their innings, too. Above, Hope Olson (left) and Debra Jensen with sponsor Bill McEnteer; below, Ashley Cox goes to bat.



SILVER JUBILEE FOR PAUL

Staffers honored Art Director Arthur Paul (above) with a specially designed card (and a lot of champagne) on his 25th anniversary with the magazine.



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DOLLY'S A DILLY

Your October interview with Dolly Parton, by Lawrence Grobel, is sensational! It is really personal and I don't care what anyone says, Dolly Parton looks beautiful in those flashy outfits.

Monty Clark
Arlington, Virginia

Dolly Parton fans are going to rave about your October cover. Needless to say, everyone will be voicing his joy over Dolly's chest (which deserves compliments). However, what is more impressive than Dolly's chest is her smile. There is only one thing sweeter than the smile and that is the person in the interview.

L. A. Ellis
Minneapolis, Minnesota

As a result of your interview with the magnificent Dolly Parton, you have one more diehard fan to add to your list. If people think about what she says and believes, they can't help but love and admire her as I do. Thank you, PLAYBOY, for a very enjoyable issue.

Wesley Townsley
Bozeman, Montana

Your interview with Dolly Parton is great! She is a great lady. A great singer, songwriter, author and soon-to-be actress. Lawrence Grobel did a great job.

Dean Cress
Lexington, Kentucky

Great to hear, Dean.

I just read your interview with Dolly Parton and am I pissed! It should have been at least 100 questions longer and some more photos wouldn't have hurt, either.

Frank E. Boyette
Gainesville, Florida

Never have I felt so moved, been so touched as I was by the interview with

Dolly Parton. She made me feel that I can accomplish anything. Her enthusiasm is absolutely infectious!

Evan Cummings
North Hollywood, California

Having read the interview with Dolly Parton, I am convinced that the majority of her bosom is filled with heart.

Tommy Stanford
Canal Point, Florida

Where'd she get those eyes? Your October cover is the best I've seen, and Dolly Parton's interview is the most delightful since you did Germaine Greer and R. Buckminster Fuller.

R. L. Jones
Jacksonville, Florida

If America ever needs a replacement for the sun, may it be in the likeness of Dolly Parton.

Nate Adams
Kearsarge, New Hampshire

She makes me feel like I could do anything. Just reading her interview made me feel happy. PLAYBOY, I thank you for bringing this bit of joy into my life.

P. Rojas
Mar Vista, California

After reading your interview with Dolly Parton, I have come to the conclusion that she has only three things going for her. The first two are quite obvious and the third one is a hell of a lot of class.

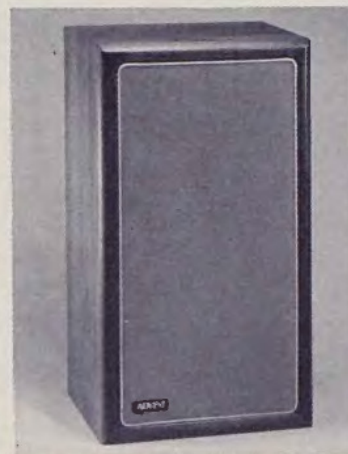
Monty E. Ritchey
Gresham, Oregon

Thanks for the greatest *Playboy* Interview yet! I now know the real Dolly Parton—down to earth, human and alive!

C. Kirtley
Moberly, Missouri

Your October cover is one of the best ever. Dolly Parton is truly an attractive

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P-1/79

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lady. Now, if you could just get her off the cover and into the centerfold.

Jim Martin
Kansas City, Missouri

My compliments to you on your interview with Dolly Parton. I found it very revealing and, at the same time, extremely refreshing. She's an honest and open person with many provocative and new ideas.

M. A. Carr
Decatur, Illinois

What a fantastic interview! *PLAYBOY*, Grobel and Dolly really have it together. You should make Grobel your permanent interviewer and Dolly your permanent interviewee.

Maureen O'Mara
Chicago Ridge, Illinois

I never really thought too much about Dolly Parton until I read your October interview. Contrary to what she herself may believe, I found her to be an absolutely beautiful woman in all ways!

Pamela Littlefield
Cherry Grove, Pennsylvania

October's cover with Dolly Parton really shows some class! As a wife whose husband has been receiving *PLAYBOY* for four years, I'm finally convinced that you're not that bad.

Debbie Jahn
Columbia, Illinois

Just before we went to press, October interview subject Dolly Parton was selected as the winner of the Country Music Association's Entertainer of the Year Award. We congratulate her on the award, as well as on her dynamite interview.

BIG WHEELS

After racking my brain unsuccessfully for days for the perfect present for my husband on his 30th birthday, I was thrilled to find the article *Wheels for the Man Who Thinks Big*, by Donald Chaikin, in your October issue. In fact, I have just returned from ordering two American La France Century Series pumpers—one for my husband and one for myself. After all, it isn't only men who think big!

Carol Ann Quatrone-Torres
New York, New York

Sounds like just the thing for a Firemen's Ball.

REQUIEM FOR LEON

As a boxing fan, I read with interest Phil Berger's article on Leon Spinks (*Spinks*, *PLAYBOY*, October). It was written with gusto. Although the piece preceded Spinks's last fight for the championship, it was like an obituary for the ex-champ.

Luis R. Enadra
North Brunswick, New Jersey

I presume many would agree that Ali will be the world champ until the title



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is given to someone with the boxing ability to deserve it and the responsibility that goes with it. Certainly, Spinks is not our man.

Dawn Pacheco
Miami, Florida

It's quite obvious that Spinks isn't the champion of the news media or the critics. His arbitrary actions and wildness can be credited to the restrictive life of poverty in his ghetto environment. Not to say that such is an excuse for thoughtless action or the inability to speak fluently. But, damn, give him some air; let him do his thing.

Mike Karim-Bey
Petersburg, Virginia

RABBIT TEST

Here is another example of the famous and apparently ubiquitous Rabbit image appearing in an unlikely place. The



picture is taken from a medical diagnostic ultrasound study of a human liver. I previously did not consider the liver a sex organ, though I have heard that certain depraved butchers get off on calf's liver.

J. P. Dils, M.D.
Phoenix, Arizona

PLOTS CONTINUE

Nothing has been overworked in the publishing world as much as Watergate. While I found *The Plot to Wreck the Golden Greek* (PLAYBOY, September), by Jim Houghan, a super story of the spook game, to label it merely a prelude to Watergate hardly is a complete description. Manipulation of events through wire tapping, lawsuits and all kinds of payoffs is no less a part of the Washington scene today than at any time in the past.

Stuart G. Crane
Yardley, Pennsylvania

Jim Houghan's article on Onassis is so totally oblique and biased against the establishment that it creates suspicion of its veracity and his motive.

Gary E. Kilbourn
Sacramento, California

SHEA SEX

PLAYBOY saves readers money! Fearful that my knowledge had grown outdated, I determined to buy *The Joy of Sex*, billed as the foremost sex manual since

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Ovid's *Ars Amatoria*. But, lo! Robert Shea's witty and lucid article on solving our sex problems (PLAYBOY, October) convinced me that my \$6.95 would be better spent on massage oil and new towels. I especially liked Shea's memories of high school sex in the Fifties. I had forgotten my own circle's bit of folk wisdom: If a girl touched a guy's left shoulder blade—it had to be the left one—he'd immediately launch an all-out attack. Never again did I hear of such an iron-clad guarantee. I particularly congratulate Shea on writing an entire article about sex without once using the phrase meaningful relationship.

Carol Sanders
Fairfield, Connecticut

Robert Shea's article on sexual problems manages to say more in fewer than 3000 words than most books on the subject. And far more entertainingly, too! Altogether a wise, humane and—that rarity in this usually glum, dour area—witty piece of work.

Bob Abel
New York, New York

Stop sending me smutty articles.

Al Goldstein
New York, New York

Is that a professional opinion, Al?

EASY ROLLER

When I opened your October issue, I was delightfully surprised to see the most beautiful thing ever on roller skates—Marcy Hanson! This lovely lady gets my vote for Playmate of the Year. Hope to see more of her real soon.

Dave Pany
Glendale, California

Your pictorial uncoverage of Marcy Hanson, Miss October, is excellent; however, I must point out that the photos are in arrears in one aspect—how could you so delightfully display all her physical assets butt neglect the derrière?

Fred W. Conrad
Racine, Wisconsin

Thank you for the great pictorial of Marcy Hanson. She is definitely not a dumbbell or a moron, though that is the part in *Rollergirls* she was made to play. On her next acting job, I hope she gets better writers than the burnouts who created and wrote for that stupid show.

Wally Simpson, Jr.
Waldwick, New Jersey

I think your October Playmate feature is unusually good. Marcy's layout projects a warmth that's rare in people, much less in pix and print. She must be a lovely woman to know.

Michael D. Sullivan
Seattle, Washington

Your exquisite presentation of Marcy Hanson is, in my opinion, the best of

your current issues. She is by far the sharpest and sexiest lady this year.

John Robertson
Spring Grove, Virginia

Marcy Hanson is the sexiest Playmate you've ever had! When I look into her eyes (when I'm not concentrating on her other features), I realize that my body temperature isn't the *only* thing that is rising! She should be Playmate of the Year. Would you be so kind as to publish another picture of the lovely Miss Hanson?

Steve Smith
Sacramento, California

If Marcy on roller skates makes your temperature rise, this shot of her in the



sauna should bring you to the boiling point.

It's been a week since I first saw Marcy Hanson in your October issue and I still feel compelled to write and thank you. I have never in my 26 years on earth seen a more beautiful woman. Thanks to Mario Casilli for capturing her so brilliantly.

P. J. Patterson
San Jose, California

Yes, I did watch Marcy in *Rollergirls* on TV and I thought she was sharp then. But I didn't realize just how sharp until I saw the terrific pictures taken of her by photographer Mario Casilli. She looks mighty fine, wet or dry.

Jim Bowers
Marion, Ohio

BELL RINGER

I consider Arthur Bell's article *Kings Don't Mean a Thing* (PLAYBOY, October) much more than just a recounting of a murder. It is an investigation of the fabric of the gay lifestyles available to us who choose a homosexual existence. It is

a look at the heterosexual society *in toto* and at the degree to which it is willing to interact with us. But I consider the chief importance and the beauty of the work to lie in its autobiographical passages. Bell's emotional involvement in the Knight case lays bare the life of an investigative reporter with candor, wit and a sorrowfulness. After rereading the article, I kept wondering whether *Kings* . . . will be to the Seventies what Richard Wright's *Black Boy* was to the Fifties. God hope so.

Brandon Judell
New York, New York

PAC BACKERS

I would like to compliment PLAYBOY on its college-coeds series in general and on the two-part *Girls of the Pac 10* segment in particular. Although all of the coeds are quite beautiful, the Pac 10 girls taken as a group are outstanding.

William Cantrell
Blacksburg, Virginia

I have to hand it to you, I believe you've made the find of a decade! In *Girls of the Pac 10: Part II* [PLAYBOY, October], you picture Helen Hestenes, who, in my opinion, has got to be the best-looking lady since BB herself!

Gary Hovey
Oronoco, Minnesota

It's a tough choice, but if I had to choose a roommate, I would definitely study with Paulette Spirit. Women like her make me wish I were back in college!

Bob Schroeder
Trenton, New Jersey

Thanks, PLAYBOY, for reinstalling my faith in America's educational system.

Bob Ross
Boston, Massachusetts

Ali! Ali! Ali! Ali Duerr. The undisputed champion of the *Girls of the Pac 10*.

Todd W. Hendrickson
Cleveland, Ohio

If Nancy Amons is a football fan, it is not hard to see why USC fields such a good team year in and year out. I know I'd play harder if she were rooting for me!

Richard T. McKenner
Oncida, New York

Laurel Haniman is definitely Playmate material.

Richard DeWald
Austin, Texas

I find that I keep returning to Toni Turner. She is, if anything, a turn-on!

Rick Tobias
Corvallis, Oregon

We Big 10 fans have been cheated. PLAYBOY gave the Pac 10 two issues to show its beautiful girls, while the Big 10

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Jeff Grendysa
Dearborn Heights, Michigan

After having reviewed your pictorial *Girls of the Pac 10*, I've got just one thing to say: Oh, God, why did I quit school?

Robert R. Robinson
San Diego, California

Those girls of the Pac 10 are great! I sure wish they would come East.

Patrick Mulkey
Durham, North Carolina

Congratulations on your course on the *Girls of the Pac 10*. How many semester hours does one get credit for in this class?

Leon W. Mongold
Petersburg, West Virginia

We don't give credit, but you won't find better homework in any class.

OUR SATANIC MAJESTY

Congratulations on your 25th Anniversary as agents for Satan in the United States of America.

It is relatively simple for any intellectual person to equate the breakdowns in morality and of the family unit, and the increase in all types of sin in the United States, to the advent of your magazine on the newsstand.

You could also include in your list of 25-year hedonistic accomplishments vast increases in: The Use of Drugs (Marijuana, Hallucinogenics, etc.), Divorce Rate, Teenage Pregnancy, Mental Disorders, Venereal Disease (Including New Strains), Disrespect for God, Law and Order, Unlimited Homosexuality, Child Pornography, Abuse and Rape, Prostitution, Child Abandonment, Robbery and Violent Crime of All Types, Including Kidnaping, Extortion, Arson, Hijacking, Permissiveness, Communal Bestial Living, etc. . . .

E. "Bud" Griffy, III
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

Gee, Bud, we didn't know you cared.

RIGHT ON, RANGE

At last something factual and complimentary to Jamaica has been published. I refer to "The Good Life Down Jamaica Way," by Peter Ross Range (*Playboy's Pipeline*, October). For some years now, it has been fashionable to publish derogatory descriptions of Jamaica with little, if any, truth in them. I'm sure they are usually written by people who have never spent much time on the beautiful island so filled with such refreshingly warm people and perfect warm weather.

William J. Kattrein, Jr.
Indian Lake, New York

My wife and I spent ten glorious days on the island and must agree with Peter Ross Range. We found no signs of any

revolution or even unrest. Every native we encountered treated us as we expected. The people were very friendly and were always ready to answer any questions we might have about the island.

Paul A. Lipski
Easthampton, Massachusetts

UPCOMING PLAYMATE

Enclosed please find a photograph of my daughter, Sarah. I thought the birth-



mark on her lower back would interest you. She is three months old.

Rachelle Sher
Moorestown, New Jersey

Thanks, Mom. Please send a similar shot in about 18 years; we'll publish that, too.

THE MODEL, T

Give us a full-length interview with Cheryl. *20 Questions* (*PLAYBOY*, October) just isn't enough. Certainly, one picture isn't enough.

Douglas Leman
San Francisco, California

I think Cheryl Tiegs is fantastic and I love the picture included in the interview.

Carl Newman
Norval, Ontario

Apparently, reporter John Hughes was more concerned with Cheryl Tiegs's having just showered than he was with asking questions we'd care to have answered. If he had to play *20 Questions*, why bother finding that she might appreciate having her likeness on the nose of a B-17? I hope Hughes will invest the many dollars he received for the piece in a restful book such as *Dick and Jane and Cheryl Go to the Prom!*

Bob Musk
Fort Worth, Texas

Congratulations to John Hughes on his fantastic interview with Cheryl Tiegs!

Not only is the photo by Bill King extremely provocative but the interview shows Cheryl to be a warm, lovable, affectionate woman, the kind any other human being could not help but fall in love with. Thanks, *PLAYBOY* and Miss Tiegs, simply for being.

David A. Anderson
Virginia Beach, Virginia

John Hughes's contribution of *20 Questions: Cheryl Tiegs* shows her as a candid and honest person, the all-American model. I'm sure question 20 is one many men would like to have answered in the affirmative.

J. R. Staton
Stillwater, Oklahoma

I am amused and irked. True, Cheryl Tiegs is one great-looking woman, but how dare she describe herself as "real" when she's never done a household chore in her life? Sounds most unreal to me!

Vicki Hodges-Starks
Nashville, Tennessee

HJORTSBERG'S ANGEL

Mickey Spillane à la reggae? I just had a drink (well, two drinks) to calm my nerves after reading William Hjortsberg's *Falling Angel* (*PLAYBOY*, October). The first half of this novel gave me the willies. But my feelings were not caused by obeah, murder or mayhem. Evidently, *PLAYBOY*'s editorial taste and Hjortsberg's uncouth talent have conspired to murder the detective novel by cutting out its sex and smothering it in an earlier decade. And, frankly, I'm scared. Excuse me, I'm going to have a third drink and look at the foldout for a while.

Jim Oppenheim
Washington, D.C.

Congratulations on *Falling Angel*, by William Hjortsberg. Shades of Mickey Spillane and Mike Hammer. As pooped as I was after a tough day, when my October *PLAYBOY* arrived, I just couldn't put it down until I'd read all of part one. And now I'll have to maintain this "high" till the November issue arrives!

Norbert J. Wyzkowski
Peoria, Illinois

PLAYBOY PLAUDITS

I am a student at Wake Forest University and last year I took out a subscription to your magazine. After reading 12 issues, I have come to the conclusion that for humor, fiction, revealing interviews and tasteful fringe benefits, *PLAYBOY* is not the best but the *only* choice one can make to get such quality entertainment.

Bob Humphries
Winston-Salem, North Carolina
Thanks, we needed that.





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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



GETTING THE SHAFT

In 1942, lightning struck the foot of Roy C. Sullivan of Grottoes, Virginia, and clipped off one of his toenails. In 1969, a shaft of lightning knocked Sullivan unconscious and singed his eyebrows. In 1970, Sullivan was hit by lightning a third time, burning both of his shoulders. In 1972, lightning burned Sullivan's hair off. In 1973, a bolt struck Sullivan but burned off only some of his hair. In 1976, lightning again struck Sullivan on the shoulder. In 1977, lightning hit Sullivan for the seventh time, setting his hair on fire once more and singeing his clothing. "Some people are allergic to flowers; I'm allergic to lightning," says Sullivan. "It's funny stuff." Simply hilarious.

LEGAL BABBLE

Everyone knows that lawyers speak differently from the rest of us and that the language of legal documents bears little relationship to everyday English. Our attention has recently been drawn to a book by UCLA law professor David Mellinkoff, *The Language of the Law*, in which he explains what lawyers and legal documents are saying.

Mellinkoff observes that, all too often, legal babble is comprised of "flabby words, and, in addition, many of them are treacherous. . . . Were it not for the fact that they have been used repeatedly, traditionally by other lawyers, no lawyer alive would independently choose any of these words." And here are some of the words that Mellinkoff has in mind, together with his description of their origins:

• *And/or*: "This unfortunate expression . . . has been clouding the law for more than 100 years and has roots that go centuries deeper into the confusions of English translation of Latin conjunctions. . . . It has belligerent enthusiasts within the profession, although the very first time it was called into question, in 1854, and/or was given not one but three

meanings and ever since it has been the repeated and direct cause of uncertainty, litigation and courtroom failure."

• *Hereafter*: "This Old English word has been wandering in the wilderness of the common speech for more than 1000 years, now pointing to the next-in-order, now to the world-to-come. For the law, hereafter is equally uncertain, usually looking to the future, but never seeing it very clearly."

• *Aforesaid*: "This lay combination from Middle English has been causing trouble for more than 300 years. Its purpose is to refer to something that has been said, and its chief vice is that you can't be sure what it refers to."

• *Forthwith*: "The fact that this is Middle English dating from an age when miracles were more common and kings were accustomed to being obeyed right now has given forthwith an air of imagined urgency. Like presto! and off with his head! But as with other time words, forthwith suffers from uncertainty if it is permitted to wander loose."

• *Whereas*: "One of the most persistently typical and most consistently

vague words in the language of the law. It has as many meanings as you have patience, some of them poles apart. One moment whereas means the-fact-is, and the next moment it reverses course to mean in-spite-of-the-fact; now it is considering-that; now it is on-the-contrary."

GET LOST

A friend of ours named George Theodore is a private investigator, working out of Elmhurst, Illinois, who specializes in finding missing persons. One day, while he was telling us of his latest investigative exploits, we stopped him short with this: "Yeah, George, that's fine—now tell us how somebody would go about avoiding people like you. How would they stay missing and truly disappear?"

George promised to think about that and jot down some notes. Here is what he wrote.

Step one: Change your name. Research newspaper accounts of young children dying about the time you were born; note the parents' names and proceed to the Bureau of Vital Statistics to order a copy of the child's birth certificate. Take the birth certificate to the post office and apply for a new Social Security number; if this presents a problem, due to new Social Security regulations, simply advise the Social Security Administration of your name change and have your old Social Security number reflect this.

Take your new Social Security card and birth certificate to the voters'-registration office and apply for a voter's card. With these three pieces of identification, you can apply for a driver's license, preferably in a larger city. (Be sure to have these documents sent to an address other than your own, such as that of a mail-forwarding service.)

Step two: Move to another state. To reduce the possibility of your accidentally running into someone you know,



move to an area that people are unlikely to visit (i.e., don't move to Las Vegas).

Step three: Break off all contact with relatives and friends. A highly skilled investigator can employ sophisticated pretexts that will deceive even the most alert person, and those closest to you could inadvertently betray you.

Step four: Give up any serious hobbies. Persons with special interests live in a small world, and they are bound to run into a known fellow hobbyist eventually. One man whose hobby was target shooting was located when his picture appeared in a gun-club-newsletter account of a shooting competition. In another case, a fishing enthusiast was located when a former acquaintance recognized him at a trade show featuring the latest fishing gear.

Step five: Change your vocation. Same reason as step four—it's a small world and someone, someday, may recognize you.

Step six: Alter your appearance. This probably won't fool anyone who knows you well but should be sufficient to throw off casual acquaintances. Dye your hair, cut it or let it grow out; if you wear glasses or contacts, interchange them; adopt a new clothing style; grow a beard or mustache, or shave it off if you have one.

Step seven: Remain low-key. If your fingerprints are on file, do not get a job that requires them. Do not take a high-profile job. Never achieve a position of importance. Don't become entangled in any legal altercations. Don't do anything that brings attention to yourself.

WHOOPEE!

Gulf & Western Industries, Inc., has developed a new "pulsating seat cushion" that is designed to improve the blood circulation "in the lower extremities" of long-distance drivers. The cushion will be marketed to truckers. Very excited truckers.

PICKUP LINE OF THE MONTH

"Have you been sitting in a puddle, or are you just glad to see me?"

MONKEYING AROUND

Given a choice between food and cocaine, many humans would opt for the drug. Given a choice between food and cocaine, three rhesus monkeys at the Medical College of Virginia did just that.

It was the result of an experiment in which the monkeys were taught how to push a series of levers so that they could obtain food by following one pattern and obtain cocaine by following another. And for the duration of the eight-day experiment, the monkeys chose the cocaine "almost exclusively," according to

Science magazine; and the reason for the simians' preference, says project director Dr. Robert Balster, is that coke "makes them feel good."

The only other news we have is that the three monkeys have since signed a recording contract and have an album climbing the charts.

IT'S ALL RIGHT, MA

There was a national conference on The Medical Side of Rescue held in Colorado Springs recently, where paramedic types got together to talk about



meeting "the medical needs of rescue victims." One of the panel discussions dealt with specific situations and was described thusly in the conference brochure: "NATURAL DISASTERS. Floods, Tornadoes, Earthquakes, Rock Festivals."

GHOST CALLERS

Everybody knows that the dead are supposed to haunt houses, speak through mediums and show up in Vincent Price movies. But talk over the telephone?

A bizarre idea, perhaps, but one that two Los Angeles parapsychologists—D. Scott Rogo and Raymond Bayless—have been rigorously investigating for two years. Rogo and Bayless are now convinced that living individuals have received phone calls at their homes and offices from deceased friends and relatives. What's more, the two investigators even think they know how the calls are produced.

Rogo and Bayless became interested in this phenomenon when reports of two phantom phone calls came to their attention: In both cases, witnesses claimed that they had received phone calls from friends who had been dead for several days. While at first tending

to dismiss the accounts as hoaxes, the two investigators began to change their minds as they encountered more and more people who claimed to have taken phone calls from deceased associates. To date, they claim to have collected 50 such accounts from individuals in the United States, England, Germany and Australia.

So what do the sepulchral voices say to the living? Not very much, report Rogo and Bayless, though the calls have allegedly lasted anywhere from a few seconds to half an hour. Sometimes the voices—which usually speak in the same timbre they possessed while alive—just call out their names or ask to speak to specific relatives before the phone connection is broken or the voice fades out.

Rogo and Bayless claim to have discovered a curious pattern in their phantom phone-call cases. Sometimes the conversations will last up to 30 minutes—but only if the respondent does not realize at first that he or she is speaking to a dead person; if the person recognizes the caller as being dead, however, the call usually terminates after a few moments. The investigators have also discovered that the dead will frequently call on anniversaries, birthdays or other psychologically meaningful days.

Just how do the dead accomplish these feats? Rogo and Bayless speculate that the calls might result from some electromagnetic manipulation of the witnesses' phone lines. However, they have found that some of the calls do not seem to be normal, incoming phone signals but purely psychic or parapsychical effects; sometimes, for example, the calls have come through switchboards that recorded no incoming calls at the time. A few have even come in *collect* but were never billed to the witnesses.

Rogo and Bayless are continuing their investigations and are eager to collect as many cases as possible. So, if you've ever been rung up by your dead Aunt Jenny, let us know.

PUBLISH OR PERISH

In a magazine market saturated—and nearly soggy—with publications on sports, sex, gossip, gourmet dieting and John Travolta, new magazines must anticipate public demand in order to succeed. We've just received a couple of new ones that apparently think the rebirth of *Life* will engender reader interest in the opposite side: The names of the new magazines are *Disasters* and *Death*.

Disasters, we were relieved to discover, is editorially opposed to disasters and, in fact, exists as a forum for discussions of "problems involved in the prediction, prevention and relief of disasters." In a statement uncharacteristic of new periodicals, *Disasters* affirms that "We hope



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this journal will cease its publication as soon as possible . . . although we suspect the Second Coming may interrupt us first."

Produced by the London Technical Group, the journal contains heartwarming stories about "Disaster Housing in Yugoslavia," "Emergency Shelter" and "Living with Earthquakes" (conclusion: Avoid living where earthquakes frequently occur). *Disasters* also features a shopper's guide to the latest in calamity gear: pocket-sized microscopes for diagnosing epidemics in the field; lightweight collapsible pillow tanks for transporting potable water; and (our personal favorite) special tape measures for accurate measurements of human-body dimensions, allegedly "the only reliable method of quantifying the effects of food shortages on populations in developing countries."

Death, which has a more moderate, wait-and-see attitude toward its subject, is another undertaking of *Screw's* satanic majesty, Al Goldstein. In the new magazine, Goldstein writes, "We hope to make the preparations for death easier, the explorations of what lies on the other side clearer and, most of all in the most democratic of all experiences, to ventilate the humanness of our condition and universality of the experience of dying."

In its inaugural issue, *Death* reports interviews with people who have been temporarily dead, a story on rock music's honored dead, a cemetery centerfold, tips for funeral buyers, a list of celebrities "Dead Before 40" (Buddy Holly, 22; Lee Harvey Oswald, 24), the Death of the Month (Karl "The Falling" Wallenda), an account of an accidental visit to the New York City morgue's autopsy room and museum of the city's strangest deaths.

We enjoyed *Death* and wish to be first to predict that *Screw*, "the magazine for people who don't," and *Death*, "another magazine for people who aren't," are the foundation of America's next publishing empire and that Al Goldstein will be the next William Randolph Hearst.

GOOD HEAD

On a KOAM-TV, Pittsburg, Kansas, newscast preceding a report on the repeal of a homosexual-rights ordinance in Eugene, Oregon: "GAYS GO DOWN IN EUGENE."

BUDDHA PEST

What would a devout Christian say if he heard that there were a bar in some Asian city called The Jolly Jesus? "Blasphemy"? "Sacrilege"? So you can see why Asian leaders have been upset to hear that there is a bar-restaurant in Houston called The Happy Buddha Steak House. One lawmaker in the Asian nation of Sri Lanka became so outraged at this insult to the founder of Buddhism and his

millions of followers that he persuaded his government to take up the matter with the United States Government.

DEVIOUS PLOT

Mrs. Beatrice Daigle of Providence, Rhode Island, has filed a \$250,000 damage suit against the Catholic Church for having caused her "severe emotional trauma and distress." And what did the Catholic Church do to cause Mrs. Daigle such torment? It buried her husband in the wrong place is what. Worse, the church never told Mrs. Daigle that her



husband was not buried where she thought he was buried but that some strange woman was buried where Mrs. Daigle thought Mr. Daigle was buried. Consequently, Mrs. Daigle had been praying all those years (17, in fact) over the gravesite of a stranger, while her husband went unprayed for nearby. And that's enough to cause a woman severe emotional trauma and distress!

JOHN WAYNE'S JINX

A jinxed ship? Owned by John Wayne? The Duke? Tell us more, we said, and naval architect/writer Gene Anderson did so. His tale:

John Wayne's 136-foot yacht, The Wild Goose, was one of 461 wooden Navy mine sweepers built during World War Two. Her keel was laid at a Seattle shipyard in 1942 as the U.S.S. YMS-328; after commissioning in May 1943, the 328 was assigned to Alaska, where she proceeded to spend most of her time out of service, due to a lack of spare parts.

After the war, 328 was sold as surplus to a Vancouver man named Harold A. Jones, who converted her to a yacht, renamed her La Beverie and cruised Pacific Northwestern waters. In 1956, at the age of 62, Jones died suddenly of a stroke.

Beverie/328 was used sparingly until 1959, when Seattle industrialist-yachtsman Max Wyman bought her to satisfy a lifelong dream of a world cruise. After refitting her and changing her name to The Wild Goose II, Wyman, his family, friends, a tutor and crew departed Seattle in February 1960. On the first day out, a

70-knot gale forced the yacht to seek shelter in Astoria; later, in Newport Beach, a fuel pump exploded during refueling, causing fire and damage; finally repaired and en route to Hawaii, The Wild Goose struck a sleeping whale, damaging the starboard shaft and propeller.

The Wild Goose jinx remained in effect once she reached the South Seas. First, there was crew trouble, then the yacht was caught in the middle of a British atomic-bomb test, and finally homesickness and discontent sent the voyagers hurrying home. A hull fitting failed 300 miles south of Hawaii, nearly flooding the yacht; however, aided by the Coast Guard, the Goose made it safely to Honolulu. The only bright spot of that voyage is that the Wyman children's tutor met and married a Tahitian princess.

When John Wayne bought the Goose from Wyman in May 1961, the jinx went along. Since the purchase, Wayne has separated from his wife, been operated on for lung cancer, suffered a severe heart condition (however, he did win an Oscar). As for the yacht, a steering failure in the Mediterranean caused her to run out of control and ram some moored vessels, her bottom was severely damaged when she ran aground near San Diego and three crew members were lost by drowning off Baja, California.

In fact, this writer had unexplainable business reverses shortly after he visited her recently.

GOOD HEAD II

A press release from Philadelphia's Moss Rehabilitation Hospital, announcing that an exotic artiste was to perform for a group of persons who had suffered cerebrovascular accidents, was headlined: "BELLY DANCER TO ENTERTAIN STROKE CLUB."

UNDER THE N....

Some New York advertising agencies are toying with an idea designed to keep home viewers tuned to their sets during television commercials, reports *Advertising Age*. The idea involves a gimmick called Video Bingo and it goes like this: Bingo cards are distributed to millions of viewers; numbers are flashed onto the TV screen before, during or immediately after commercials; completed cards are submitted to the networks, winners are determined and prizes awarded. Will it work? Is the Pope Catholic?

HARD-CORE TYPOGRAPHY

From North Carolina's *Fayetteville Observer*: "A story in Saturday's *Observer* incorrectly identified Jim Rutherford's worm farm as Master Bait Farms rather than by its full name as Harbor Master Bait Farms. The *Observer* regrets the error."

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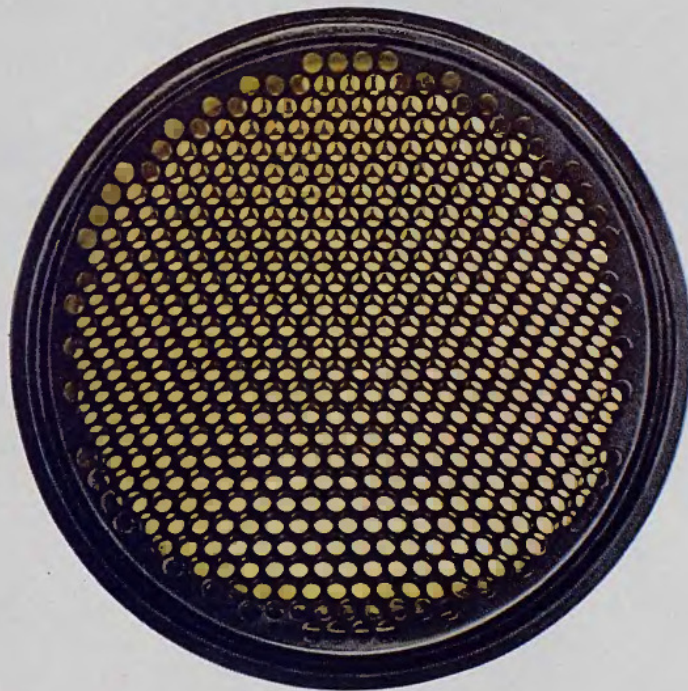
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DINING & DRINKING

San Francisco's **La Pantera** restaurant, at 1234 Grant Avenue, is tucked into a tumble-down corner of North Beach just a wink away from Chinatown. Renato Nicolai cooks the family-style dinners, and they well may be the last good buy in America. His wife, Rena, who runs the just-us-folks dining room, with its posters of *bella Italia* and faded family photos, more often than not sits at the well-worn mahogany bar and sips a brandy with Calistoga water. Theirs is home cooking of the variety that has all but vanished in our space-age love affair with fast and frozen foods. One sits family style—that is, with other diners who may be strangers initially but ultimately become friends—at Formica-topped tables for eight. (If you're uncomfortable about the family-style seating, then host a table of your own for eight—the price is cheap enough.) For a *prix fixe* of \$6.50 (\$7.50 on weekends), one begins with slices of pepperoni and salami nibbled with the crusty bread that San Francisco bakers are geniuses at baking. This is followed with a God-forbid-you-go-away-hungry tureen of soup: either *minestrone* or a thick zesty pea soup, or a scatter of tiny pasta pearls in a simmering broth.

Next comes the pasta. One night it may be *rigatoni* with an herb-scented tomato-and-meat sauce; another evening, *cannelloni*, fresh pasta filled with a teasingly spicy mix of meat and blanketed with a silken layer of béchamel sauce. Only one entree is offered, usually roast beef, chicken, pork chops or tongue. Baked crisply on the outside, the chicken is sweetly moist and tender within; beef is appetizingly pink without being blood-rare. Platters of freshly cooked vegetables are passed: rounds of zucchini, Swiss chard or broccoli with a tickle of garlic and whipped potatoes frothy from the flame. Salad, and a bountiful one at that, of mixed greens arrives after the entree, and guests stir their own dressing with the wine vinegar and olive oil in old-fashioned cruets. A bowl of fruits, plus a plate of cheese, is next, just in time to finish the last of the wine, a pony of which comes with each dinner. *Vin ordinaire*, to be sure, but how can you quibble at that price?

It doesn't take long to become surfeited with chichi spots that offer *haute* snobbism and forgettable food, along with wines that are listed but seldom available. La Pantera is one of those old-time eateries that make dining out worth while. At La Pantera, there isn't any monkey business; in fact, every effort is made to please. One chilly winter's night, a threesome brought with them two bottles of Beaulieu Vineyards Cabernet Sauvignon, which already had been



In San Francisco,
two very different
establishments, both
of them delightful:
La Pantera and the
London Wine Bar.

opened at a cocktail party; when Rena Nicolai was informed about the wine by those drinking it, who suggested she add the corkage charge to the bill, she replied, "What I don't see, I don't charge for!"

La Pantera is open for lunch Tuesday through Friday from 12 noon to 2 P.M. and for dinner Tuesday through Sunday from 6 P.M. to 10 P.M. Closed Monday. No credit cards are accepted. Reservations are honored only for groups of eight. Telephone: 415-392-0170.

•
"The best things in life often happen by accident," comments John Overall, co-owner (along with Steve Ring) of the London Wine Bar at 415 Sansome Street in San Francisco's financial district. Overall was a quality-control supervisor in a Napa Valley vineyard and Ring assisted in the wine making at Veedercrest Vineyards. When the opportunity came to buy the London Wine Bar, a business that had previously been something of a financial flop, they jumped at the chance and in a year and a half brought the place back into the black. No small feat, considering that no hard liquor is sold. To compensate for this, there are over 350 wines on the premises from which

to choose—including California's largest and most complete selection of imported champagne.

Customers drift in for a glass of wine at the stand-up bar, and then settle at a table or a booth for lunch: seafood crepes, stew, beef-and-mushroom pie, quiche Lorraine, *pâté*, cheese and fruits, etc.—washed down with one of the London Wine Bar's selections. A 1975 Kenwood zinfandel for \$1.50 a glass, perhaps, or a 1973 Louis Martini *barbera* at \$1.25 a serving. If a bottle rather than a glass is more to your liking, no problem; all wines are available by the bottle for on-the-premises consumption. Or, if you're unfamiliar with a particular vintage, buy just a glass of it and if it's to your liking, take home a bottle or a case.

California's Cabernet Sauvignon and Chardonnay have come a long way in a short time is the feeling of the two owners, who are in their 20s and whose youth, vigor and commitment are an inspiration to the West Coast wine community. "We find that well-made wines do not need to be chilled . . . but sweet wines, absolutely," remarks Overall, adding that the smaller wineries do take considerable care in making excellent wines. "The Chardonnays of Chateau Montelena, David Bruce, Veedercrest, Joseph Phelps and Burgess Cellars are damn impressive."

Downstairs in the London Wine Bar, there's a brick-walled wine cellar/tasting room that also doubles as the nonsmoking area of the restaurant. Every other Wednesday or so, the London Wine Bar hosts a lecture/tasting of six California wines from a specific vineyard. These tastings cost \$8.50 per person, must be reserved in advance and are limited to 25 people. The wines offered include four that are currently available, one that hasn't been released yet and one oldy plucked from the bar's wine library. Cheeses, *pâtés* and bread are provided and the wine maker of the vineyard being sampled is present to discuss the nuances of what you're drinking.

Because the London Wine Bar is located in San Francisco's financial district, it closes early. The hours Monday through Thursday are 11:30 A.M. to 7 P.M., Friday to 9 P.M. Saturday hours are 1 P.M. to 5 P.M. Lunch is served Monday through Friday from 11:30 A.M. to 2:30 P.M. Closed Sunday. Reservations aren't necessary, but for information about the Wednesday wine lectures, call 415-788-4811. Most major credit cards are accepted. Chess, dominoes, cribbage and backgammon sets are available at tables all afternoon.

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Physically the antithesis of Ethel Waters, the gorgeous Diahann Carroll has, nevertheless, with the aid of the Duke Ellington Orchestra under the direction of his son, Mercer Ellington, managed to offer *A Tribute to Ethel Waters* (Orinda) that is very close to the mark. Not that Carroll has attempted a facsimile of the legendary Miss Waters. Rather, she has gone for the spirit of the great actress-singer and, at that, she succeeds admirably. From the opening *After You've Gone* to the closing *Supper Time*, the session, lushly recorded on a digital master disc, maintains a consistently high quality and the Ellington orchestra's contribution toward that end (*Sweet Georgia Brown* and *St. Louis Blues* are instrumentals) should not be underestimated. Ethel Waters was a class act; Diahann Carroll and Mercer Ellington are no less.

Someone please, please stop Linda before she kills again. By our count, at least three murders take place on *Living in the U.S.A.* (Asylum), la Ronstadt's latest album. Yes, her voice is almost as good as her thighs, but there is in it a growing thin line of . . . what? The edge of actual passion, maybe. In comparison with the original Chuck Berry title cut, Linda's sags and drags along, for all its apparent energy. And while some songs have equal power and meaning when done by either a man or a woman, Elvis Costello's ironic ballad *Alison* is not among them, becoming a little dumb as sung by Alison's girlfriend instead of by her burned former boyfriend. That's two. But the corpse with the most knives in it is Little Feat's fine bluesy lament, *All That You Dream*. Guaranteed to send Feat fans diving for the original, as if Linda & Co. never did figure out how to handle it. True Malibu Muzak. Quite a bit better are J. D. Souther's *White Rhythm & Blues* and *Ooh Baby Baby* out of Motown, the two most convincing tracks on the album. Ronstadt's taste in material is the best; and so is her voice; if only she sounded more often as if she still cared.

For the *fleurs du malted* set, each member of Kiss has just released a solo album. Kiss has always been more memorable for its stage act than for its musical accomplishment, and these solos (all on Casablanca) mainly confirm it. There was much advance hoopla about how different they were from the Kiss sound; but most cuts on every one but *Peter Criss* don't stray too far from the motherlode hard-rock Kiss formula, moving metal mountains of bass and rhythm be-



Diahann meets Ethel.

Diahann Carroll does
Ethel Waters to a turn;
the folks from Kiss
produce a foursome;
and we offer our
annual record recommendations.



Behind Simmons: Delaney, Summer.

neath chrome waterfalls of lead guitar. *Gene Simmons*, produced by Sean Delaney, boasts guest artists Bob Seger, Helen Reddy (an example of Simmons' vaunted sense of humor, doubtless) and Donna Summer, and he doesn't sing in his Reptile Slime voice, but most of it still sounds more like Kiss outtakes than not. Two exceptions are *See You Tonight* and *Mr. Make Believe*, lighter and cheerier in feel than Kiss, like early mid-Beatles with McCartney ascendant, suggesting a ray of sunshine inside that black scaly heart. The trouble is, none of it's particularly memorable. More so is *Paul Stanley*. The opening cut, *Tonight You Belong to Me* (not the ancient Patience and Prudence), conforms to the Kiss image of Stanley—whispering sexy sweet nothings at 120 decibels—and is hard rock indistinguishable

from Kiss stuff. On *It's Alright*, Stanley sings in coy feminist reverse . . . "If you want me to stay for the night, it's all right. . . . I'll give you breakfast in bed. . . . It's all right if you want me, it's all right if you need me" . . . through the standard Kiss canyons of guitars. The least successful, which strays the farthest, is a piano ballad called *Hold Me, Touch Me*; it's *très* conventional, reminiscent of songs they used to burst into during moonlit scenes in *Where the Boys Are* and *Gidget Goes Berserk*. Pre-Vegas lounge rock. The rockers are by far strongest, especially *Love in Chains*, but, again, there's little here that matches Kiss at its best—*Detroit Rock City*, *Fire House*, *Rock & Roll All Night*, etc. Ditto *Ace Frehley*. His album sounds less strained, more natural than the first two, but that is not necessarily to say more interesting. Two winners: *Rip It Out*, which, believe it or not, is the most searing rocker on all four albums (surprised us, too); and *New York Groove*, a neo-Bo Diddley love song to New York City that seems genuine and could be a hit single. Best is last. For our money, the most interesting of the four is *Peter Criss*. It's partly that he departs farthest, and most frequently, from the Kiss mold. Killer Kiss Army troops will probably like it least, but it's the only one that reveals a new set of musical ideas. And *Peter Criss* reveals more of a personality than the others. It turns out that lurking beneath that cat's face is a basic rocker who shares much with Bob Seger—both in voice and in instincts. This album isn't *Stranger in Town*, but *I'm Gonna Love You* and *Hooked on Rock 'n' Roll* are right there in the same school. Criss shows his roots, if not his age, by including a happy rave-up version of the old Bobby Lewis classic *Tossin' and Turnin'* (by us, the best single cut of the bunch) and an original, *Don't You Let Me Down*, that could be from the Early Drifters Songbook, not bad at all. There are a couple of forgettable ballads, but on balance, Criss is saying something other than *more Kiss*, and we like what we hear.

Those of us who follow concert music began hearing the fantastic stories about two years ago. Newspapers and magazines, finally radio and television, had caught up with one Ervin Nyiregyházi, a 75-year-old mad genius of the piano who came to this country in 1920, played to tremendous critical acclaim in Carnegie Hall, and then lapsed into obscurity for nearly half a century. He's

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been married nine times, has always lived in slums (first in New York, then in Los Angeles, now in San Francisco) and rarely practices. No matter. When some friends at last talked him into giving a recital in 1973 (fortunately recorded on the Desmar label), he sat down cold and played music that he had last seen some 50 years earlier. He did the same thing on *Nyiregyházi Plays Liszt* (Columbia), an incredible display of romantic pianism and interpretive power. However, it is clear that recording and performing in public are agonizing emotional experiences for Nyiregyházi, whose years of trauma and exile have left their scars.

His music is of a different time and place than we are used to. Harold Schonberg points out in the album notes that the pianist's major influences were probably Paderewski, Busoni and Anton Rubinstein (rather than the Hoffmann, Lhévinne, Rachmaninoff, Gabrilóvitch school). Still and all, Nyiregyházi is a unique voice among all these. His music functions as total *evocation* of a mood, a set of feelings. That is, he tries to render with exactitude not the notes of the score but what's behind the notes. This is music out of a time when the power of art was the power to evoke spiritual essences and meanings. As far as the music on these discs goes, there is immense grandeur, communicative power and, sometimes, a note of disdain. And there are handfuls of wrong notes. Nyiregyházi dislikes retakes and editing, at least on the same day: He compares such an activity to eating a gourmet meal and then being asked to wash the dishes. Still, the most familiar piece on the album, *Hungarian Rhapsody No. 3*, has simply never been played like this ("with good reason," many would say). Nyiregyházi, cocreator with the composer, pounds out the music and evokes the passions as Liszt himself might have done. He has deliberately blurred the line between fact and fiction, composer and performer, finally between life and music—just as the great 19th Century romantics did. Somebody probably will make a movie out of all this, but it won't be as good as the real thing.

We're not sure if they made the right move in billing Loleatta Holloway as *Queen of the Night* (Gold Mind)—the title has a slightly sinister cast that is not reflected in the material—but there's no denying that the former star of *Don't Bother Me, I Can't Cope* has a solid-platinum voice, big and soulful enough to cope with those overblown Philadelphia sounds. The excesses do get noticeable at times: *Catch Me on the Rebound* and *I May Not Be There When You*

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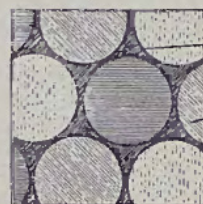
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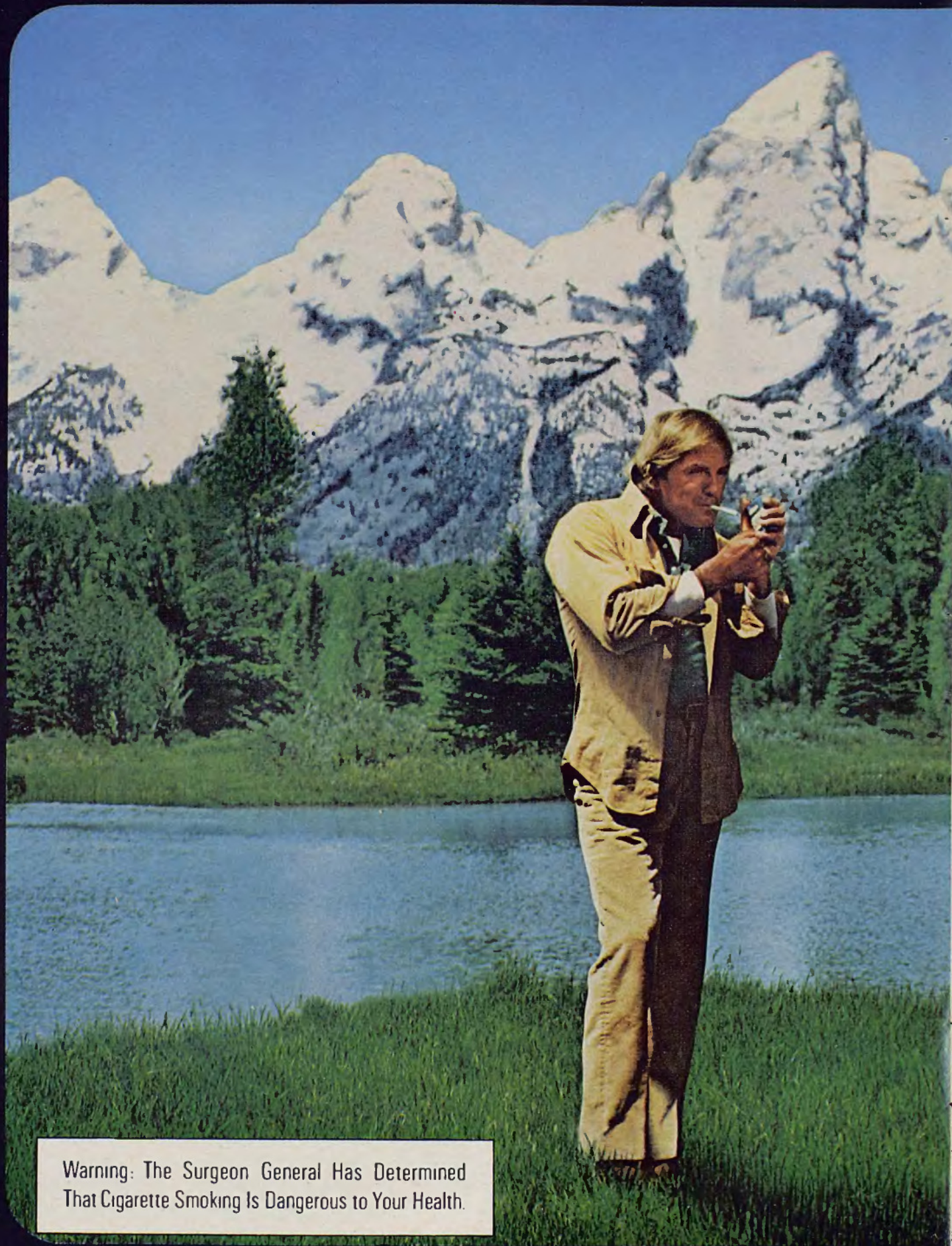
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Want Me (But I'm Right on Time) are disco tunes that are a bit long for sheer listening pleasure; and the two ballads—*Only You, You Light Up My Life*—may be a bit too florid for some. There are also too many conversational interludes on this album. But *Good, Good Feeling*, *Mama Don't—Papa Won't* and the reggae-flavored *Two Sides to Every Story* are right on time; and *I'm in Love*, which Bobby Womack wrote for Wilson Pickett back in the soulful Sixties, gets a slow, sensitive and appropriately soulful reading.

Dyan Diamond's *In the Dark* (MCA) is something else. Is this the female Patti Smith? Patty Hearst fronting a punk band? On the back cover, she looks like a Marie Osmond who's... *been around*, if you get our drift, and the album starts right off with a speedo punk update of Jimmy Reed's *Baby What You Want Me to Do*—and begins side two by setting a land-speed record for bringing home Elvis Costello's breathless *Mystery Dance* in 1:42—a full 15 seconds off Costello's original world record. Since everyone is a genius songwriter these days, much of the album consists of originals that don't quite cut it as well as these two covers. But Dyan Diamond, Kim Fowley's latest protégé, looks like a real one in the rough.

Ziggy Stardust meets Sergei Prokofiev; that is, *David Bowie Narrates Prokofiev's Peter and the Wolf* (RCA), accompanied by Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra, no less. This is a magical, delightful record. *Peter* used to be narrated exclusively by old-guy, grandfather types, such as Basil Rathbone. Now we have Mr. Pop himself, playing the role of pop for his son, Zowie. He carries it off in a most engaging way, giving us a few subtle changes in the traditional introduction to the instruments, for instance, while Ormandy's interpretation is also a bit different from the usual. Prokofiev's symphonic fairy tale is a skillful and charming blend of narration, orchestration and leitmotiv: Grandfather's plodding caution is represented by a syncopated bassoon melody, the cat's creepy grace by a rhythmic, lyrical clarinet figure, and so on for the bird, the duck, Peter and the hunters. Kids could have no better lesson in the ways and means of a symphony orchestra. Turn the green-vinyl disc over and you get Benjamin Britten's *Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra*, another, this time more complex, demonstration of symphonic technique. But Bowie is the real star here, Peter is the hero and the wolf a most winning villain. Withal, it's a pretty good cast.

There are no overlong cuts intended for the disco market on *Mother Factor*

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(Epic), the new album by Mother's Finest. There are no throw-away shake-your-booty tunes and no syrupy exercises in dance-floor boredom. There is no profligate use of strings. What you get are seven uncompromising rock/soul tunes, with tight electric rhythm and the thoroughly convincing lead vocals of Joyce "Baby Jean" Kennedy. The pace slows for the lush *Love Changes* and the spacy *I Can't Believe*, but the energy level stays high throughout.

SHORT CUTS

The Boppers (Fantasy): A ten-piece R&B band with a big sound, fleet rhythm, a couple of engaging lead singers and a frankly terrible name.

Stanley Turrentine / What About You! (Fantasy): Tenor players need to make a living, too; so it's OK for S.T. to apply his big sax sound to these disco tunes, with their elaborate orchestral charts. Of course, he now owes the world a blues album.

Cissy Houston / Think It Over (Private Stock): The classy songstress who used to lead The Sweet Inspirations doesn't get much chance to stretch out on these lightweight love ballads and disco tunes—but it's all very pleasant, except when the strings get a little too forward.

Past, Present and the Futures (Philadelphia International): A smooth R&B/disco album that starts out cooking but eventually gets bogged down in the syrup.

Robin Trower / Caravan to Midnight (Chrysalis): Trower reveals once and for all that he's turned his coach Jimi Hendrix into a pumpkin.

Johnny Winter / White, Hot and Blue (Blue Sky): Stick with albino blues hippies. Johnny has been sounding better and better lately, more at home and relaxed, and this one has the hot, easy feeling of the very first Columbia album. If you're down in the dumps, go get these good blues.

Joanne Mackell (United Artists): Mackell owns one of the most striking female rock voices around—somewhere deep between Rod Stewart and Bob Seger—but is almost totally wasted in this debut album on her own unwonderful compositions. For rich folks only: Her blasting version of Seger's *Fire Down Below* is a killer. But it's the only one.

Sylvester / Step II (Fantasy): It used to be Sylvester and the Hot Band. Now it's Sylvester's disco beat, and it's cold, cold, cold.

D. J. Rogers / Love Brought Me Back (Columbia): Gospel-based rock-soul that is sometimes uplifting and sometimes fatuous.

The Brothers Johnson / Blam (A&M): The big sound of Quincy Jones works overtime, and the material needs it.

Eddie Daniels / Street Wind (Marlin): Crisp arrangements and the tasteful work of Daniels on clarinet and sax make this a superior pop-jazz album.

HOLIDAY RECORD RACK



Since 1978 wasn't the best year for pop music we've had lately, most of our gift-record picks for the holiday season are oldies in one way or another. For the teenagers in your life with exploding hormones, Ted Nugent's *Double Live Gonzo* (Epic) is macrobiotic mind-shred rock that explodes right along with them. Ditto *Double Platinum* (Casablanca) by Kiss, a greatest-hits album with several cuts remixed from the originals—to raise the assault level even higher, natch. Rockers who are more into music than mortar fire should appreciate Little Feat's *Waiting for Columbus* (Warner Bros.), a double live album we think is stronger even than its studio stuff, which is saying something. It's one of the best live albums of the year, along with the star-studded triple *The Last Waltz* (Warner Bros.). The Band's beautiful farewell to 15 years of touring together, helped out by Eric Clapton, Steve Stills, Joni Mitchell, Dylan, et al. Also, there was Muddy Waters, whose *I'm Ready* (Blue Sky), with sideman Johnny Winter, is blues from a fine old bottle. The real thing. Devotees of the ersatz, however, will no doubt appreciate receiving the sound tracks from *Grease* (RSO) and *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band* (RSO)—though they probably have them already. Anyone needing a *real* jolt from the Fifties would do much better (and you'd save several bucks) with *Buddy Holly Lives* (MCA), a solid collection of 20 Holly hits. And instead of RSO's synthetic polyester *Sgt. Pepper*, the Beatles' original album is still available on Capitol and, typical of the way the world's going, is *cheaper* than the imitation. Another blast from the past for your unreconstructed flower-power friends is *The Essential Jimi Hendrix* (Warner Bros.). And Willie Nelson's *Stardust* (Columbia) steps back yet another decade and more, back to *September Song*, *Moonlight in Vermont* and *Someone to Watch Over Me*—bittersweet and haunting, even if you don't go back that far.

Jazz, enjoying one of its periodical "rebirths," hasn't been slighted this holiday season. There's Sonny Rollins' *Don't Stop the Carnival* (Milestone), a blockbuster of an album, with Rollins joined by trumpeter Donald Byrd for about half the cuts, which were recorded in concert at San Francisco's Great American Music Hall. For those who like to dip into jazz history, there's *Mary Lou Williams / The Asch Recordings, 1944-1947* (Folkways), a premier collection of tracks from one of that great lady's most productive periods. The Williams piano is an absolute marvel. Pacific Jazz presents a four-album chunk of jazz nostalgia with *Jazz: The 50's / Volumes 1 and 2* and *Jazz: The Sixties / Volumes 1 and 2*. They're crammed with sparkling performances by standout names of those decades: Gerry Mulligan, Bob Brookmeyer, Chet Baker, Clifford Brown, Wes Montgomery, Cannonball Adderley, Dizzy Gillespie, ad infinitum.

For jazz that has found its way to the screen, pick up on A&M's discing of Chuck Mangione's sound track for the film version of Oscar Lewis' *Children of Sanchez*; Mangione's music, at least, is faithful to the spirit of the book. If you're looking for jazz served up on the stage, you'll go for RCA's original-Broadway-cast recording of *Ain't Misbehavin'*, the show that's a paean to the exuberant music of Thomas "Fats" Waller.

For those with a more "serious" approach to record giving, the season offers some splendid goodies. Opera lovers can choose from a broad spectrum. Mozart's *Così fan Tutte*, from RCA's French Erato collection, showcases the splendid voices of Kiri Te Kanawa, Frederica von Stade and Teresa Stratas. Manuel de Falla's unfinished opera, *Atlántida*, a work of great scope completed by Ernesto Halffter, has been recorded for Angel by a group of fine soloists and the Spanish National Chorus and Orchestra under the direction of Rafael Frühbeck de Burgos. Or how about a Columbia-Odyssey reissue of *Regina*, Marc Blitzstein's powerful operatic version of Lillian Hellman's *The Little Foxes*? Performed by the New York City Opera Company, it's still a moving experience.

Other albums more than worth mentioning: Herbert von Karajan with the Berlin Philharmonic, and gifted Bulgarian pianist Alexis Weissenberg, in a sumptuous packaging of Beethoven's *Five Piano Concertos* (Angel); *The Sonatas & Partitas for Unaccompanied Violin of Johann Sebastian Bach* (Nonesuch), performed by Sergiu Luca on an Amati violin with Baroque fittings; or, as a proper climax to the season, Handel's *Messiah* (Philips), given a glorious production by Colin Davis leading the London Symphony Orchestra and Choir and exemplary soloists, including the notable Heather Harper.



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BOOKS

Every skier needs a certain amount of basic information in order to plan a sane and rewarding vacation. What do the various resorts have to offer a beginner? An intermediate? An expert? There are two ways of getting this information. You can subscribe to the three major ski magazines (*Skiing*, *Ski* and *Powder*) and hope that the editors cover the resort for you before the end of the season. Or you can buy *The Skier's Almanac* (Scribner's), by I. William Berry. The author is a journalist, so you won't be burdened by the Zen Master prose that clutters some guides. You may not agree with some of Berry's summations (for instance, he writes off Taos, New Mexico; although the mountain has tried to kill us the past two times we skied it, it's still one of our favorites), but his description of some trails—e.g., the Irishman at Keystone, Colorado—may just have you changing your itinerary.

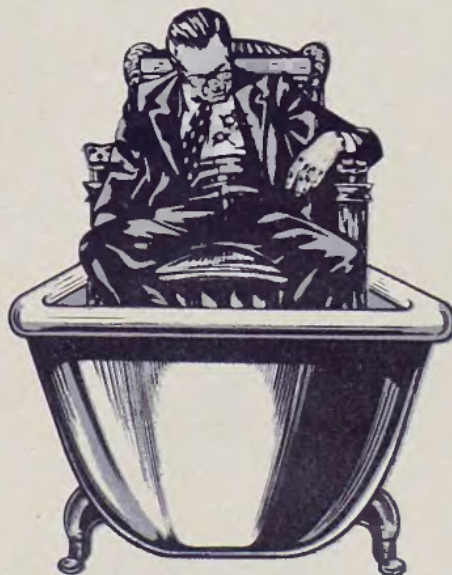


Hot tips from *The Skier's Almanac*.

Two novels: one from a talented newcomer and one from an old pro, both looking to clarify a part of recent American history—and both failures. One, however, is an interesting failure; the other, merely a failure.

The bad news first. Richard Condon, who has written a number of intelligent thrillers, including *The Manchurian Candidate*, in a long career, has produced an angry, implausible, ugly book called *Death of a Politician* (Richard Marek). The murdered politician, Walter Slurrie, is remarkably like Richard Nixon. There are a half-dozen other recognizable figures, including President Eisenhower (a golfing general and President named Kampfferhaufe and called Dad by all the insiders) and Howard Hughes (a lunatic about his health and a recluse at the end). All of Condon's characters are more venal, stupid or evil than the real things, which would be all right in general if the exaggeration served any artistic purpose at all. Which is not the case here. In one instance, Condon drags in a New York prostitute, a specialist in sadism, who had regularly beaten Slurrie when he stayed at the Waldorf Astoria. Her information is less than essential to the plot. Perhaps that's why Condon has used the device of telling his story through police reports and interrogations: That way, dozens of leads and false starts can be included, whether or not they serve any novelistic purpose. In the end, Slurrie is murdered for reasons that have nothing to do with the Mafia, Howard Hughes or the CIA; they come from deep left field. But by that

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a chiller about what amounts to
the common cold and
a Santa's pack full
of holiday gift books.



Condon kills a politician.

time, you don't care. You merely wish that all of Condon's characters had died early and that he had not had enough material to finish this awful book.

Now for the good news, though it's only half good. Thomas Sanchez, who wrote a very impressive first novel, *Rabbit Boss*, has written a second: *Zoot-Suit*

Murders (Dutton). It isn't so good. But it isn't a total loss, either.

There really were Zoot-Suit murders—riots, in fact—in Los Angeles during World War Two. By coincidence, those riots are also the material for a play called *Zoot Suit*, which is currently running strong in California and may go to Broadway. The Sanchez book is uneven, to say the kindest possible thing about it. His sense of politics is naïve, almost childish. He also lets some very good material get away from him. But he can create a scene and capture a moment: For example, there's a description of rampaging Servicemen loose in the barrio, beating up *chicano* gang members and bystanders with a pitiless fury, which Sanchez handles like a master.

We all know someone who, since seeing *Psycho*, has been a little wary of taking showers alone. (Hell, we even know someone who installed a police lock on her shower stall.) But that's the essence of a good horror story—showing the nightmare that hides just behind the ordinary. Stephen King is a master of the form. In *Carrie*, he took the basic motif of high school romance, peer-group pressure and teenage revenge and turned it into “and then she offed the entire senior class.” Have high school proms been the same since? In *The Stand* (Doubleday), King takes what amounts to the common cold and turns it into the apocalypse. A scientist working at a top-secret Government installation accidentally releases a deadly strain of flu virus. Within a few weeks, 99.4 percent of the world population is dead. The first few hundred pages of *The Stand* trace the spread of the virus—from truck driver to truck-stop waitress to bus driver to school children, and so forth. The narrative is chilling. King shows just how vulnerable we are to a government's deadly toys. Now every time we hear someone sniffle, we wonder, Oh, my God, has it started . . . ? The second half of the book is an almost old-fashioned shoot-out between the two communities of survivors. Not bad at all. Buy this book. While you're up, pass the vitamin C.

There is perhaps no more frustrating dilemma for the American citizen than that of how to deal with crime. For the conservative, the solution has invariably been to increase police hardware and diminish civil liberties. For the liberal, it has been to attack the “root” of the problem—discrimination, poverty and substandard education—and pray that he doesn't get mugged before the lower classes are lifted up into middle-class

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why bother?*

Kings: 18 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine; 100's: 19 mg. "tar",
1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May 1978.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

noncriminal behavior. Obviously, neither approach has been successful.

Charles E. Silberman, author of the best-selling *Crisis in Black and White* and *Crisis in the Classroom*, spent six years and a half-million-dollar Ford Foundation grant to find out why Johnny's a thug. The result of his research is a massive (560-page) book called *Criminal Violence, Criminal Justice* (Random House).

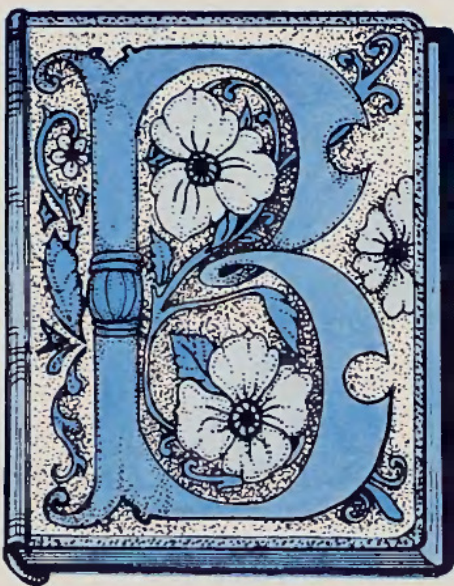
First, Silberman lays waste to a number of myths about American crime and criminals. He points out that there has never been a time when Americans were not appalled by the volume of criminal activity on their streets, and never a time when the police and the courts were able adequately to deal with it, thus disproving the common assumption that the national "crime wave" is a recent development. Furthermore, Silberman asserts that blacks, who commit more crimes per capita than any other racial group, have learned violence from America: "A propensity to violence was not part of the cultural baggage black Americans carried with them from Africa; the homicide rate in black Africa is about the same as in western Europe, and well below the rate in either white or black America. Indeed, the black American homicide rate is three to five times the black African rate. Violence is something black Americans learned in this country."

Silberman makes a convincing argument that our current methods of dealing with crime and criminals, from police patrols to parole boards, not only are inadequate but in many cases actually contribute to crime. Furthermore, in chapters about robbery and theft, he shows how many noncriminal Americans rely on crime to maintain their standard of living: Hot goods appear in middle-class homes, often with the owners' full knowledge that the items were stolen; many businesses have survived only because they were able to obtain loans from racketeers.

But the most fascinating aspect of Silberman's book is his examination of the criminal psyche. Reading it, one can only conclude that in the vast majority of cases, criminals are, indeed, made, not born.

At the end of his book, Silberman offers some solutions to the problems of crime—but points out that if those solutions were put into practice, they would necessarily overturn much of what has passed for law enforcement in the past and radically alter the social and economic policies of both Federal and state governments. Realistically, he recognizes that America seems quite unwilling to make such adjustments, leaving his readers with a message that says, in essence: You've got crime because you prefer it to the alternatives. So live with it, baby, and quit bitching.

HOLIDAY BOOK BAG



Season's greetings and best wishes for good reading: Here are our annual gift-book selections. We previewed some terrific books in the magazine this past year and among those that would make excellent presents are *Kalki* (Random House), by Gore Vidal, a tale that will entertain you all the way to the end of the world; Thomas Berger's *Arthur Rex* (Delacorte), which reinterprets the legend of the Knights of the Round Table; and *The Flounder* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich), by Günter Grass, an extravagant stew of history, legend, myth, religion and fantasy.

First-edition paperbacks are a great gift idea—the price is right and the production quality is good. Fine examples from Bantam include: Val Landi's *The Great Outdoors Guide to the U.S.A. & Canada*, an encyclopedia and wilderness catalog; *Star Games*, created by Jim Razzi, Rick Brightfield and Jack Looney, a series of puzzles, mazes and games played out against the background of space adventures; and the completely new edition of *The People's Almanac #2* by the Wallace monopoly, Irving and his son David Wallechinsky. Another worthy paperback comes from Penguin: *The Whole-World Wine Catalogue*, by William I. Kaufman, subtitled "The Easy Reference Guide to the World of Wines, Wine Labels and Tastings."

On the subject of wine, we also suggest Nicholas Faith's *The Winemasters: The Story Behind the Glory and the Scandal of Bordeaux* (Harper & Row), which traces the wine merchants, the growers and the newly arrived international wine companies, who're looking for a share of the profits. It's fascinating reading. The

most imaginative cookbook this year comes from Braziller; it's *Fabulous Feasts: Medieval Cookery and Ceremony*, by Madeleine Pelner Cosman. Illustrations, sketches, history, even table settings, are included with usable recipes. Perfect for the cook/history buff.

We also recommend two special photo books. In *Avedon Photographs 1947–1977* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), Richard Avedon aims his camera at fashion models, celebrities, friends and family. Eve Arnold's book *Flashback! The 50's* (Knopf) ranges in subject from the Army-McCarthy hearings to the Black Muslims to Jackie Kennedy.

The photos in *The Greek Islands* (Viking), by Lawrence Durrell, are lovely, but here, words are king. Greece is one of Durrell's abiding passions; his first book on the subject came out in 1945. In this volume, he plays archaeologist and guide, resurrecting and retelling ancient myths in the context of their modern—and altered—settings. You can take this trip from your favorite armchair. *The Evolution of American Taste: The History of American Style from 1607 to the Present* (Crown), by William Peirce Randel, is another unusual armchair expedition that traces the transformation of America from importer of fashions and styles to a dynamic creator of taste.

Attention, sports fans! We have a magnificent suggestion from Harry N. Abrams, *Sports!*, with text by George Plimpton and photos by Neil Leifer. Definitely a book to keep close at hand, to browse through during Howard Cosell's *Monday Night Football* monologs.

A few other unusual books from Abrams: *Medicine: An Illustrated History*, by Albert S. Lyons, M.D. and Joseph Petrucci II, M.D., is a pictorial history including documents, drawings, statuettes and wall hangings from every place and period. Two others in paperback: *Posters by Painters: 29 Posters by Famous Artists*, by Evelyn and Leo Farland, is a book of posters, bound but easily detachable for framing, by such as Saul Steinberg, Miró, René Magritte and Warhol. *The Smithsonian Collection of Newspaper Comics*, edited by Bill Blackbeard and Martin Williams, goes from the Yellow Kid of 1896—the first to attain definitive form—to contemporary works such as Doonesbury, with stops at the likes of Mutt and Jeff, Moon Mullins and Pogo along the way.

We leave you with book suggestions in America's two major areas of interest: sex and politics. *Erotic Art of the Masters: The 18th, 19th & 20th Centuries* (The Erotic Art Book Society), by Bradley Smith, with an introduction by Henry Miller, is beautiful and revealing. And Art Buchwald's new collection of columns, *The Buchwald Stops Here* (Putnam), is funny and revealing. Happy holidays and enjoy! Books are still lasting, memorable gifts.

MOVIES

Ingmar Bergman's new movie, *Autumn Sonata*, is a mother-daughter title bout on the subject of love, or the lack of it, and gets straight to the heart of the matter. To label this a woman's film would be a mistake, because it is primarily a drama about parents and children of either sex and the pain inflicted on both sides. Oddly enough, Woody Allen's *Interiors* examines similar material in a diffused light, trying very hard to create complexities where Bergman tries to burn them away—and that, no doubt, is the essential difference between the work of a master and that of an ardent disciple. Ingrid Bergman and Liv Ullmann are the antagonists, with Ingrid—provocatively cast in a role that bears certain resemblances to her own personal history—as an internationally famous concert pianist who has never put motherhood among her top priorities. Ullmann plays her mousy, dullish daughter, married to a phlegmatic country minister and nursing her grudges in a small Norwegian town. When she invites Momma for a visit after a separation of seven years, the mouse starts heating up her indictment and proves to be about as harmless as a rabid bat, with so much venom in her that a quiet country weekend becomes an emotional Armageddon with no holds barred. Because Liv's dazzling performances in Bergman films are almost standardized by now, the real revelation is Ingrid, speaking Swedish onscreen for the first time since she became a superstar several decades ago and sending up flares again in the flashiest role to come her way since she won an Oscar for *Gaslight* back in 1944. Beautifully matured at 62, Ingrid is worldly, glamorous, bitchy and just fine. To watch the subtle shades of expression on her face when her ungifted daughter sits at the piano to muddle through a Chopin prelude is a show in itself, perfect eloquence without a word spoken. *Autumn Sonata* makes you wonder why Ingrid and Ingmar (no relation) waited so long to get together when it seems to be simple mathematics that two Bergmans are even better than one.

Made in Chicago, *Stony Island* is named for a street on the South Side of town and should become much better known, very soon, as an original, free-spirited, imaginative movie musical that's the freshest blend of words and music since *The Buddy Holly Story* and miles ahead of the high-grossing *Grease*. Writer-producer Tamar Hoff and director Andrew Davis (also coproducer and co-author of the screenplay) have created a birth-of-a-band story about inner-city street kids trying to form a soulful rock group with an old black sax man (Gene



Liv, Ingrid in *Sonata*.

Two Bergmans are
better than one;
hurrah for *Stony Island*.



Sassy *Stony Island*.

Barge) as their mentor. They practice in a funeral parlor until they are tossed out, but finally get their act together—so together that The Stony Island Band is still together, with a record deal and other gigs pending. Richard Davis, lead guitarist (and the director's brother), is also the movie's leading man, more or less, with Edward Stoney Robinson, George Englund (Cloris Leachman's son), Ronnie Barron, Tennyson Stephens, Windy Barnes and Ray Dawn Chong among the talented young stars who keep *Stony Island* consistently upbeat. There's so much talent and promise in evidence here that it is easier just to issue a blanket endorsement. See *Stony Island*, because you'll be glad you did, and you won't have to patronize it as one of those warm-blooded but semiprofessional minor movies blown up for the big time and begging to be liked. "Chicago is a good town if you're lookin' for a pizza,"

someone cracks, yet Chicago never looked tougher or more full of brawling energy and bleak beauty, except, perhaps, in the poetry of Carl Sandburg. The city fathers should commend director Davis, as well as his associates—especially cinematographer Tak Fujimoto—for catching the glitter in the gutters of Stony Island. Sociology it ain't. It is an audio-visual act of urban renewal set to the solid beat of rock, rhythm and blues.

If one wants to be picky about it, there are many things wrong with *Who Is Killing the Great Chefs of Europe?* Although breezily adapted by Peter Stone from a novel by Nan and Ivan Lyons, the movie has OK-to-sluggish direction by Ted Kotcheff (whose approach to comedy seems to start with letting his actors yell their lines), plus an overdone Henry Mancini score that should have been sent back to the kitchen. Nothing is perfect, right? With all those demerits dutifully reported, let me rush to add that you will probably enjoy *Great Chefs* as much as I did. It's great fun, a fallen soufflé concocted in several delicious flavors and served so handsomely that resistance is useless. For one thing, the movie offers Jacqueline Bisset—one of the most delectable ladies around—playing the world's greatest pastry chef (as if anyone would give a damn whether or not she could cook). George Segal appears opposite Jacqueline as her ex-husband, a fast-food tycoon whose role is so tenuous that Kotcheff keeps him roaring through it to make his presence felt. While he's a first-rate comic actor, Segal comes in second or third here. Jean-Pierre Cassel, Philippe Noiret and Stefano Satta Flores play several of the chefs who are baked, marinated or otherwise disposed of in a manner appropriate to their culinary *spécialités*. But *Great Chefs* becomes a stratospheric high comedy when Robert Morley takes over (which he does, frequently) as a flabby, flamboyant professional gourmet who plans menus for Buckingham Palace and hopes to win a knighthood. Morley's timing is perfect and he handles writer Stone's choicest one-liners like a true connoisseur, as if he were plucking cherries jubilee from the *flambée*. For him, even the sumptuous Bisset is less enticing than a *bombe Richelieu*. "You may have had her body," he sneers at Segal, "but I have had her *meringue*." If you hunger for still more after a tour de force by Morley, the movie whisks you through the Tour d'Argent and Maxim's of Paris, and includes a quick tour of other celebrated dining spots from Venice to

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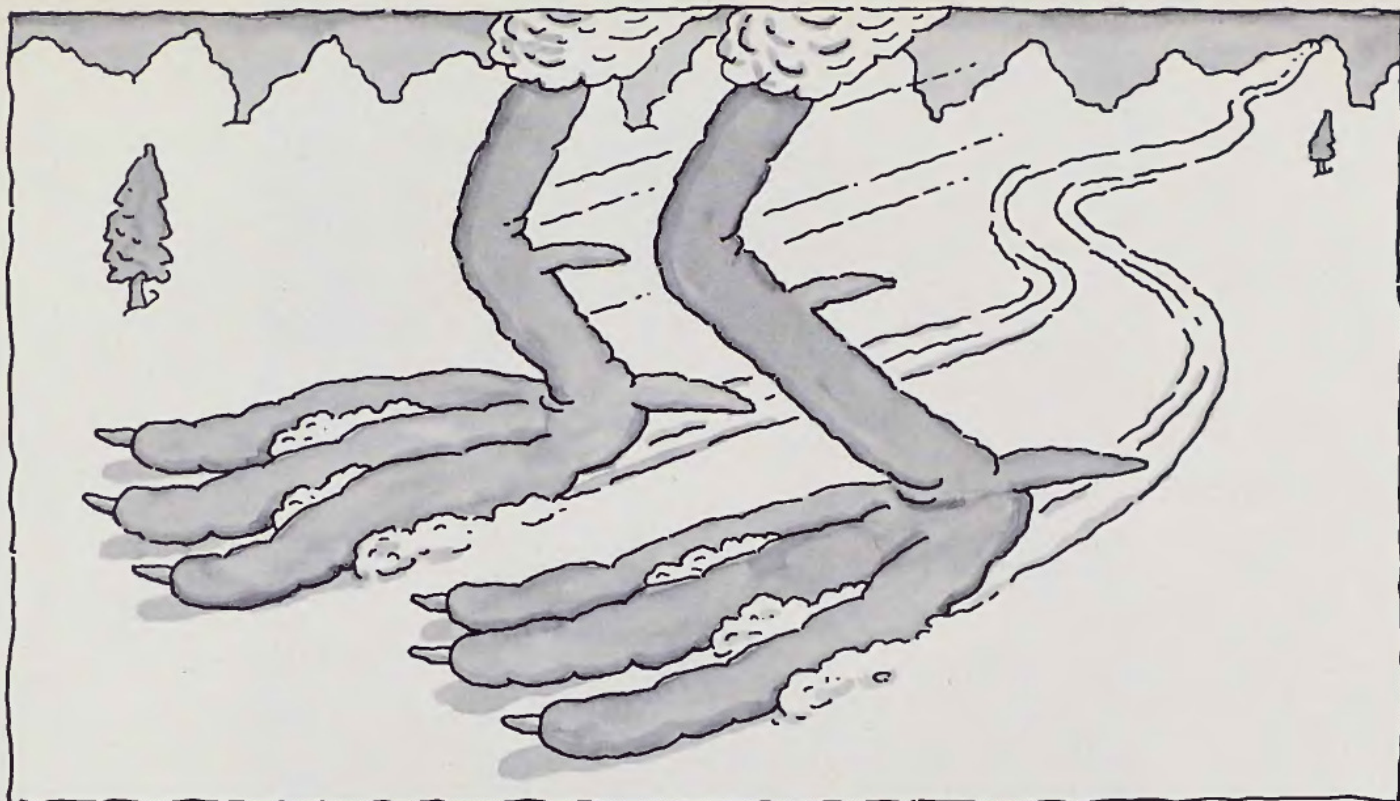
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A pictorial preview in *PLAYBOY*'s October issue points the way to fullest appreciation of *In Praise of Older Women*, an innocently erotic fable about the sexual education of a very young man. More or less warming up in the bull pen between his debut in *Looking for Mr. Goodbar* and his imminent reappearance in *Butch and Sundance: The Early Years*, Tom Berenger—already tagged as one of Hollywood's hottest newcomers—charms his way into bed with so many generous ladies that he scarcely has time for a change of underwear. Karen Black, Susan Strasberg, Marilyn Lightstone, Alexandra Stewart and Helen Shaver portray the most attractive and acquiescent older women who guide our hero along the primrose path from his callow boyhood in Budapest, circa 1951, to 1963, when he has emigrated to Montreal as a lecturer in philosophy. Aging well, he grows up to become a fairly accomplished seducer. "My life has revolved around the women I have loved," declares a narrator, speaking much too often for the good of the screenplay. A bit of script polishing and tighter direction would have helped this Canadian-made film, which is nevertheless sensitive and so flippantly sexy that Ontario's wary censors (after a timely peek into *PLAYBOY*, according to one reliable source) wanted to cut it or ban it from Toronto's Festival of Festivals.

The new Westerns seem to be all scenery, peopled with cardboard characters—with the audience usually playing a losing game in which only the cinematographers collect the chips. *Comes a Horseman*, directed by Alan J. Pakula (whose last effort was *All the President's Men*), has Jane Fonda, James Caan and Jason Robards as a trio of cattle ranchers in the period after World War Two. When they are not fighting one another, they heap scorn on oil-company speculators (chiefly George Grizzard) who want to despoil the American heartland. That's the message part of Dennis Lynton Clark's simplistic screenplay, which has dialog so cryptic it seldom interferes with photographer Gordon Willis' artful compositions. Although boredom sets in early, the actors cannot be blamed—not Robards as a greedy, murderous cattle baron who wants to keep all of God's country to himself, nor Caan as a combat veteran who asks for nothing but a peaceful corner of it for his own herd, nor Fonda as an independent lady wrangler who has a ranch on the verge of bankruptcy and a personality like gnarled oak. All in all, she and Caan spend too much time riding, roping calves and trying on saddlebags as if to remind us that they really know how. With or without a cause to espouse, Fonda is always a forceful actress. Her unbudgeable convictions do not appear,



Black: one of Berenger's *Older Women*.

Older Women praised; Fonda, Caan saddle-sore; and they've got an awful lot of Hitlers in Brazil.



Fonda, Caan in a horse opera.



Steenburgen, Nicholson go *South*.

however, to extend to vegetarianism, since *Comes a Horseman* tells us she's determined to get her beef to market at any cost. If all this pioneer stoicism and true grit could be recycled, there'd be enough left over for several John Wayne epics. Below the surface, though, *Horseman* is simply an old-fashioned Western

melodrama saddled with a contemporary social conscience, somehow equating cowpokes with ecologists.

As star and director of a supposedly comic Western called *Goin' South*, Jack Nicholson looks out of control on both counts, letting himself go with the boyish abandon of a kamikaze pilot. Four writers receive credit for a screenplay cluttered with such jokes as the one about a farmer named Mr. Standard who discovers oil on his land and takes a sample of the darn stuff back East to see what it's worth. Nicholson pursues gold in his role as Henry Moon, a bumptious bank robber who is about to be hanged when a prim young lady (Mary Steenburgen) comes to the rescue, evoking a half-forgotten law that any property-owning female can save an outlaw's neck by taking his hand in marriage. They fall in love and together find gold. Not the worst of plots, yet there is little else to treasure in *Goin' South*, except for some stunning but gimmicky camerawork by Nestor Almendros. The film's musical score smacks of accompaniment for a silent movie and Nicholson acts accordingly—his speech slurred, that famous killer grin intact—giving a frenzied performance and egging on his fellow actors (including John Belushi, who doesn't need much to be hilarious) to pop their eyes and do double takes until every scrap of humor in the piece has been squelched by overkill.

It's no secret to readers of Ira Levin's best seller that the titular *Boys from Brazil* are clones created in South America to restock the world with replicas of Adolf Hitler. The man behind this malevolent genetic experiment is Dr. Josef Mengele, the monster of Auschwitz, portrayed by Gregory Peck, who is made up to look like a cross between *der Führer* and Charlie Chan. Laurence Olivier plays Ezra Lieberman, a Viennese Jew who is a celebrated hunter of Nazi war criminals—and although Olivier is one of the great actors of our time, it makes me fidgety to see him spending all that prodigious talent to sound more Jewish than strictly necessary. In general, director Franklin J. (Palton) Schaffner does a good job of juggling the intricacies of Levin's pop fiction, which mixes actual characters (living and dead) with a grain of truth and a carload of pseudoscientific hogwash. "Who would believe such a preposterous story?" asks Olivier as the plot unfolds. Lest anyone should have time to answer that rhetorical question, *Boys from Brazil* moves all over the map at a fast clip, with young Jeremy Black popping up in Germany, England and America as the cloned junior Hitlers whose genes are preshrunk to foul up the future. I'm afraid that the overwhelming reality of a big movie screen, instead of making Levin palpable, reduces him to pulp. To

see Peck and Olivier as archfoes—both covered with gore, determining the course of history in hand-to-hand combat on the floor of a farmhouse in Pennsylvania—is certainly memorable but also one of the more embarrassing movie moments in recent years.

A foulmouthed ventriloquist's dummy named Fats figures importantly in *Magic*, an ordinary and implausible thriller that has two miscast stars (Anthony Hopkins and Ann-Margret) working their tails off to save a script by William Goldman based on his own novel. Letting the dummy speak four-letter words is not quite enough. Either the book was pure tommyrot in the first place or much has been lost in Goldman's screen adaptation, directed by Richard Attenborough. Attenborough and Hopkins, both gifted men (who also worked together on *A Bridge Too Far*), may help sidetrack *Magic* by putting too much English on it. Pardon me—Hopkins is actually Welsh. But the script asks us to believe he was raised in a poky little community in the Catskills and talks the way he does because his father was British. Yeah. If you buy that, you may also buy the pretense that Ann-Margret, looking scrubbed and simple, is an old flame whom Hopkins knew in high school, a girl who married the wrong guy (Ed Lauter) and has been languishing for 15 years in a dilapidated country hotel only a few miles from Grosinger's. That's where the stars come out, baby, and there is no way to sell the fiction that scrumptious Ann-Margret could drive by the place more than twice before someone noticed them curves and put her name up in neon. No reflection on the lady's talent. She is a good, solid actress, and highly versatile. But if she's a tired housewife, I am the king of Siam.

The only true magic in *Magic* is Burgess Meredith's vivid performance as an old-time showbiz agent who begins too late to realize that his client, the ventriloquist (Hopkins), may be more than slightly crazy. After a promising start, the movie dwindles into the standard formula thriller featuring an unsuspecting woman trapped in an isolated house with a homicidal maniac. At best, *Magic* is reminiscent of *Psycho*, though even more reminiscent of an eerie, unnerving episode in a classic British thriller made 33 years ago, *Dead of Night*, in which Michael Redgrave also played a demented ventriloquist who began to share a split personality with his dummy. Now, that was a chiller-diller.

When Italian director Liliana Cavani's *Beyond Good and Evil* opened in Paris in 1977, the reactions pro and con were so violent that her earlier, controversial *Night Porter* began to look tame in retrospect. Some vehement French critics suggested that Cavani ought to submit to



Guy Dumont, Linda Hayden in *Brazil*.

Beyond Good and Evil:
wretched excess;
playing doctor beats
playing politics in Prague.



Ed Lauter, Ann-Margret: *Magic* fizzles.



Josephson, Sanda in *Beyond Good*. . .

psychoanalysis, tarring and feathering, or worse. Now that *Good and Evil* has

reached our shores, we can see that what triggered the scandal is a period piece of no great importance. It's a biographical sex drama about German philosopher Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche (1844–1900), whose later years were marked by alcoholism, drug addiction, homosexual fantasies, syphilis and insanity. At one point, Nietzsche talks to a horse in the street, mistaking the beast for composer Richard Wagner. There's little emphasis on Nietzsche's status as a great thinker, because Cavani quickly cuts away from the cerebral stuff so she can focus on her subject below the belt. What snatches of philosophical discourse remain are rather cursory: If "You're a nihilist?" is the question, the answer is: "No . . . just disgusted." So much for deepthink.

Beyond Good and Evil's major concern is the *ménage à trois* established by Nietzsche, his former student Paul Ree and Lou Andreas Salome, a beautiful young Russian adventuress who later caught the attention of Sigmund Freud and Rainer Maria Rilke. With Sweden's Erland Josephson (of many an Ingmar Bergman movie), England's Robert Powell (who portrayed Ken Russell's depraved Mahler) and glorious Dominique Sanda in the threesome, Cavani avoids one possible pitfall by covering over her dubious taste with formidable talent. None of this trio ever seems vulgar, though they are decidedly kinky, portraying people who were well into the sexual revolution nearly a century before anyone gave it a name. Nudity, fellatio, four-letter words and soft-core fooling around are no longer milestones in modern cinema; neither is a scene with two male dancers performing a sexual *pas de deux* nor one with a faggot flasher who probably represents Death. The trouble with Cavani is that she's so obviously determined to shock us that she trivializes both history and her own higher aspirations; though seldom dull, she's like a lady at a party who leaps onto a tabletop and throws her clothes off from time to time. She may even have something important she wants to say, but in the general hubbub, who's going to notice it?

Instead of openly talking politics, they are playing doctor-nurse games in Prague these days, at least in *The Apple Game*, writer-director Vera Chytilova's sly Czech comedy about a delightfully inept nurse (Dagmar Blahova) who can't do anything according to rigid hospital procedures—and there may be a lesson in that—though she is naturally deft at the simple, meaningful things, such as delivering babies and making out with a horny young doctor. Interesting footnote: The doctor is played by Jiri Menzel, a promising director of the Czech New Wave, seldom heard from since his satirical *Closely Watched Trains* won a 1967 Academy Award as Best Foreign Film. —REVIEWS BY BRUCE WILLIAMSON



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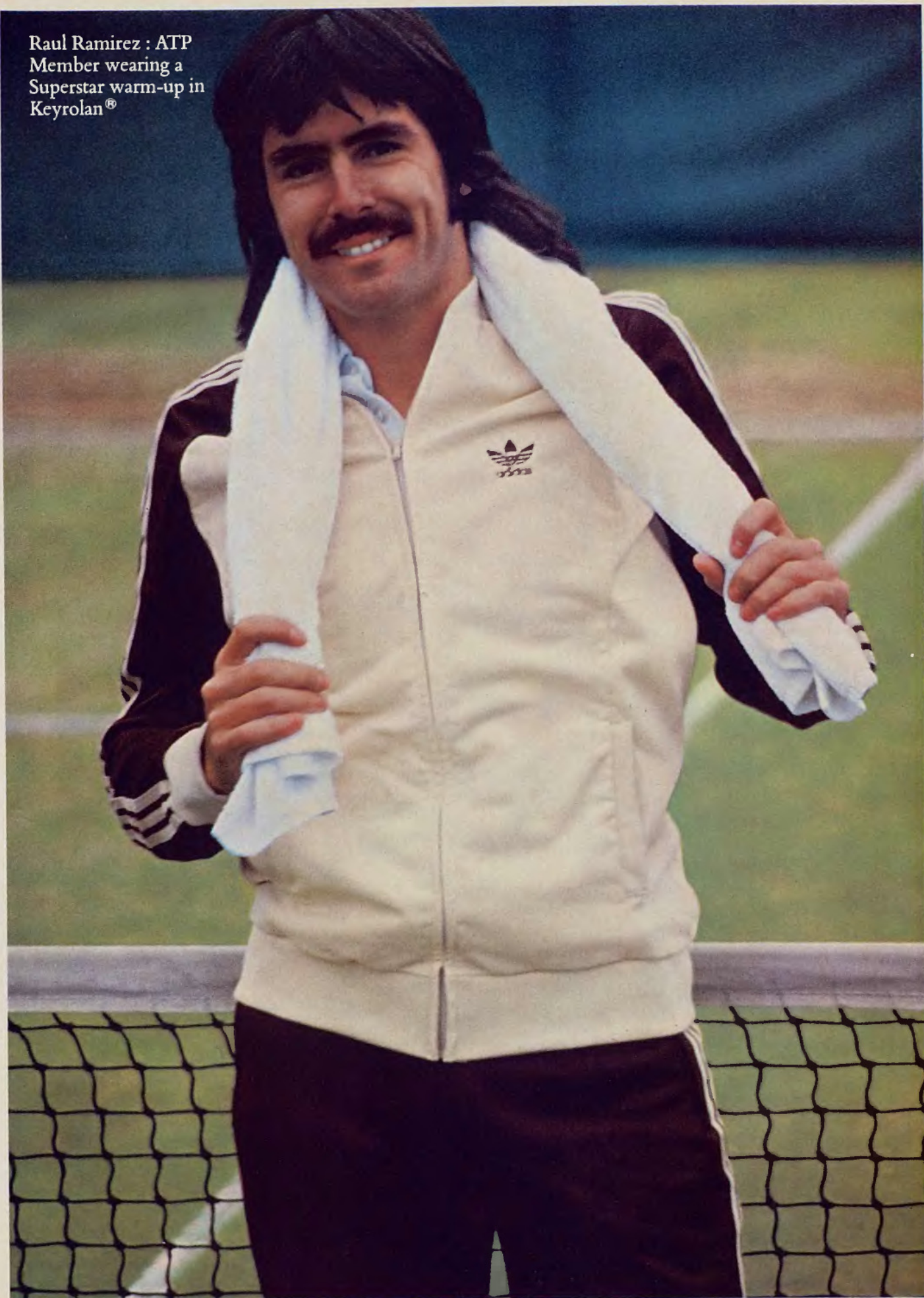
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★ COMING ATTRACTIONS ★

DOL GOSSIP: Ron Howard and Cindy Williams will be married and have a couple of kids in *Purple Haze*, Universal's sequel to *American Graffiti*. Paul Le Mat and Candy Clark return, but the Richard Dreyfuss character is out. Howard is also busy prepping *Hamburger Heaven*, which he will direct, with Henry Winkler starring and producing. . . . *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* will be rereleased in May, but it won't be the same *CE3K* you saw the first time. Director Steven Spielberg has decided to make some changes—he'll re-edit parts and even plans to shoot some new footage. Spielberg's next directorial project is *1941*, a comedy-adventure about strange goings on in Los Angeles on the day Pearl Harbor was bombed. . . . Author Diane



Howard

Spielberg

Johnson's bio of Dashiell Hammett for Random House ought to be the definitive one, since Hammett's longtime friend, Lillian Hellman, is cooperating fully on the project. Johnson's been taping interviews with Hellman and has access to Hammett's correspondence, manuscripts and mementos. We won't be at all surprised if Jason Robards nabs the film role. . . . Ilie Nastase and, possibly, Björn Borg will play against Dean-Paul Martin in Paramount's *Players*. The Bob Evans production is the story of a young tennis hustler who makes it to Wimbledon (falling in love, on the way, with Ali MacGraw). Originally, the script called for Nastase to lose to Martin, but apparently Ilie refused to lose to anyone, movie or no movie, so the script was altered to have Nastase pull a leg muscle and default. . . . Author Dan Greenburg has been signed by Universal to script his latest book, *Love Kills*.

A STAR IS BORN: After doing bit parts in most of his own films, director Paul Mazursky is emerging as a full-fledged actor, co-starring with Donald Sutherland in a flick in progress called *A Man, a Woman and a Bank*. Says Paul, "I play a computer expert whose marriage is falling apart, who decides to help a friend rob a bank in Vancouver. I think it's going to be quite funny." Next spring, says the man behind *An Unmarried Woman*, "I'll direct my own new

film in New York, called *Willie and Phil*. It's about two guys with the same woman . . . one of them marries her, the other lives with her."

R.I.P., ALREADY! Elvis Presley may be dead, but ideas for TV specials on the fallen King still flourish. The word in Hollywood is that a certain TV producer has, hidden in his office safe, seven hours of home movies of Elvis taken by his ex-wife, Priscilla. These movies supposedly show a side of Elvis never before seen on TV, including footage of him horsing around in Hawaii, of the wedding, of Elvis crying joyously over his new baby and some fascinating clips documenting the occasion of the in-laws' awkwardly meeting one another for the first time. TV execs are presently trying to edit the seven hours down to a manageable one hour and present it as a TV special. Sounds like a bitch to edit, what with all that fascinating stuff.

BEATTY EYED: Warren Beatty, we hear, is working with an English screenwriter on



Presley

Beatty

a script for a film tentatively titled *John Reed*. "This is something Warren has wanted to do for a long time," says our source. Reed, the journalist who wrote *Ten Days That Shook the World*, is the only American buried within the walls of the Kremlin. Beatty plans to star and produce but isn't sure yet whether or not he'll direct as well. There's speculation, though, that Beatty, an impulsive romantic, may abruptly abandon the Reed project if he finds a dandy script in which to co-star with his new love, Diane Keaton.

THE LOVE TRAIN: ABC's *Love Boat* series seems to have become one of the most successful formulas on TV, so successful, in fact, that rival NBC is in love with the idea. The formula is simple and appealing—a crew of regulars is joined every week by a passenger list of stars and semistars. NBC seems to want to do its own version of this formula desperately, but there's one big hang-up—it can't use a boat, because ABC's got the boat. NBC's first idea was to do it on a jet and call it *Coasttocoast*, but that

notion got axed (after all, how much can you shoot inside a plane?). Now network brass has come up with a new version and the vehicle involved is—you guessed it—a train. Not just any old train but one with a sauna, a bar and a disco; you know, like the old Erie-Lackawanna. *Super Train*, like *Love Boat*, will have its own cast of regulars; it will chug between New York and L.A. every week until it runs out of steam.

NEW TALENT DEPT.: Hollywood's anxiously keeping its eye on Robin Williams, star of ABC's *Mork and Mindy* series. Robin has been performing regularly at The Comedy Store to standing ovations and word has it that after a year's exposure on the tube, he'll start doing feature films. Soothsayers on the Strip are already starting to call him the new Steve Martin.

MR. SMITH GOES BOWLING: If there really are 50,000,000 bowlers in America, the film *Dreamer* should do very well, indeed. Filmed in the Midwest, it stars Tim (Animal House's Eric Stratton) Matheson in the title role of Harold "Dreamer" Nuttingham, a bowling-alley employee who makes it into professional bowling ranks—falling in love, along the way, with Susan Blakely. "It's about the balance



Blakely

Matheson

between dreams and personal realities," says Matheson. "The point is if you put enough energy into anything, you can always get what you want." Sounds a little like *Rocky* in bowling shoes, but the film makers contend that it is not. "It's more like *Mr. Smith Goes Bowling*," says Matheson. Incidentally, Matheson also informs us that he won't be appearing in the TV adaptation of *Animal House* being written by National Lampooners Harold Ramis, Chris Miller and Doug Kenney. "It sounds good," Matheson says, "but I don't want to do it. I've done TV and you just can't take risks, because of the censors. Also I wouldn't want to get typecast in that role." What he is looking for these days is a lead in a romantic comedy or a Western.

—JOHN BLUMENTHAL



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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

About a year ago, a ladyfriend and I enjoyed the evening by making love. After climaxing four times, I was totally spent, but she was just getting started for a long night. From her purse, she took out what appeared to be a jar of cold cream and started rubbing it on my penis. It took just a few seconds for a warmth to spread through my cock and it became rock hard. We made love again, not once but three more times, and I climaxed each time. If that had not actually happened to me, I would have found it hard to believe. The lady has since moved out of town, taking the secret of the miracle cream with her. I recently bought some worthless gel from an adult bookstore, so my question is: What was that magic cream and where can I get more?—W. P., Portland, Oregon.

It sounds to us as if she used plaster of Paris. However, we suspect that the magic of the evening was all in your head and not in the lady's secret snake oil. With a little initiative and imagination, a girl can get the same results with axle grease. There are a variety of so-called erection creams available—some with heating agents or cooling balms—but the outcome is not so impressive when you do it yourself.

This winter, I plan to take my first Caribbean vacation. I've been saving my money not only for the trip but for the fantastic bargains I've heard a lot about to be had in duty-free ports. How can island merchants afford to sell things so cheaply?—R. S., St. Louis, Missouri.

Simple; they don't have to bear the costs of importing things into the U.S.; you do. That little junket can cost as much as 55 percent of the wholesale price of an item even before state and local taxes are added. But before you spend your life savings on Japanese cameras, there are some things you should know. First, there is no such thing as duty-free shopping in the Caribbean. All the island nations (except the Netherlands Antilles) add some percentage of duty to the goods you buy. It's just usually lower than in the U.S. St. Thomas, for instance, adds six percent, the Bahamas up to 20 percent on jewelry and Jamaica up to 60 percent on some items. More important, when you try to bring it back into the U.S., Customs will charge you duty on anything over \$100, or over \$200, if you visited the Virgin Islands. To find out if you're really getting a bargain, you'll have to make a pricing foray before you go. Remember, also, that it's damn near impossible to return or arrange service for a defective item once you're back in America. Caribbean mer-



chants keep the prices down to encourage tourism and shopping, but nobody anywhere is giving the store away.

After some prodding from my girlfriend, I've acquired the habit of shaving the hair along the shaft of my penis and the exposed portions of my balls. She loves it because now while performing oral sex, she doesn't get hairs in her teeth. I love it because (one) now I can get her to devour my cock more often, (two) for some reason I look more hung with the hair shaved back, which helps my ego, and (three) when my girlfriend tongues my balls now, I go absolutely wild—the sensitivity of sex has greatly increased without the hair's dulling it. Anyway, this has been such a turn-on, I can't believe that ancient societies that weren't as hung up as ours didn't discover this. Were there any that practiced public shaving or similar techniques?—P. B., Coralville, Iowa.

Yes. According to legend, during the Middle Ages, certain liberated lovers shaved their pubic hair. Unfortunately, they got carried away. The result was the Vienna Boys' Choir.

I've often heard that hockey is the fastest game in the world, but it's hard to believe that a puck can outfly a golf ball off, say, Jack Nicklaus' tee. What is the world's fastest game?—L. R., Chicago, Illinois.

Define your terms. Hockey is considered the fastest team sport for a man unassisted by engines, horses or gravity. Those guys fly. If you define a sport by the speed of the ball, it's another story. The fastest thrown ball in the world be-

longs to baseball's L. Nolan Ryan, whose fastball reaches a speed of 100.9 mph. A good volleyball spike can reach 70 mph. A pro ping-ponger can launch a ball at speeds of up to 105.6 mph. Then things start to get really fast. Your puck, for instance, when put in motion by the likes of Bobby Hull, will skip along the ice at 118.3 mph. The fastest measured tennis serve, Bill Tilden's, clocked 163.6 mph, and a golf ball off the tee hit 170 mph. But for real speed, you can't top jai alai. Using the scooplake device known as a cesta, a good jai alai player can send his pelota flying at 174 mph for distances of up to 600 feet. It's no wonder jai alai is played in an enclosed area: A good pelota costs about \$100.

Recently, I began having an affair with my boss—a woman in her early 30s. I have been the assistant director in her department for about five years (with salary increases but no promotion). At first, the affair was "the usual old stuff"—sneaking off to motel rooms at noon and knocking off a quickie and a few intimate moments in the office. Then she started demanding more. One evening, she insisted on wearing a pair of leather boots to bed, then she began wearing a leather girdle much like the ones the Roman soldiers wore. At first, I found this behavior rather exciting—even when she decided to strap on a dildo and screw my anus. Now, though, it's gotten to the point where I can't take it anymore. She has taken to insisting that I let her tie me up with leather straps, and even once put a dog collar around my neck and tied the leash to the bedpost. Before she'll let me screw her, she always wants to do her little thing with the dildo—now she even refuses to grease it up with a lubricant. I find all this demeaning and humiliating, but I'm afraid that if I break it off, she'll have my job. How can I get her to settle down and quit demeaning me without putting my professional relationship with her in jeopardy? I'm afraid she might blackball me in the industry if I get on her bad side. Besides, except for her kinky habits, she's a beautiful person and a tremendous lay.—K. L., Green Bay, Wisconsin.

What we have here is the basic, all-American employer-employee relationship; i.e., the worker gets it up the ass. Obviously, she has read "Winning Through Intimidation" and you haven't. It's time to take the reins yourself: You seem to be in a bit of a dead end in your current position (even without the unprofessional relationship with your supervisor). Start looking for another job

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in the industry or for another department in the same firm. Your fears of retribution are exaggerated—she can't tell anyone about your extracurricular performance without endangering her own position. Your on-the-job performance should speak for itself. Next time, don't fish in the office pool, especially when it's stocked with piranha.

I prefer a light drink before meals. I've been the white-wine route and tried a few sherries. I found sherry too flavorful and white wine too light in the alcohol department. What else is there?—F. R., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Sounds like you're ready for an aperitif wine. They are wine based but have more alcohol content than wine, usually around 18 percent. And the flavors are not always as apparent as in sherries.

Where can a person find quality super-8 X-rated films? One of the guys at work said that when he was in college, he used to go to parties where they showed porn loops in reverse. Apparently, the result was so hilarious that their dates overcame their initial shock and loosened up. I'd like to try that with some wild and crazy friends. Any suggestions?—B. H., Evanston, Illinois.

Sure, we're willing to help, though we can't guarantee the results. Porn films in reverse might be funny, but how can you tell? The old in-and-out is not that different from the old out-and-in, right? Still, if you want to go through with it, we suggest that you contact Diverse Industries, Inc., 7651 Haskell Avenue, Van Nuys, California 91406. If you are over 19 and don't object to receiving explicit material through the mail, they will send you a catalog of films by such creative artists as Ron Raffaelli (the photographer who put together the erotic "Raptures" a few years back). You'll be rocking and reeling in no time.

One of my friends and I double date every Saturday night—no one girl yet. Each Saturday date is about the same: dinner or a movie, then drinks. And, always, we get a double room at the Holiday Inn and the four of us bang away until early morn. For nearly two years, that is how it has been. As I say, that is how it has been—until one Saturday a month ago, and that night started the same as always. After we had dinner and a few drinks, we got ready for the sexual games. My friend told my date that one thing that really turned him on was seeing two girls make it. My date blushed a little, but she told him (and me) that the thing that really got her was seeing two guys make it. And so, after some discussion and a lot of uncertainty, it was agreed that my friend and I would have sex together while the girls watched, and then we would watch



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while the girls got it on. Since I had never gone down on another man, I was really at a loss as to technique, etc. But, to make a long story short, we did each other for about ten minutes (neither ejaculated) and then watched the girls go to it. We finally finished up with our dates. Sex had never before been as urgent. Since that night, I haven't seen my friend and neither of us has called the other. I think that I am a little embarrassed and perhaps he is also. I am sure that I can rationalize our behavior that night, but having thought about it for a month, I think that I really enjoyed having sex with him. And this new experience has brought about a new thinking in my attitudes about men having sex together. Until that night, I probably would have fought anyone who suggested such a thing and I'm sure that had it not been for the moment and the friend, I probably never would have experienced sex with another man. Right now, I'm a little mixed up. I have strong feelings toward my friend—I don't think sexual ones—and new attitudes toward straight guys having sex with other guys. I know that it doesn't make any sense saying straight guys having sex with other straight guys, but neither of us is gay. Please shed a little light on the subject.—G. D., Raleigh, North Carolina.

There are always surprises in sex, especially when you live at the edge, double-teaming dates at a weekend orgy. (If it will ease your mind, what you did probably falls more under the category of group sex than of gay sex.) It was an experience and you learned something about yourself. We think you should call your friend. This is certainly nothing that should break up a good relationship. As you said, he probably has the same feelings you do and we think you'll both rest a lot easier if you discuss them over a couple of beers.

Guitar playing has been a hobby of mine for some time now. Recently, I began writing songs that my friends say are halfway adequate. There are quite a few clubs in town that sponsor open mike/audition nights. I would like to sing some of my tunes in front of an audience. However, before I take my stuff out on the street, I want to be protected. How much does it cost to copyright a song? Do I have to submit written sheet music (I can't read or write music, so that would mean hiring someone)?—S. F., Calumet City, Illinois.

The copyright law that came into effect in 1976 actually makes it quite easy to be a starving musician. You don't have to hire lawyers, accountants or other starving musicians to write lead sheets for you. Under the new law, there are three ways to copyright songs—and three Government forms, of course. Form SR covers sound recordings. You just send the Feds a cassette or other sound recording

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of your tune, a copy of the lyrics and ten bucks. You can obtain a copyright for each song or, if you want to save money, you can secure a copyright for an evening's performance (John Doe Live at Carnegie Hall or a Reasonable Facsimile Thereof). Form PA covers the performing arts and is the closest to the old form of copyright. You send lyrics, lead sheets or a sound recording and ten bucks and you're covered. The third category (Form TX) is for all those Lennons in search of a McCartney—you can copyright song lyrics sans melody. Again, the ten-buck fee. For more information or copies of the forms, write to: The Copyright Office, Library of Congress, Washington, D.C. 20559.

Can you explain the effect running has on sex? Now that so many people are jogging, I've begun to hear stories about exercise changing one's love life. Apparently, it increases endurance. Is there any truth to those stories?—L. S., Seattle, Washington.

Since we took up running, we have found that our endurance has increased dramatically. Now we can go up to six days without any sex. Incredible? No, just the result of healthy exercise and a lot of cold showers. It used to be that the chase meant subtle repartee, the proper wine, candlelight. Nowadays, it means running a seven-minute mile. The kind of women you find at that pace are spectacularly fit. Fit for what, we can't say yet. We've heard the same stories you have about improved sex lives—but you must remember that your sources are the same runners who extol the virtues of self-abuse, lower-body injuries, shin splints and stretching exercises. (The latter applies more often to the truth than to muscles.) Gabe Mirkin and Marshall Hoffman, the authors of "The Sports-medicine Book," conducted a computer search of the medical literature in the National Library of Medicine and could not find a single study that documents a relationship between fitness and sexual performance. They quote our good friend Dr. William Masters, who feels that "a person who has good physical fitness invariably functions more effectively sexually than a person in poor shape. Sexual function is a physiologic process and every physiologic process works better in a good state of general health than in a poor one."

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.



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THE PLAYBOY SEX POLL

an informal survey of current sexual attitudes, behavior and insights

For the greatest blow job you've ever had, call Blanche, 555-1234.

With only the name and number changed, that straightforward statement has been scrawled on the walls of better bathrooms and decorated phone booths from one end of the country to the other. Perhaps you always assumed that somewhere there was a girl (if not Blanche, then Rosie, Trixie or whoever) who had so perfectly mastered oral sex that she was the all-time fabled femme fatale of fellatio. Is that possible?

Well, since it's certainly true that some people give a more sensuous back rub than others, then clearly there must be those lovers who have the knack of the snack. What do they do that makes them first-rate?

That's the question for this month's poll. We asked 100 men and an equal number of women: What's the difference between good and great oral sex? And what do you think is the difference between good and great oral sex for your partner?

Settle down for the lip-smacking results.

Q: WOMEN, WHAT DO YOU THINK IS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN GOOD AND GREAT FELLATIO?

Forty-one percent of the females guessed terrific oral sex occurred when a woman deep-throated a man: "These days, I feel like I ought to be awarded a medal. It should be in the shape of an open mouth. Every man's into deep-throating me, the minute I let his naked cock anywhere near my face. I was living with a rock singer the first time I ever attempted to take one in. I wanted to please him, but I always gagged. For about a month, he just eased it back and forth, giving me a little more of his penis each time we tried. Finally, I caught the knack of taking long, relaxed breaths as I worked his ten-incher all the way down."

Twenty-two percent of the women assumed that some kind of specific physical technique was the key: "Like most of the previous men in my life, what turns on my husband is a little bit of pain, delivered to his clanger compliments of my teeth. I start off my nibbling gently on his erection. After a few minutes of mastication, his shaft couldn't be harder. It practically dances around on its own, as if it knew what I was going to do next.



Q: GREAT MOMENTS IN ORAL SEX

I take just the tip of his cock between my pearly whites, I chomp on it like an Italian bread stick until he comes. No question, the best fellatio means fang-oriented pain. It's the skyrocket of sex."

Fourteen percent of the ladies surmised the sublime blow job for a man involved coming in a woman's mouth: "Thank God, I adore the taste of sperm. There isn't a male alive who doesn't light up when they get to spurt in our pretty little mouths. For special guys, I swirl it around my mouth before guzzling it down like vintage wine."

Fourteen percent thought a surprise made fellatio divine: "Every male I've ever gone down on got off on experiencing the unexpected. Just as soon as a guy's member gets stiff from my sucking it, I begin to hum. The reverberation makes him purr. I shift gears and begin singing with his tool still wedged in my mouth. The song? "Come with me, my melancholy baby."

Six percent answered that best head for a man meant not stopping when he came: "The first time I ever did that was well before my boyfriend and I had gotten to trust each other. Initially, he couldn't take the intensity. So I waited until I was in an S/M mood, tied him down and just ignored his mutterings to

stop. By lapping, after his orgasm, I kept him from going soft. And once he got into it, the renewed pleasure was truly *crème de la crème*."

Three percent thought that cock teasing made oral sex great.

Q: MEN, WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN GOOD AND GREAT FELLATIO?

Thirty-three percent of the males said sublime oral sex was dependent upon coming in a woman's mouth: "Dating a girl loses pizzazz if I can't eventually possess her by coming in her mouth. The other night, I met a gorgeous redhead at the health-club pool. We hit it off and went next door to a bar, where she challenged me to a chugalug contest. She won, then repeated her feat in my bedroom later. Her style of drinking my jism was to inhale real deeply just as I peaked. What suction!"

Twenty-three percent of the men reported that deep throat was the way to go: "Feeling the tip of my cock forced all the way down a girl's throat is totally 100 percent mind blowing. I make her suck in every inch of my erection, even my balls. These days, it's almost a prerequisite for a woman to learn to completely swallow a dick if she wants to keep me as her lover. It's absolutely the ultimate in fellatio. Even if she gags, she'll eventually learn to do it easily—and love it because I do."

Eighteen percent of the gents responded that some kind of physical technique was the key: "When learning a foreign language, one of the first things taught is that the word tongue is feminine—which must explain why that talented part of a woman's eatery is the key to great head. A slippery tongue slithering restlessly up and down my erect penis, licking slowly, then fast, trying anything, is the way to send the most phenomenal bursts of passion through the center of my body right into the core of my brain."

Ten percent stated that surprise made fellatio divine: "I love to make it with a woman who gives imaginative blow jobs. After dancing till 4:30 A.M., I would have thought my girlfriend was frazzled, but the minute we hit the sack back at her place, she astonished me. Sucking me into a carnal craze, she told me to wait a second and disappeared. In a flash, she returned, her hands full of whipped cream, which she spread all over my cock, turning it snowy white. Then, with the

most exhilarating vigor, she totally immersed herself in the surprise treat, eating me clean until dawn's early light."

Nine percent said they got off when a woman didn't stop after they came: "Not many ladies know this, but a lot of men, like myself, hate it when a girl stops Frenching the minute we climax. They should keep on sucking. The feeling from that is more than some fellas can bear; though, for the majority of us, it's the most powerful sensation possible."

Five percent answered that great head was when they could *watch* a lady eat them out, while two percent confessed that a cock tease made oral sex great: "Don't ask me to explain it, but my lover is terrific at hurry up and wait. She'll blow me until my swizzler is as stiff as a pole, then stop. Repeating the act over and over, the ultimate effect makes me hornier than hell."

Q: MEN, WHAT DO YOU THINK IS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN GOOD AND GREAT CUNNILINGUS?

Thirty-eight percent of the males guessed sublime oral sex for the females meant not stopping when she came: "My wife doesn't call me a cunning linguist for nothing. The first time I went down on her, she made me swear that I'd never vary my style. It had knocked her out the same way it had every gal I'd gone down on before. I eliminate the seventh-inning stretch that usually takes place right after a girl's first climax. I just keep on sucking and they all keep on raving."

Twenty-one percent of the males thought that some kind of specific physical technique—how a man used his lips or tongue or teeth—was the key: "I'm lucky. I've had years of experience, starting at the age of 14, when my kid sister and I first gave each other head. So I know what women would say makes great oral sex: the perfect tongue. With every lover, swirling my tongue around and over her clit sure gets her aroused. I lick her clean. Then by trying to jam it in as far as I can, I always make a girl shudder with delight."

Eighteen percent of them believed a surprise made cunnilingus divine: "I've learned all the tricks for good sex, especially with regard to head. Like most women, my partner's special kick comes from never knowing what to expect. Once I thought of a novel use for a bottle of champagne. I tucked a glass of the bubbly stuff under our bed. When we hit the sack, I went down on her as always. Just before she hit the peak, I paused to take a slug and before she knew what happened, I had poured some of the fizziness into her slit. It tingled enough to take her right over the edge."

Fourteen percent assumed that teasing made good head great: "Like most good

Romeos, I've learned the way to get a babe on fire when it comes to oral sex is by deft enactment of the 'start and stop' motif. It's foolproof; in fact, just the other night, it worked for about the 100th time. As a photographer, I meet stunning models. I called one of them, a Nordic honey, and asked her out. My mind was fixed on getting her into bed. Finally, the moment came. Slowly, very slowly, I muzzled her labia, warming up her motor with my hot breath, taking her just so far. Then I pulled back a bit until she implored me to continue. Very, very gradually, I worked her into a frenzy, taking easily more than an hour. She was so anxious for me to let loose and ravage her, she spread her legs practically 180 degrees and thrust her cunt toward my mouth. She was delicious to taste and look at. When she couldn't wait any longer, I finally gave in to her, stopping my tease, foraging like a starved maniac in a cupboard full of goodies."

Nine percent responded that for most women, merely watching a guy eat them out made the moment superspecial: "Right now, I'm going with an elegant modern dancer who works out for hours every day all by herself in her own studio. Often, she'll call up and invite me over around one P.M. to join her for a lunch break, only she doesn't serve the typical fare. She loves for me to feast on her in the broad daylight, so she can see every move reflected in the mirror-covered walls."

Q: WOMEN, WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN GOOD AND GREAT CUNNILINGUS?

Thirty-two percent of the females said sublime oral sex meant a man's not stopping when she came: "Once, this guy I'd just met got me a little drunk and woozy at a very flashy party. The next thing I knew, we were in an upstairs bedroom. He had my skirt up, my panties off and his mouth glued to my twat, which had gotten so unbelievably sensitive that I begged him to stop several times. Without losing a lap, he just pushed me back down, continuing his unrelenting attack. Suddenly, I came at least 25 times in rapid-fire succession. More times than I ever had before."

Twenty-five percent of the gals stated that a sudden surprise made cunnilingus divine: "Maybe it's because I'm really into wild sex in general, but the way my husband, a full-fledged professional jock, unpredictably goes down on me couldn't be better. The last time, for instance, he poured a little brandy over my lips and started to kiss me; then, without pausing a second, from out of nowhere, this terrifically bizarre sensation shot me into a stupendous orgasm. He'd hidden an ice cube in his mouth and had popped it deep into my pussy. The surprise made me delirious."

Eighteen percent of them replied that watching a guy eat them out made the moment superspecial: "Just the other day, while horseback riding alone with my boyfriend, all the jiggling up and down on the saddle gave my box quite a buzz. Luckily, we came across a secluded meadow and I knew instantly what I wanted to do. We jumped off the horses. I told my lover to stretch out on his back in the soft grass. I undid my jeans and without even as much as unzipping his fly, I squatted over him to ride his face. I loved watching all his reactions."

Fifteen percent responded that some kind of physical technique was the key: "When a guy slobbers all over me, I feel like I'm getting an annoying bath; not enough friction. I prefer the dry method, which was initially tried out on me by a professor who taught me more about sex than he did musical theory. He would blow air onto my labia to keep excess moisture away. Sometimes he even used a hair drier and then his mouth."

Ten percent answered that teasing made good head great: "The oral tease artist turns me on. Right now, I go with the perfect example of what I mean, a sculptor who uses his tongue tip like a tool, slowly chiseling away at my cunt like it was a piece of wet marble. He just nibbles, refusing to give me the total business until I beg. By keeping me on such a keen edge of frustration, my ecstasy is overwhelming. I'm always afraid he might suffocate between my thighs."

Summary: Thirty-three percent of the men are most turned on by a woman who lets them come in her mouth, while another 23 percent like to be deep-throated. What both of these top answers have in common is that they orally represent "going all the way."

Evidently, when it comes to the superlative suck, the majority of the males get a subliminal ego kick: Their descriptions are all charged with aggression. For them, finding the pleasure in power is what makes passion flower.

Figuring out what the women rated as supercunnilingus was much easier for the males in this particular survey. Thirty-eight percent of the fellas, the biggest category, were savvy enough to know their lovers didn't like them to stop after the first explosion. Thirty-two percent of the women verified that the diligent lover left nothing to be desired.

A few years ago, if we had conducted this poll, we would have had a hard time obtaining a diversity of answers. If your partner gave head, by definition, it was great. It was the only game in town. But oral sex has become more popular, and people have finally learned what works for them. As our statistics show, they are likely to let their partners know their likes and dislikes. Communication is the ultimate form of oral sex.

—HOWARD SMITH



IF YOU'RE GOING TO BUY AN EASY-TO-USE CAMERA, MAKE SURE IT'S REALLY EASY TO USE.

Like many of the new, compact 35mm reflex cameras, the Minolta XG-7 is automatic. You simply point, focus and shoot. The XG-7 sets the shutter speed up to 1/1000th of a second. And you get perfectly exposed pictures, automatically.

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tures. It's a large flashing light mounted on the front of the camera. The flashing speeds up when the picture is about to be taken.

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has a window that shows when film is advancing properly. A memo holder holds the end of a film box as a reminder. There's even an optional remote control cord.

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The first fact of rum. Rum comes in three shades: white, gold, and dark. Some light rums are blended to have a barely noticeable taste. Their flavor might fade in the drink. But Myers's is blended specially to be more flavorful. The Myers's comes through the mixer.



Another surprise.

Dark rum isn't any stronger than light rum. Both are the same alcoholic proof. So Myers's isn't any stronger, even though it has a tastier rum flavor.

More revelations.

Myers's is more expensive. It's imported from Jamaica where it's



made slowly, in small batches. The richer taste is worth the time. And the price.

Still another little known fact. Caribbean bartenders mix Myers's into exotic drinks made with lighter rums. They trust Myers's

to enhance the flavor. So discover for yourself the dash that Myers's adds to a simple Rum & Cola. The



extra punch Myers's adds to a Planters' Punch. Here are the recipes for your pleasure.

Myers's Planters' Punch: Combine in shaker, 3 oz. orange juice, juice of ½ lemon or lime, 1½ oz. Myers's. Add 1 tsp. superfine sugar and dash of grenadine. Shake well and serve in tall glass filled

with ice. Add orange slice, cherry.



Myers's Rum and Cola:

Into a highball glass, add 1½ oz. Myers's Rum. Fill glass with cola beverage. Add slice of lemon or lime, and stir.

And finally, one last point.

Dark rum is better to use in cooking than light rum. Myers's adds a fuller rum flavor to foods.

Try sprinkling Myers's over grapefruit halves. It's a simple way



to create an interesting first course. Myers's makes so many rum recipes even more delicious.

So now that you know the facts, your choice should be clear:

Myers's Rum.

Because if you like rum, it's time you discovered the pleasures that wait for you in the dark.



**Next to Myers's
All other Rums
Seem Pale.**





THE PLAYBOY PHILOSOPHY

on our 25th anniversary, we present highlights from the original "playboy philosophy," in which our editor-publisher spelled out our guiding principles and editorial credo

The first issue of PLAYBOY was published in December 1953 with a personal investment of \$600 and \$6000 more begged or borrowed from anyone who would stand still long enough to listen to "a new idea for a men's magazine." It had no date on its cover, because we had so little money we weren't sure there would ever be a second issue. But by the early Sixties, PLAYBOY was being described as "the publishing phenomenon of the century" and as a veritable "handbook for the urban male." The magazine became an increasingly popular subject of discussion and debate by columnists, commentators, clergymen and even a few serious social scientists writing in scholarly journals.

We had intended PLAYBOY to be a response to the repressive antisexual, anti-play-and-pleasure aspects of our puritan heritage that have traditionally pitted mind and body against each other. But in an article titled "The Anatomy of PLAYBOY," published in Commentary, Benjamin DeMott, professor of English at Amherst, described PLAYBOY as "the whole man reduced to his private parts."

In "PLAYBOY's Doctrine of Male," published in Christianity in Crisis, Harvey Cox, professor of theology at Harvard, stated that the magazine was "basically antisexual." Cox described PLAYBOY as "one of the most spectacular successes in the entire history of American journalism," but stamped us as "dictatorial taste-makers," decried the magazine's emphasis on "recreational sex" and concluded that—like the sports car, liquor and hi-fi—women are just another "PLAYBOY accessory."

Writing for Motive, the Reverend Roy Larson stated, "PLAYBOY is more than just a handbook for the young-man-about-town: It's a sort of Bible which defines his values, shapes his personality, sets his goals, dictates his choices and governs his decisions. The PLAYBOY philosophy has become . . . a sort of substitute religion." But Reverend Larson rather liked PLAYBOY: He empathized with our interest in "style"—he was "upset by those people in the church who seem to assume . . . that average-ness is more Christlike than distinctiveness. Certainly—God knows—there's nothing in the mainstream of the Christian tradition which justifies this

editorial By Hugh M. Hefner

canonization of mediocrity." He concluded, "I sympathize with PLAYBOY's revolt against narrow, prudish Puritanism, even though I would disagree with the way this revolt is expressed."

In response to all this, we wrote "The Playboy Philosophy"—an attempt "to spell out—for friends and critics alike—our guiding principles and editorial credo." The first installment appeared

*"We lie to one another
about sex; we lie to our
children about sex; and
many of us undoubtedly
lie to ourselves about sex."*

in our December 1962 issue. Originally intended for a single issue, then two, it grew into a 25-installment series that proved to be the most popular—and controversial—feature ever published in the magazine. On this, our 25th anniversary, we are pleased to reprint excerpts from the original "Playboy Philosophy."

The Playboy Philosophy is predicated on our belief in the importance of the individual and his rights as a member of a free society. That's our most basic premise—the starting point from which everything else in which we believe evolves.

We hold the view that man's personal self-interest is natural and good, and that it can be channeled, through reason, to the benefit of the individual and his society; the belief that morality should be based upon reason; the conviction that society should exist as man's servant, not as his master; the idea that the purpose in man's life should be found in the full living of life itself and the individual pursuit of happiness.

We would point out the utter lack of justification in the state's making

unlawful certain private acts performed by two consenting adults. Organized religions may preach against them if they wish—and there may well be some logic in their doing so, since extreme sexual permissiveness is not without its negative aspects—but there can be no possible justification for religion's using the state to coercively control the sexual conduct of the members of a free society.

The sexual activity that we pompously preach about and protest against in public, we enthusiastically practice in private. We lie to one another about sex; we lie to our children about sex; and many of us undoubtedly lie to ourselves about sex. But we cannot forever escape the reality that a sexually hypocritical society is an unhealthy society that produces more than its share of perversions, neurosis, psychosis, unsuccessful marriage, divorce and suicide.

Americans were so generally embarrassed by sex in the early part of this century that the sex statutes still standing in some of our states do not even define the behavior or activity they prohibit. The legislators were seemingly able to spell out fornication and/or adultery with only an occasional blush, but when they moved into the slightly more exotic areas of fellatio, cunnilingus and pederasty, it appears that some of them broke into a cold sweat and were just too intimidated by the entire subject to explain what offenses the laws were intended to cover. Thus, in place of the specific, the state statutes prohibit "vile and contemptible crimes against nature."

Church-state legislation has made common criminals of us all. Dr. Alfred Kinsey has estimated that if the sex laws of the United States were conscientiously enforced, over 90 percent of the adult population would be in prison.

There are a great many well-meaning members of our own society who sincerely believe that we would have a happier, healthier civilization if there were less emphasis upon sex in it. These people are ignorant of the most fundamental facts on the subject. What is clearly needed is a *greater* emphasis upon sex,

not the opposite. Provided, of course, we really do want a healthy, heterosexual society.

A society may offer negative, suppressive, perverted concepts of sex, relating sex to sin, sickness, shame and guilt; or, hopefully, it may offer a positive, permissive, natural view, where sex is related to happiness, to beauty, to health and to feelings of pleasure and fulfillment.

Sow concepts of sin, shame and suppression in the early years of life and you will reap frustration, frigidity, impotence and unhappiness in the years thereafter.

We cannot accept the argument that it is some flaw in the nature of man, some weakness, or devil in the flesh, that produces our sexual yearnings and behavior; we reject as totally without foundation the premise of the prude, who would have us believe that man would be healthier and happier if he were somehow able to curb these natural desires.

All sexual intercourse outside the church-state-sanctioned bonds of matrimony is prohibited under the statutes on fornication and adultery; all nonprocreative sexual activity, between the same and opposite sexes, both inside and outside of marriage, and including any undue familiarity with household pets, is prohibited under the statutes on sodomy.

Our state laws on sodomy are derived directly from the religious doctrine that the only natural purpose of sex is procreation; it follows, therefore, that nonprocreative sex is a "crime against nature."

These sodomy statutes are so all-inclusive in their joyless suppression of any variety in our sexual behavior that we might be prompted to conclude that the only form of loveplay left legal is petting. Such a conclusion would be overly optimistic. In two states (Indiana and Wyoming), the sodomy statutes actually include a prohibition against heavy petting (the masturbation of another person of either sex who is under the age of 21).

There are only two legally permissible sexual outlets for the unmarried members of society: nocturnal emissions and solitary masturbation.

So intimately is sex interrelated with the rest of human experience that it is impossible to conceive of a society existing, as we know it, without benefit of the primal sex urge. Most certainly, if such a society did exist, it would be a very cold, totalitarian and barbarous one. The existence of two sexes, and their attraction for each other, must be considered the major civilizing influence in our world. As much as religion has done for

the development and growth of society, sex has done more.

Since one of the things PLAYBOY is especially concerned about is the depersonalizing influence of our entire society, and considerable editorial attention is given to the problem of establishing individual identity, through sex and as many other avenues of expression as may be available in a more permissive society, it is wrong to suggest that we favor depersonalized sex.

We certainly think that personal sex is preferable to impersonal sex, because it includes the greatest emotional rewards; but we can see no logical justification for opposing the latter, unless it is

*"If a man has a right
to find God in his
own way, he has a right
to go to the Devil
in his own way also."*

irresponsible, exploitive, coercive or in some way hurts one of the individuals involved.

We are opposed to wholly selfish sex, but we are opposed to any human relationship that is entirely self-oriented—that takes all and gives nothing in return. We also believe that any such totally self-serving association is self-destructive. Only by remaining open, and vulnerable, can a person experience the full joy and satisfaction of human existence. That he must also, thereby, know some of the sorrow and pain of this world is without question, but that, too, is a part of the adventure of living. The alternative—closing oneself off from experience and sensation and knowledge—is to be only half alive. The ultimate invulnerability is death itself.

The simple act of sex performed prior to marriage does not, per se, increase the chances of a successful marriage, of course. It is the attitudes that lead to the act that will determine how well a person adjusts both to sex and to marriage. Sex is often a profound emotional experience. No dearer, more intimate, more personal act is possible between two human beings. Sex is, at its best, an expression of love and adoration. But this is not to say that sex is, or should be, limited to love alone. Love and sex are certainly not synonymous, and while they may often be closely interrelated, the one is not necessarily dependent upon the other.

Sex can be one of the most profound and rewarding elements in the adventure of living: If we recognize it as not necessarily limited to procreation, then we should also acknowledge openly that it is not necessarily limited to love either. Sex exists with and without love and in both forms it does far more good than harm. The attempts at its suppression, however, are almost universally harmful, both to the individuals involved and to society as a whole.

Sin and crime become intermixed and confused—and the religious views of a portion of society are forced upon the rest of it, through government coercion, whether they are consistent with the personal convictions of the individual or not.

If a man has a right to find God in his own way, he has a right to go to the Devil in his own way also.

Our society's repressive and suppressive antisexualism is derived from twisted theological concepts that became firmly embedded in Christianity during the Dark Ages, several hundred years after the crucifixion of Christ, and spread and became more severe with Calvinist Puritanism after the Reformation. In the Old World, the people suffered under totalitarian church-state controls of both Catholic and Protestant origin and many of the early colonists in America came here in search of the religious freedom denied them in Europe. Our own founding fathers, well aware of the history of religious tyranny in other countries, established with the Constitution of the United States the concept of a separate church and state as the best means of assuring that both our religion and our government would remain free, thus guaranteeing the freedom of the people.

Unfortunately, the seeds of religious antisexualism were already planted in the people themselves, however; in addition, through the centuries, a certain amount of ecclesiastical law had found its way into the common law of Europe, and then into American law as well. As a result, not even the guarantees of the Constitution itself were enough to keep our religion and government apart.

We're applying 16th Century religion to a 20th Century world; a more sophisticated time requires a more sophisticated faith. There's no logic in the belief that man's body, mind and soul are in conflict rather than harmony with one another.

Even if all of the religious leaders of the nation were of a single mind on the subject, it is clear that in this free democracy, they would have no right to

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THE PLAYBOY FOUNDATION

how the magazine has translated words into deeds—a chronology of social activism

After expressing his basic principles and editorial credo in "The Playboy Philosophy," Hefner went on to create "The Playboy Forum," The Playboy Foundation and, most recently, The Playboy Legal Defense Team—to "put our money where our mouth is," as some described our decision to support various social, political and legal reforms. The following is a chronological listing of some of the events that highlight PLAYBOY's increasing social activism over the years.

August 1959: PLAYBOY donates the opening-night proceeds of The Playboy Jazz Festival to the Chicago Urban League for its work in improving race relations. This is the beginning of an ongoing commitment to minority rights and racial equality in America.

October 1959: PLAYBOY publishes its first editorial, "The Contaminators," condemning radioactive pollution of the earth's atmosphere by the continued testing of nuclear weapons. In the first issue of the magazine, nearly six years earlier, Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner had promised a publication that would entertain, extol the good life and not try to solve world problems. He modified that policy when it became apparent that the good life envisioned and described by PLAYBOY was being denied to many because of repressive and irrational social and political policies.

December 1962: The first installment of *The Playboy Philosophy* is published.

July 1963: *The Playboy Forum* is established as a major feature of the magazine to permit PLAYBOY's readers and editors to debate the issues raised by *The Playboy Philosophy*.

June 1965: Hefner's comments in the *Philosophy* on this country's repressive sex laws bring a flood of letters, including one from a former West Virginia disc jockey, Donn Caldwell, serving up to ten years for a "crime against nature"—heterosexual fellatio. In the course of freeing Caldwell from prison, the Playboy Foundation is created as the action arm of *The Playboy Philosophy*.

December 1965: PLAYBOY becomes the first major national magazine to advocate legal abortion—on the ground that women have the same rights as men to control their own

bodies and to choose whether or not to bear children. The Playboy Foundation supports both regional and national organizations promoting freedom of choice on abortions, and participates in a series of cases, one of which ultimately goes to the U. S. Supreme Court in 1973. The Court's decision guarantees the right of women to obtain abortions legally. (The Foundation has continued to fund and otherwise support the organizations that are today fighting efforts to create new restrictions on abortions or to deny them to the poor.)

December 1965: In response to yet more letters from readers, *The Playboy Forum* begins reporting numerous instances of illegal opening of first-class mail and the use of entrapment and harassment by Federal postal inspectors looking for obscenity in private correspondence. Over the next several months, the *Forum* is able to document the illegal opening of first-class mail, the warrantless searches of homes, the confessions obtained from people not informed of their rights, the efforts of postal and other Federal agents to persuade employers to fire individuals suspected of nothing worse than sending "obscene" postcards through the mail—cards that include such words as shit and fuck. By citing actual instances where overzealous postal inspectors have caused such people to be prosecuted, PLAYBOY and some influential readers persuade the U. S. Congress to hold hearings on U. S. Post Office Department policies.

August 1966: Senator Everett M. Dirksen, prompted by a letter from a PLAYBOY reader, queries Chief Postal Inspector H. B. Montague to explain the alleged invasions of postal privacy by Federal employees. Montague insists that postal inspectors have the authority to open first-class mail in search of obscenity. PLAYBOY points out that the U. S. Supreme Court has declared the searching of private mail for obscenity to be unconstitutional, and the U. S. Department of Justice agrees.

September 1966: The *Forum* reprints a letter from Timothy J. May, general counsel for the U. S. Post Office Department, advising that the practice of opening first-class mail has been discontinued.

April 1967: The NAACP Legal Defense Fund and the A.C.L.U. receive

grants from the Playboy Foundation for their continuing fight against capital punishment.

July 1967: The Foundation provides the first of several major grants to The Sex Information and Education Council of the United States (SIECUS) to support its nationwide educational programs.

January 1968: *Forum Newsfront* is created as a special section of *The Playboy Forum* to report on incidents and events that occur throughout the country in "the sexual and social arenas." These range from the frivolous report of a woman having a homemade chastity belt cut off by the local fire department to important legal decisions on censorship, sex laws, abortion reform, drug problems, women's rights, racial equality and other civil liberties.

January 1968: The Foundation provides the first of several major grants—amounting to several hundred thousand dollars—to the Masters and Johnson Reproductive Biology Research Foundation. These grants assist Masters and Johnson in developing a comprehensive program for the training of health-care professionals in the treatment of sexual dysfunction.

February 1968: The Foundation starts what eventually ends as a successful defense of birth-control advocate William Baird, Jr., who has defied archaic Massachusetts sex laws prohibiting "crimes against chastity" by publicly giving an unmarried woman a contraceptive.

July 1968: The *Forum* reports the outcome of the case of an Indiana man, Charles O. Cotner, who has served three years of a 14-year sentence for violating that state's sex laws. His crime: consensual anal intercourse with his wife. With the help of the Foundation, Cotner's attorney files a successful appeal and he is freed.

February 1969: Grinnell College students arrested for indecent exposure for undressing in anti-PLAYBOY campus protest request assistance from the Playboy Foundation for their defense—and get it.

February 1969: The *Forum* exposes the practice of indefinite psychiatric sentencing, focusing on the case of William McDonough, held in the Patuxent (Maryland) Institution for Defective Delinquents. For the same

offenses that would have earned him no more than a short jail term. McDonough can remain locked up as a mental patient for the rest of his life. Later, McDonough not only is freed, with the help of the Foundation, but wins a lawsuit establishing the right of mental patients to publicize their cases, as McDonough did by writing to *PLAYBOY*.

May 1969: Foundation support of the Institute for Sex Research at Indiana University (founded by Dr. Alfred Kinsey) begins with grants to undertake research into homosexuality and to establish an information service. These and other grants eventually total over \$100,000.

May 1969: The Foundation supports the successful appeal of a Florida journalist convicted of attempting to perform cunnilingus with a consenting adult, in a case of prearranged police entrapment.

June 1969: The *Forum* reveals that a nationwide campaign against sex education in public schools is being orchestrated by the John Birch Society through a front group called MOTOREDE (Movement to Restore Decency). The Foundation provides further financing to SIECUS, described as subversive in Birchite propaganda.

July 1969: The Foundation finances a University of Chicago survey of some 3400 psychiatrists and psychologists concerning the social effects of pornography. The study finds that more than four out of five of the respondents reject the idea that sexually explicit materials incite people to either sex crimes or to other antisocial behavior, and a majority suggest that censorship is more likely to create social and sexual problems than to solve them. These findings are supplied to the Presidential Commission on Obscenity and Pornography, which reaches similar conclusions. The Nixon Administration rejects the Commission's findings as well as its recommendation that censorship laws be repealed.

February 1970: The Center for Constitutional Rights receives a Playboy Foundation grant in support of its assistance in the Chicago Seven conspiracy trial.

August 1970: The Foundation provides initial financing for Operation PUSH, organized by Chicago civil rights leader The Reverend Jesse Jackson.

October 1970: The Foundation supplies funds to Washington, D.C., attorney Keith Stroup to establish the National (concluded on page 387)

force a universal code of sexual conduct upon the rest of society. Our religious leaders, of every faith, can loudly proclaim their moral views to one and all, and attempt to persuade us as to the correctness of their beliefs—they have this right and, indeed, it is expected of them. They have no right, however, to attempt in any way to force their beliefs upon others through coercion. And most especially, they have no right to use the power of the Government to implement such coercion.

Since no such common agreement exists among the clergy of modern America, it is all the more incredible—if no more monstrous—to consider the extent to which religious dogma and superstition have, all democratic ideals and constitutional guarantees to the contrary, found their way into our civil law. And nowhere is this unholy alliance between church and state more obvious than in matters of sex. In our most personal behavior, *no citizen of the United States is truly free.*

The founding fathers included necessary safeguards in both the Constitution and the Bill of Rights specifically establishing religious freedom and the separation of church and state. To this end, they had a much earlier reference: "Render therefore unto Caesar the things which be Caesar's, and unto God the things which be God's." (*Luke, 20:25*) But for all their precautions, we do not enjoy true religious freedom in America today. In a remarkable example of double-think, we've successfully sustained our freedom of religion but not freedom from religion.

It should be understood that when we refer to freedom from religion, we are not simply contemplating the problems that a publicly professed atheist or agnostic may encounter in being accepted in certain areas of our society today. Our concern is the extent to which religious beliefs and prejudices have infiltrated and influenced our laws as well as the men who enact them, execute them and judge them.

Puritanism was still so dominant a force in America less than 50 years ago that, from 1919 to 1933, the entire nation suffered under the enforced Prohibition established by Congress with the 18th Amendment. National Prohibition, known as the Noble Experiment, was almost certainly the most corrupting legislation ever established in the United States; it made criminals out of honest men and drunkards out of sober ones. It stands as a monument to the evil that can result when man attempts to estab-

lish by governmental edict what should rightfully be a matter of personal choice.

We confess to a strong personal prejudice in favor of the boy-girl variety of sex, but our belief in a free, rational and humane society demands a tolerance of those whose sexual inclinations are different from our own—so long as their activity is limited to consenting adults in private and does not involve either minors or the use of any kind of coercion.

To whatever extent homosexuality represents an emotional disorder, it must be dealt with psychiatrically; you do not successfully treat a neurosis by passing a law against its symptoms. In addition, homosexual behavior is not necessarily symptomatic of any emotional aberration: Far too great a percentage of our adult population have engaged in some form of homosexual activity at some time in their lives to permit it to be scientifically defined as abnormal.

Most analysts, psychiatrists and psychologists consider the confirmed homosexual emotionally disturbed; and the majority of those with whom they come in contact undoubtedly are. Analyst Ernest van den Haag was once told by a colleague, "All my homosexual patients, you know, are quite sick." "Ah, yes," said Dr. van den Haag, "but so are all my heterosexual patients."

Nothing but a healthier emphasis on the heterosexual will ever reduce the homosexual element in society. And not even that, it must be added, will ever eliminate it entirely—but it is one of the natural variations on the human sexual theme.

Whatever the multiple motivations that prod the prude and the censor, it should be clear that much more is involved than simply the considered protection of the public from ideas that might prove harmful. Our democracy is founded on the premise that people have a God-given right to knowledge—a *right to know*. And no human being has the right to tamper with the free flow of ideas among his fellows.

Since the beginning of recorded history, there have been individuals determined to force their own standards upon their fellow men. And time inevitably proves that the "dangerous" work of art or literature of one generation is the classic of the next—that any contemporary condemnation of the spoken or the written word appears ridiculous to succeeding generations.

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just the same—and society is a little poorer for having lost perhaps just one small voice, one difference of opinion, one divergent thought or idea.

The charge of obscenity itself is sometimes used as a cover for other things to which the censor objects: Political, philosophical, social, medical, religious and racial ideas have all been damned at one time or another for being "obscene."

Obscenity, like beauty, is in the eye of the beholder. As D. H. Lawrence has brilliantly observed, "What is pornography to one man is the laughter of genius to another."

If the human body—far and away the most remarkable, the most complicated, the most perfect and the most beautiful creation on this earth—can become objectionable, obscene or abhorrent, when purposely posed and photographed to capture that remarkable perfection and beauty, then the world is a far more cockeyed place than we are willing to admit. That there may be some people in this world with rather cockeyed ideas on subjects of this sort—well, that's something else again.

It has long seemed quite incredible—indeed, incomprehensible—to us that detailed descriptions of murder, which we consider a crime, are acceptable in our art and literature, while detailed descriptions of sex, which is not a crime, are prohibited. It is as though our society put hate above love—favored death over life.

The attitude that some ideas are best kept from the citizenry advances a concept of totalitarian paternalism that is contrary to the most basic ideals of our free society. It is akin to the colonialist concept that a new nation may not yet be ready to rule itself. The only way in which the people of a country can ever become mature enough for self-rule is by setting them free to practice self-rule. Similarly, the only way in which a society can mature sexually, socially and philosophically is by allowing it naturally free and unfettered sexual, social and philosophical growth. By treating our own citizens like so many overprotected children, we have produced our present, too-often-childlike, immature, hypocritical social order.

Discussing, describing or graphically depicting sex too explicitly, or with an improper moral point of view, is still prohibited throughout much of these supposedly free United States. Why? Because it may lead to like behavior. And that is the greatest fear of all: that sex may be indulged in freely, without the burden of guilt and shame placed upon

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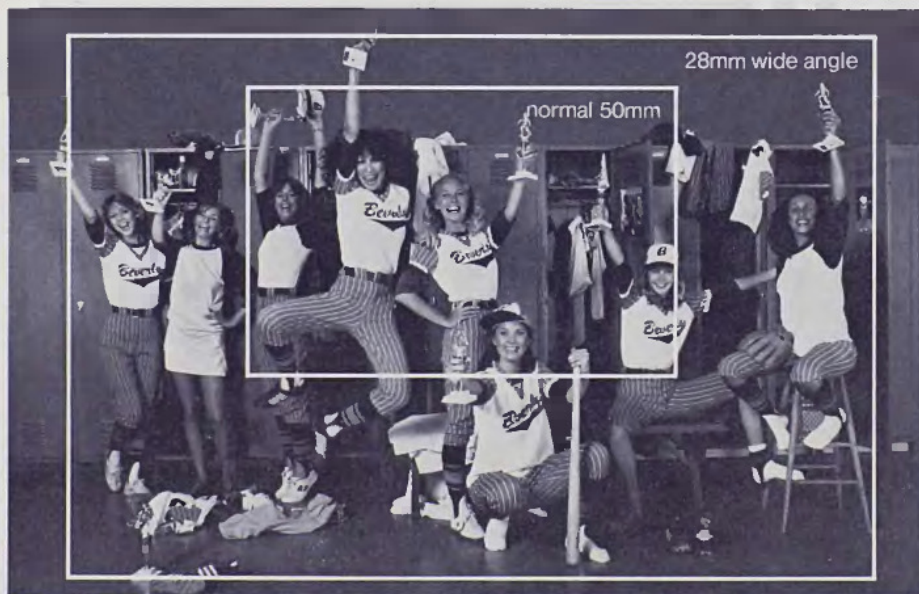
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it by our ignorant, superstitious, fear-ridden ancestors in the Middle Ages.

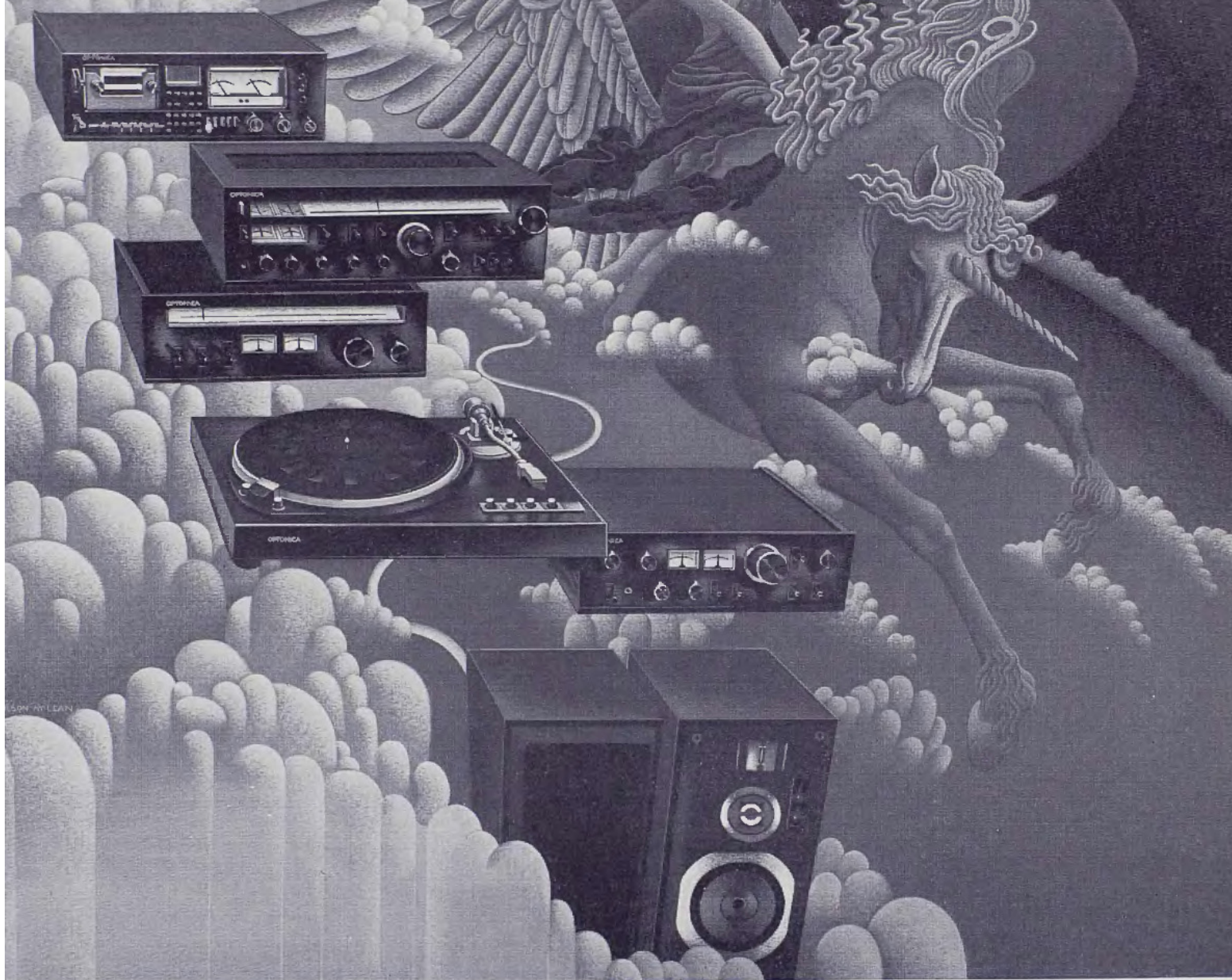
The Supreme Court's definition of obscenity makes reference to "contemporary community standards." Thus, the obscenity of yesterday is not necessarily the obscenity of today, and the obscenity of today need not be the obscenity of tomorrow. Contemporary community standards never remain static but offer ever-changing criteria for judgment. It is the subjective nature of obscenity that [disturbed] great men like Supreme Court Justice Hugo Black, who [felt] that the freedoms guaranteed by our Constitution should be *absolute*—a solid, unshakable foundation upon which our democracy is built.

The lowest forms of pornography tend to flourish in a sexually suppressive atmosphere rather than one that is open and permissive. Censorship creates an appetite for the hidden and suppressed; pornography would lose much of its appeal in a sexually free society.

The judicial assumption that pure pornography is without any "redeeming social importance" is open to serious question. There is presently a considerable school of scientific opinion amongst authorities on human behavior suggesting not simply that pornography is harmless, but that it may actually have some value as a sublimation and release for pent-up sexual frustration and desires.

The contemporary psychiatrist knows, and will gladly tell any who care to listen, that books, and pictures, and pamphlets and papers that deal openly and honestly with sex have little or no effect upon human behavior and whatever effect they do have is healthful, rather than injurious, to society; never mind that the science of psychiatry has revealed that it is the repression of the natural sex instinct, and the association of sex with guilt and shame, that cause the hurt to humankind—producing frigidity, impotence, masochism, sadism and all manner of sexual perversions, social and psychological ills, neuroses and psychoses; never mind that all of history documents the utter impossibility of curbing the normal sex drive, of keeping the male and female free from this sin of the flesh; never mind that modern research into sex behavior has revealed that America's own Puritan attempts at sexual suppression have failed to halt or seriously hinder the "immoral" sex conduct of the majority of our adult population and resulted in nought but frustration, aberration, agony and heartache; never mind that any effort to regulate or control the private sexual morality of the adult citizens of the United States is contrary to the principle of individual freedom that is the very

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foundation of our democracy, and is in conflict with the most basic guarantees of our Constitution and Bill of Rights.

Never mind—for such arguments are based upon reason. And there is nothing reasoned or rational about our society's attitude toward sex. It is based, instead, upon an irrational conglomeration of prejudice, superstition, fear, faith, mysticism and malarkey.

America's anti-intellectual and anti-cultural history has undoubtedly hurt us as a nation and while U. S. education is now receiving increased attention, the symptoms of our earlier prejudices are still reflected in the public primary and secondary school systems across the nation, which devote more time, money and effort—special instruction, special classes, special schools—to the subnormal child than to the superior one. Whereas our institutions of learning should stress free inquiry and academic achievement, too often they only perpetuate conformity, reinforce society's prejudices, promote social and nonacademic curricula, suffer from low teacher status and pay, and are plagued by political and religious interference.

Progress necessarily requires the exchange of outdated ideas for new and better ones. By keeping open all lines of communication in our culture, every new idea—no matter how seemingly perverse, improper or peculiar—has its opportunity to be considered, to be challenged, and ultimately to be accepted or rejected by society as a whole or by some small part of it. This is the important advantage that a free society has over a totalitarian one, for in the free exchange of ideas, the best will ultimately win out. A dictatorship, with its pre-established dogma, is chained to the past; a free society may draw from the past, the present and the future.

All totalitarian concepts place a particular group—a race, a religion, a class, a country—ahead of the individual.

Society benefits as much from the differences in men as from their similarities, and we should create a culture that not only accepts these differences but respects and actually nurtures them.

It should also be clear that man must remain free if he is to continue to conceive and create, for history has proven, in every age and place, that the men most responsible for the world's progress are often ridiculed and derided by their fellow men and their contribution perceived only with the passage of time.

It is important to remember that our American democracy is based not simply

on the will of the majority but on the protection of the will of the minority. And the smallest minority in society is the individual.

The Bible singles out the meek and the poor in spirit for special blessings. We'd like to add one of our own: Blessed is the rebel—without him there would be no progress.

We believe in a society based upon reason. The mind of man sets him apart from the lower animals and we believe that man should use his intellect to create an ever more perfect, productive, comfortable, fulfilling, happy, healthy and rational society.

We believe in the existence of absolute truth—not in a mystical or religious sense but in the certainty that the true nature of man and the universe is knowable, and the conviction that the

"On June fourth, we were arrested in our home on charges of 'publishing and distributing an obscene publication.'"

acquisition of such truth should be one of the major goals of mankind.

No conflict exists between the pleasure a modern American finds in material things and his struggle to discover a new scientific truth, or evolve a new philosophy, or create a work of art. The good life, the full life, encompasses all of these—and all of them satisfy and spur a man on to do more, see more, know more, experience more, accomplish more. This is the real meaning, the purpose, the point of life itself: the continuing, upward striving and searching for the ultimate truth and beauty.

The founding fathers of this great democracy were unalterably opposed to any exception in this nation's guarantees of the freedoms of speech and press because of supposed immoral, licentious, obscene or otherwise objectionable ideas that might be expressed, for they were convinced that no man, or group of men, or any government had the right to curtail the opinions of any other man or their free expression.

Nothing in the intervening years has given us any reason to disagree with the wisdom of those first American patriots.

After discussing censorship in an earlier installment of "The Playboy Philos-

ophy," we moved on to other subjects. Then, in June 1963, we were rousted out of bed by Chicago police and arrested for publishing obscenity—seminude photos of Jayne Mansfield. That incident, while perfectly illustrating the dangers of censorship laws, had a comical side as well, and we took a break from our "philosophizing" to share it with PLAYBOY's readers. A jury, incidentally, failed to convict.

This issue we had intended discussing modern America's sex attitudes and behavior, but that fascinating subject will have to wait a month or two, for another related concern—censorship—has been too forcibly and personally thrust upon us to be denied additional comment. On June fourth, we were arrested in our home on charges of "publishing and distributing an obscene publication." If that fact seems incredible to our readers, the full story behind the arrest is even more unbelievable. It serves to emphasize a point we discussed in earlier installments of the *Philosophy* regarding the importance of the separation of church and state in a free society.

The melodrama began late on a Tuesday afternoon. We were asleep in our home (or, as *Time* reported it, in our "humble 40-room pad on Chicago's North Side"). We had been working all through the previous day and night on the August installment of the *Philosophy* and retired in the late morning to grab 40 overdue and badly needed winks. We'd gotten about half that number when the intercom beside our bed buzzed us awake. It was our housekeeper, who informed us that four of Chicago's finest were at our front door with a warrant for our arrest and that CBS-TV was there also, with cameras.

The charge, we were told, was obscenity—someone had objected to the pictures of Jayne Mansfield in the June issue and managed to get a warrant for our arrest. Now, it should be mentioned that a violation of the Chicago obscenity statute is a misdemeanor carrying a maximum fine of \$200 for the guilty; it is not uncommon, when the charge is a minor one, to serve the warrant and arrange for the booking and posting of bond at a time convenient to all concerned. We asked our housekeeper, therefore, to request that the officers contact our attorneys the following morning and make arrangements through them for accepting the warrant, etc. At this point, the melodrama took on some of the attributes of high comedy as our housekeeper misunderstood our instructions—which were given, we must confess, while only three quarters awake. She went downstairs and gave our message not to the police but to the men with the TV cameras, who took it to mean that we would have a

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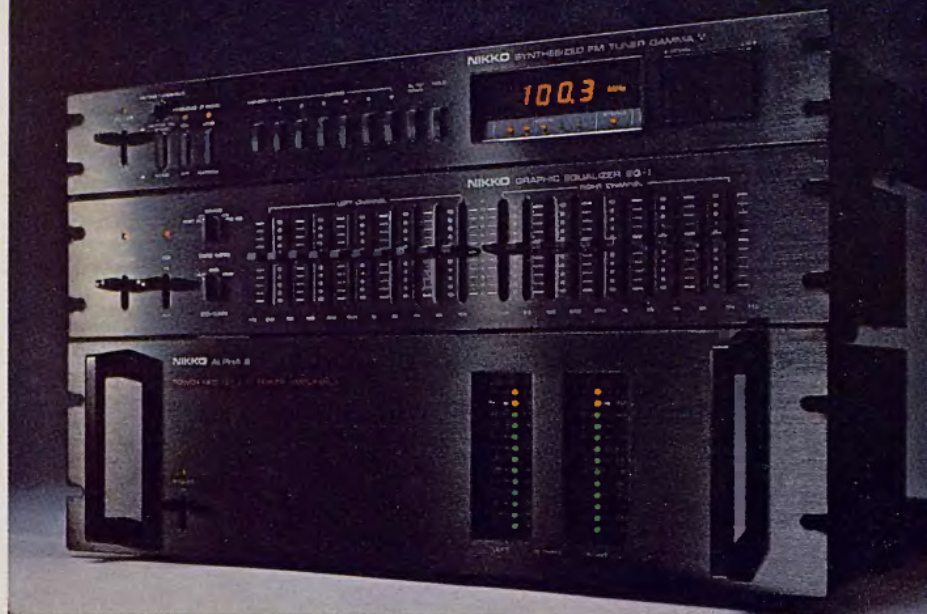


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statement to make to the press through our attorneys the following morning.

We turned over, only half believing that we weren't still asleep and the whole thing just a bad dream caused by the frankfurters and Pepsi we'd consumed just before retiring; we'd managed to get another one and a half winks when the intercom buzzed us awake a second time. We got our instructions straightened around and our housekeeper signed off to carry them down to the officers of the law; half a wink later, the intercom buzzed again. The policemen had refused to listen to her, she said; what's more, they had followed her back into the house and were, at that moment, in the hallway just outside our room. She was trapped in another part of the house—unable to return to her office, which opens onto our private quarters, for fear they would follow her there also.

Now fully awake, and convinced that the franks and cola had nothing to do with the situation, we decided it was time to call our lawyer; we reached him, appropriately enough, at a meeting of the Civil Liberties Union. We dressed to the thumpity-thump-thump of police fists pounding on our bedroom door. The protectors of law and order were contemplating breaking it down when our attorneys arrived.

From that point on, with our legal representatives on the scene, the police were most courteous. We drove to headquarters, were booked, posted bail (\$200) and were free in less than half an hour.

But why, Irv Kupcinet wondered in his column in the *Chicago Sun-Times* the next day, had four armed huskies of the Chicago police force been required to arrest "one nonviolent publisher"? Perhaps, we suggested to Kup, they sent extra men along on the chance that one or two might get lost in our swimming pool with the Bunnies. But we couldn't help speculating on the obvious attempt to make a public spectacle of the arrest. Who, for example, had tipped off the TV station, so that television cameras were at the house waiting when the police arrived?

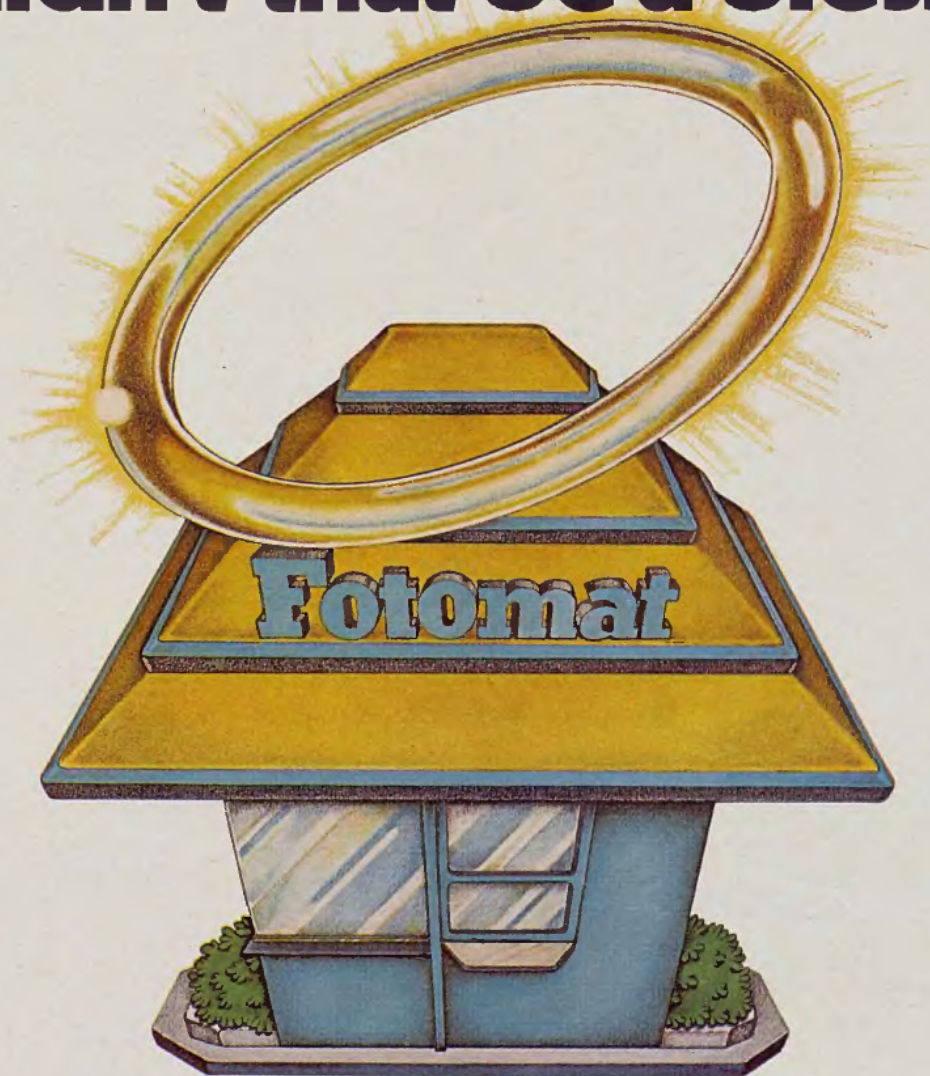
The arrest was allegedly prompted by the nude photographs of Jayne Mansfield. Were these photographs the real reason for the action taken against us? Or is it possible that *The Playboy Philosophy* itself, critical of the church-state implications in the Chicago justice recently meted out to comedian Lenny Bruce, and emphasizing that true religious freedom means freedom from as well as freedom of religion, supplied the motive?

The press and news commentators of radio and TV tended to treat the arrest as a joke, and if the implications of governmental censorship were not so serious, we would have, too.

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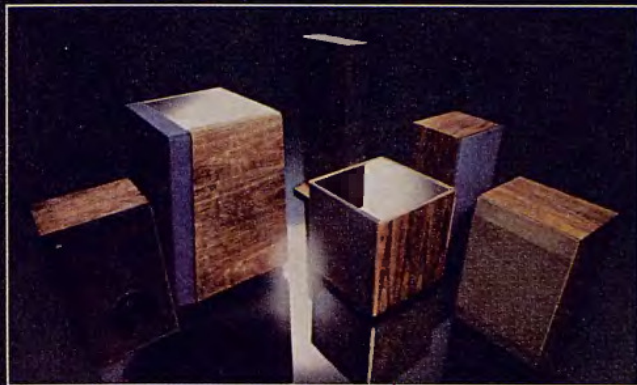
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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW:

MARLON BRANDO

a candid—if reluctant—conversation with the country's greatest actor

He is considered by many to be the world's greatest living actor, the man who changed the style of the movies, the most influential and widely imitated actor of his generation. He burst onto our consciousness wearing a torn T-shirt, mumbling, growling, scowling, screaming for "Stel-la!" as Stanley Kowalski in Tennessee Williams' "A Streetcar Named Desire," first on Broadway, then on film. It marked the beginning of a career that was to be as wild as many of the characters he so expertly portrayed.

An intensely private man, Marlon Brando stirs emotions and elicits reactions that go beyond his status as either actor or political activist. He's been called brilliant, a lout, considerate, arrogant, gentle, selfish, a chauvinist, generous, an egomaniac, selfless. He has passed into myth, become history. The highest paid and most respected actor in America, he is one of the select artists who will doubtless be remembered into the next century.

From the beginning, Brando unleashed a raw power that had never been seen before on the screen. He talked through his body, affecting viewers emotionally each time he got beat up and stood up. What audiences knew of courage they saw enacted by Brando time and time again,

from "The Men" to "On the Waterfront" to "Viva Zapata!" And what they thought was evil was reinterpreted and given new dimensions as Brando became a wild punk hoodlum, a Nazi officer, a kidnaper, a bandit, an Ugly American Ambassador, a Mafia chief.

Like a figure in a classical Greek drama, after rising to the top during the Fifties, his career plummeted to disappointing lows in the Sixties. Yet, when people thought he had nothing left to give, he mounted a magnificent and stunning comeback with "The Godfather" and "Last Tango in Paris," a film so brutally and sexually honest that it was hailed as adding a new dimension to the art.

Born in Omaha, Nebraska, on April 3, 1924, "Bud," as he was called, had lived in three states and five locations by the time he was six years old. His father, whom Brando describes as "a strong, wild man who liked to fight and drink," was a manufacturer of chemical feed products and insecticides. His mother was a semi-professional actress, who once appeared with Henry Fonda in a 1928 production of a Eugene O'Neill play.

After being expelled from military school, he told his parents he would enter the ministry. They talked him out of it. Then he thought he'd become

a musician, as he had a passion for playing the bongo drums. When no one hired his five-piece band, he worked for six weeks laying irrigation ditches for a construction company. Eventually, he drifted to New York, following his two older sisters, who had studied acting and painting. It was 1943 and he enrolled in Erwin Piscator's Dramatic Workshop at the New School for Social Research. His teacher was Stella Adler, a disciple of Constantin Stanislavsky, who believed in discovering a role from the inside out.

Under Adler's tutelage, Brando took acting seriously. He demonstrated a love for make-up, wigs and foreign accents, and he began studying philosophy, French, dance, fencing and yoga. What he did mostly, however, was observe people. He had the ability to pick up others' characteristics and translate them into revealing gestures.

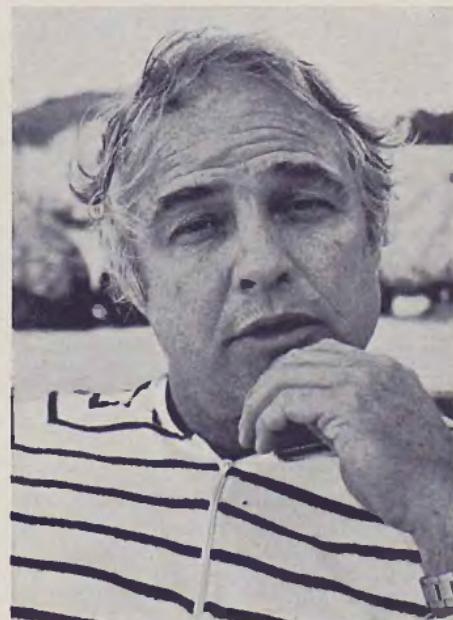
He dressed in jeans and T-shirts, lived in numerous cheap apartments and, like most beginning actors, stood in unemployment lines. Occasionally, he worked at odd jobs, such as being a night watchman or an elevator boy at Best's department store. For a while, he roomed with an old school friend, Wally Cox, who eventually moved out because he could no longer tolerate Brando's pet raccoon.



"As 'On the Waterfront' was written, you had this guy pulling a gun on his brother in a taxi. I said, 'That's not believable.' So I did it as if he couldn't believe it, and that was incorporated into the scene."



"I have a burning resentment that when people meet you, they're meeting some asshole movie actor, instead of a person concerned with other things. This idiot part of life has to go in the forefront."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY LAWRENCE GROBEL

"Our relationship with the Indians is unprecedented in history. No group of people has ever so consistently and cruelly suppressed another group of people as Americans have the Indians."

In the summer of 1944, as a member of New York's Dramatic Workshop, he performed in Sayville, Long Island, where casting agent Maynard Morris "discovered" Brando. Morris got him some screen tests and then recommended his audition for the Rodgers and Hammerstein production of "I Remember Mama," by John Van Druten. With Stella Adler encouraging him, Brando auditioned, got the part and spent the next year earning \$75 a week playing the oldest son of immigrant Norwegians.

During that time, another older woman entered his life: agent Edith Van Cleve, who recognized the young actor's raw energy. She got him other auditions, none of them clicking until Miss Adler convinced her husband, producer-director Harold Clurman, to cast Brando in Maxwell Anderson's "Truckline Café." Determined to make him stop mumbling and articulate, Clurman had Brando climbing ropes, screaming, falling, being kicked around the stage during rehearsals. The effort worked, but the play didn't, closing within two weeks. Brando, though, was noticed. A young Pauline Kael remembers feeling embarrassed for him—"I looked up and saw what I thought was an actor having a seizure onstage"—until she realized he was acting.

In 1946, he appeared with Paul Muni in "A Flag Is Born," about the plight of stateless Jews. It was his first involvement in a political cause and the money raised was sent to the League for a Free Palestine. A year later, when Williams completed "A Streetcar Named Desire," Brando was ready to make himself known.

There are those who saw him as the ruthless, savage, sexy Kowalski during his year-and-a-half-long run on Broadway who can still describe the way he moved onstage. Critics quickly hailed him as the most gifted actor of his generation. But the role was demanding and led Brando into analysis, which lasted for a decade. It also led him into films, which he openly disdained but which offered him the opportunity to make more money, work fewer hours and reach a wider audience. Brando went to Hollywood and never returned to Broadway.

From 1950 to 1955, Brando starred in eight films, the first six of which, as actor Jon Voight recently said, "were absolutely enormous." Those films were "The Men," "A Streetcar Named Desire," "Viva Zapata!," "Julius Caesar," "The Wild One" and "On the Waterfront." Brando had established the Method as the acting force to contend with.

What Muni called Brando's "magnificent, great gift" was recognized in 1955 when he won the Oscar for Best Actor for his role as Terry Malloy in "On the Waterfront," which he accepted. Eighteen years later, he won his second Oscar, for his role as Don Vito Corleone in "The Godfather," but by then, Bran-

do's social consciousness had risen dramatically and he disdained awards, refusing to accept it and asking an American Indian woman to stand before the academy and the world to explain why.

Between "On the Waterfront" and "The Godfather," Brando made 19 pictures (he's made 30 in his 28-year career to date, including "Superman" and the yet-to-be-released "Apocalypse Now"). Some of them have been strong and sensitive, such as "The Young Lions," "Reflections in a Golden Eye," "Burn!" and "The Nightcomers"; and some have been embarrassing and trite, such as "A Countess from Hong Kong" (written and directed by Charles Chaplin) and "Candy." But whatever the role, his acting has consistently surprised and often confused his audience with its unpredictability.

Throughout his career, Brando has preferred to speak out on issues of social importance rather than on acting and the movies, involving himself in causes far removed from make-believe. He has actively participated in marches and spoken out on behalf of the Jews, the blacks, the American Indians, the down-trodden and the poor; and against capital punishment, bigotry, awards, most

"I've regretted most interviews. I used to answer questions and then I'd ask myself, What the fuck am I doing?"

politicians, and policing organizations whenever they seem to infringe upon individual rights and freedoms. For UNESCO, he flew to India during a famine; in the state of Washington, he was arrested for participating in an Indian fish-in over river rights; in Gresham, Wisconsin, he ducked bullets along with radical Indians from the Menominee tribe demanding a return of disputed land. Attacking critics who dubbed him insincere, Shana Alexander wrote in a Newsweek column, "No American I can think of has taken his own initiative to reduce injustice in this world more often, and been knocked down for it more often, than Marlon Brando."

His relationships with mostly foreign women have been mysterious and often stormy. He has been legally married and divorced twice: in 1957, to British actress Anna Kashfi, who had claimed to be of East Indian origin, and in 1960, to Mexican actress Movita. He had a child with each woman and, for a dozen years, he publicly battled through the courts with his first wife for custody of their son. In Tahiti for "Mutiny on the Bounty" in 1960, he met his co-star, Tarita, with whom he now has two children.

While in Tahiti, he discovered Tetiaroa, an atoll of 13 islands 40 miles north. When it came up for sale, he purchased it and he goes there as often as he can, usually about four months of each year. To find out more about this complex and intriguing man, who has refused until now to sit for any lengthy interview, PLAYBOY sent free-lancer Lawrence Grobel (who also interviewed Barbra Streisand and Dolly Parton for us) to Tahiti at Brando's invitation. Grobel reports:

"When I got this assignment—17 months ago—I was told that Brando was ready to talk and I should prepare for the interview immediately. Having waited nearly a year to see Barbra Streisand, I should have known better. One had only to do a little research to see that the man disliked talking about acting almost as much as he loathed discussing his private life.

"By October 1977, I was ready to see him, but he was far from ready to see me. Phone conversations with his secretary Alice Marchak, who has been with Brando for 23 years, indicated that she was as much in the dark about when we'd get together as I was. Then one day while I was talking with Alice, Brando picked up the phone. He apologized for the delay, wanted to know how old I was and warned me that the only thing he was interested in talking about was Indians. I told him for an all-encompassing interview, Indians was not enough.

"After two more postponements, he asked if I'd like to do the interview in Tahiti. Naturally, I agreed and a date was set for April.

"By mid-June, I finally boarded a jet for Papeete. I landed at 4:30 A.M. and was met by Dick Johnson, an American who lives in Tahiti and works as Brando's accountant there. On the following day, I flew to Tetiaroa, where Brando, looking like a ragged version of an East Indian holy man, was waiting as I disembarked. For the next ten days, we ate our meals together, went for walks along the beach, went night sailing, played chess and managed to tape five sessions, lasting anywhere from two to six hours each. It seems only appropriate to begin the interview with a question about Tetiaroa."

PLAYBOY: This island you own is certainly a perfect place to talk—no phones, no unexpected visitors, no interruptions.

BRANDO: It's very elemental here. You have the sky, the sea, trees, the crabs, the fish, the sun . . . the basics. Once, I was the only person here, absolutely alone on this island. I really like being alone. I never run out of things to think about when I'm here.

PLAYBOY: As a kid growing up in Nebraska, did you ever imagine you'd end up as the caretaker of a South Sea island?

BRANDO: I knew that when I was 12. In



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school, I was flunking four out of five subjects and I'd be sent to study hall, where I'd read back issues of the *National Geographic*. I always felt an affinity toward these islands. Then, in 1960, I came down here and it just sort of confirmed what I'd always known.

PLAYBOY: For most of your career, you've avoided doing any long interviews. Why?

BRANDO: I've regretted most interviews, because they don't write what you say or they'll get you out of context or they'll juxtapose it in such a way that it's not reflective of what you've said. I've read so many interviews with people who are not qualified to give answers to questions asked—questions on economics, archaeological discoveries in Tuscany, the recent virulent form of gonorrhea. . . . I used to answer those questions and then I'd ask myself, What the fuck am I doing? It's absolutely preposterous I should be asked those questions and, equally preposterous, I found myself answering [laughs]. I don't know a fucking thing about economics, mathematics or anything else. And then you can say something in a certain spirit, with a smile, but when it appears in print, there's no smile.

PLAYBOY: We can always indicate that with brackets. But when you do make a rare public appearance, as you did with Dick Cavett a few years ago, you don't do much smiling. With Cavett, you stubbornly insisted on spending 90 minutes on one topic, Indians, which seemed to make him very nervous.

BRANDO: Yeah. He kept asking me questions, kept me uncomfortable. Dick was having trouble with his ratings at the time. He's a good interviewer: bright, witty, intelligent, he buzzes things along. But he blew it in my case, because I was intransigent and intractable and would not answer what I thought were silly questions. Which made his show dull.

I had another discouraging experience with the BBC. I went on a show that was something like *Tonight*. I was very nervous. All the host did was ask me questions about *Superman*—how much money I got and stuff like that. He said, "Were you able to get into your costume for *Superman*?" And I would say, "Well, in 1973, Wounded Knee took place." I just didn't want to hold still for any of the crap questions, but I wanted to be courteous at the same time. They edited the thing so I said nothing. I really looked like an idiot.

Then I went downstairs to talk to seven reporters from the London *Times*, from all the papers. I talked for three hours with them about the American Indian. They all ran pictures of me in my *Superman* costume and that's all they wrote about. Then, once in a while, on the back page, "And . . . blah blah blah the American Indian." I was appalled. I didn't believe the quality of journalism in England was such that they

would have to go for the buck that way. It was revolting.

PLAYBOY: But not very surprising. Getting you to talk about Indians isn't much of a journalistic scoop, is it? Not to denigrate what you have to say about that subject, but the fact is, anyone who interviews you would like to get you to talk about other things as well—acting, for example.

BRANDO: Yeah, but what a paltry ambition. I know if you want to schlock it up a little, the chances are the interview is going to be more successful, because people are going to read it; it's going to be a little more provocative and down the line—get your finger under the real Marlon Brando, what he really thinks and all that. But I'm not going to lay myself at the feet of the American public and invite them into my soul. My soul is a private place. And I have some resentment of the fact that I live in a system where you have to do that. I find myself making concessions, because normally I wouldn't talk about any of this, it's just blabber. It's not absorbing or meaningful or significant, it doesn't have

*"People don't give a damn.
They don't want to know
anything. Most people just
want their beer or their soap
opera or their lullaby."*

much to do with our lives. It's dog-food conversation. I think the issue of the Indian is interesting enough so that we don't have to talk about other things. But I have the vague feeling that you know where the essence of a commercial interview lies, and what would make a good commercial story wouldn't necessarily be one that would mention the American Indian at all. To me, it's the only part that matters.

PLAYBOY: But you just mentioned celebrities who talk about things that aren't relevant to their fields of endeavor. Your passion is with the Indians, but your expertise is as an actor.

BRANDO: I guess I have a burning resentment of the fact that when people meet you, they're meeting some asshole celebrity movie actor, instead of a person, someone who has another view, or another life, or is concerned about other things. This *idiot* part of life has to go in the forefront of things as if it's of major importance.

PLAYBOY: But an entire interview dealing with nothing but the problems of Indians would inevitably become boring.

BRANDO: I'd like to be able to bore

people with the subject of Indians . . . since I'm beginning to think it's true, that everybody is bored by those issues. Nobody wants to think about social issues, social justice. And those are the main issues that confront us. That's one of the dilemmas of my life. People don't give a damn. Ask most kids about details about Auschwitz or about how the American Indians were assassinated as a people and they don't know anything about it. They don't want to know anything. Most people just want their beer or their soap opera or their lullaby.

PLAYBOY: Be that as it may, you can be sure that people *will* be interested in what you'll undoubtedly be saying about past and present social injustices. But why not also respond to topics that may not be serious but are just plain interesting—such as the fact that, to take a random example, Marilyn Monroe's one ambition was to play Lady Macbeth to your Macbeth?

BRANDO: Look, you're going to be the arbiter of what is important and what you think the particular *salade niçoise* ingredients of this interview ought to be—it's going to have a little shtick, a little charm, a little of Marlon's eccentricities, we're going to lift the lid here and pull the hem of the gown up there, then we're going to talk about Indians. But there are things that you full well know are *important*. Food is one of them, UNICEF is another, human aggression is another, social injustice in our own back yard is another, human injustice anywhere in the world. . . . Those are issues that we have to constantly confront ourselves and others with and deal with. Maybe what I'm going to say about them is meaningless or doesn't have any solutions, but the fact is, if we all start talking about them and look at them, instead of listening to my views on acting, which are totally irrelevant, maybe something can get done.

When I say irrelevant, it's certainly relevant to money. You have to have something as a sort of shill for the reader, so if he gets to page one and he reads about what I think about Marilyn Monroe's thoughts about me, King Lear to her Cordelia or something as absurd as that, or did she have a nice figure and what do you think about women using dumbbells to develop their busts?—I'm exaggerating to make the point—then people are going to read that, and then they may go on a little further and read something about Indians that they didn't know.

PLAYBOY: Well, we're finally coming to some agreement. You're absolutely right. So how do you respond to that little item about Marilyn?

BRANDO: I don't know how to answer the question. [Mockingly] "Oh, well, that's nice, my goodness, I didn't know Marilyn



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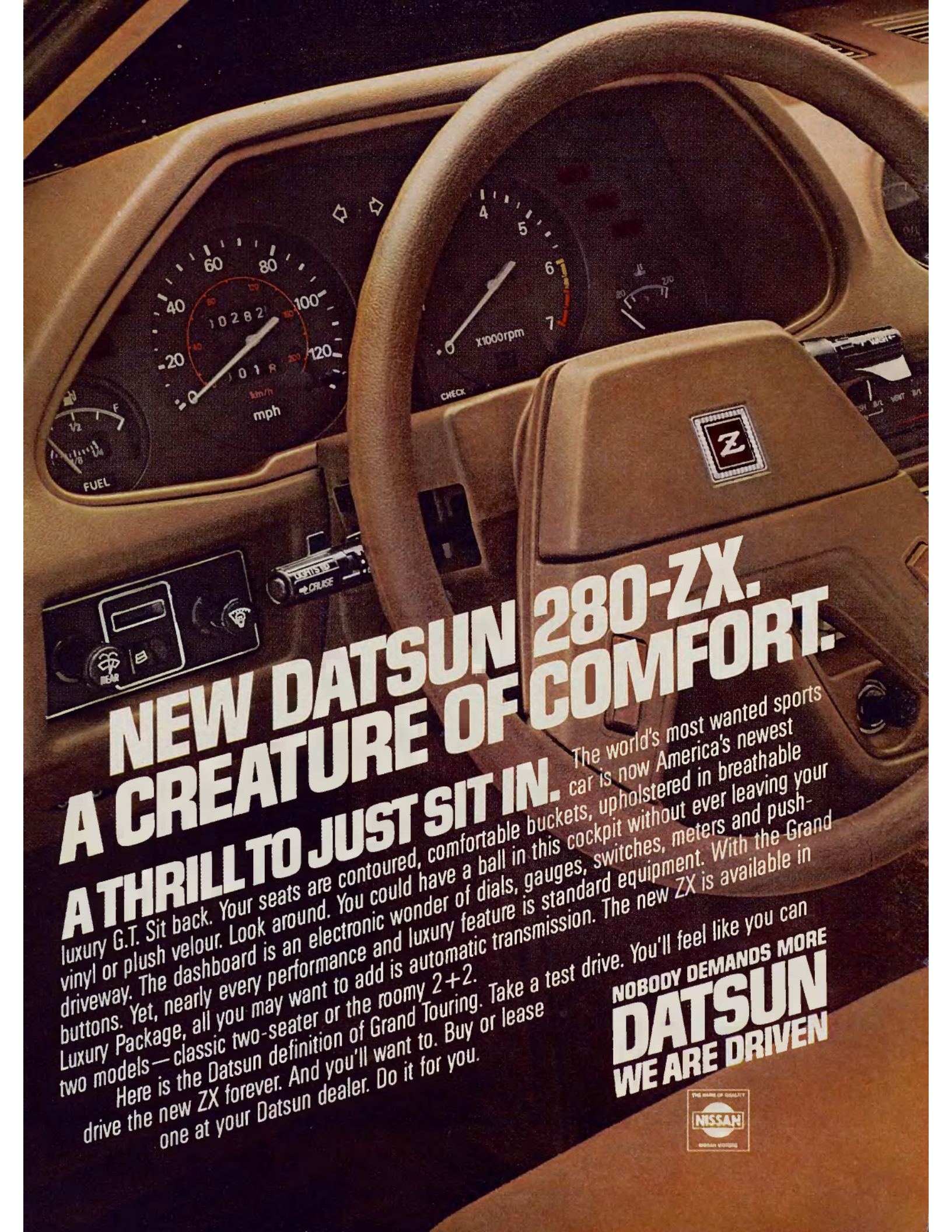
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The image shows the interior of a Datsun 280-ZX. The dashboard features a speedometer with a red needle and a tachometer. The steering wheel is visible in the foreground. The text 'NEW DATSUN 280-ZX. A CREATURE OF COMFORT. A THRILL TO JUST SIT IN.' is overlaid on the image.

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cared for me in that respect. . . . Hey, well, she's a remarkable actress, I certainly would have enjoyed—" I can't respond to that. It bores the shit out of me. **PLAYBOY:** Can you respond to what happened to her?

BRANDO: No, I don't want to talk about that, that's just prattle, gossip, shitty . . . it's disemboweling a ghost. . . . Marlon Brando's view of Marilyn Monroe's death. That's horrifying. What she said about me and what I'm to say about her can lead to the consequence of nothing.

PLAYBOY: Not necessarily. What if the point of this were to lead to the subject of suicide? You don't know what directions these questions might take.

BRANDO: Now you're giving me your yeshiva bocher, you know what that is? That's two Jews under the Williamsburg Bridge. It's the equivalent of the Christians' arguing about how many angels dance on the head of a pin. I'm not casting aspersions on your efforts. All I'm saying is these are money-oriented questions. Those that have the best return are the most controversial, the most startling, the most arresting. The idea is to get a scintillating view that has not yet been seen by somebody, so that you have something unusual to offer, to sell. I just don't believe in washing my dirty underwear for all to see, and I'm not interested in the confessions of movie stars. Mike Wallace had a program, it was an astounding program, some years ago. He got people to come on and talk about themselves. And in conversation, they'd throw up all over the camera and on him, the desk, in their own laps, and tell us about their problems with B.O. or drinking or their inability to have a proper sexual relation with their pet kangaroo. I was floored. I was fascinated with that program. He was wonderful. He's a damn good investigative reporter. Anyway, what people are willing to do in front of a public is puzzling. I don't understand why they do it. I guess it makes them feel a little less lonely. I always found it distasteful and not something I cared to do. Did you ever read any of Lillian Ross's Hollywood profiles in *The New Yorker*? They were mostly quotes of what celebrities said. They just hung themselves by their own talk.

PLAYBOY: That's what many critics said about you when Truman Capote profiled you in *The New Yorker* during the making of *Sayonara*, 22 years ago. Was that the piece that turned you away from doing interviews?

BRANDO: No. What I was very slow in realizing was that money was the principal motivation in any interview. Not necessarily directly but indirectly. We're money-bound people and everything we do has to do with money, more or less. Our projects and activities have to do with the making of money and the move-

ment of money. I am a commodity sitting here. Our union has to do with money. You're making money, *PLAYBOY's* making money and, I suppose, in some way, I'm making money. If money were not involved, you wouldn't be sitting here asking me questions, because you wouldn't be getting paid for it. I wouldn't be answering the questions if there weren't some monetary consideration involved. Not that I'm getting it directly, but I'm paying a debt, so to speak. When Hugh Hefner paid the bail for Russell Means [leader of the American Indian Movement] a couple of years ago, I was grateful. But people look for the money questions, the money answers, and they wait for a little flex of gelt in the conversation. You can tell when you're talking, they get very attentive on certain subjects.

PLAYBOY: Why don't we just proceed? You know people are interested in you for more complicated reasons than those.

BRANDO: No, they're not. You know you wouldn't interview out-of-work movie stars. I just happen to be lucky and have

"Elvis Presley—bloated, over the hill, adolescent entertainer—had nothing to do with excellence, just myth. It's convenient for people to believe something is wonderful."

had a couple of hits and some controversial pictures lately, but I was down the tubes not long ago. I always made a living, but I wasn't . . . I wasn't . . . sought after. I suppose if I hadn't been successful in a couple of movies that I would have been playing different kinds of parts for different kinds of money, and you wouldn't be sitting here today.

PLAYBOY: No one wanted to interview you when your career took a dive?

BRANDO: You could see it on the faces of the air hostesses; you could see it when you rented a car; you could see it when you walked into a restaurant. If you've made a hit movie, then you get the full 32-teeth display in some places; and if you've sort of faded, they say, "Are you still making movies? I remember that picture, blah blah blah." And so it goes. The point of all this is, people are interested in people who are successful.

PLAYBOY: And in people who will be remembered. Which is why we're talking.

BRANDO: I don't know. I think movie stars are . . . about a decade. Ask young kids now who Humphrey Bogart or

Clark Gable was. "Didn't he play for the Yankees?" "No, no, he was a tailback at Cincinnati."

PLAYBOY: So you think the fascination with someone like yourself is fleeting?

BRANDO: There's a tendency for people to mythologize everybody, evil or good. While history is happening, it's being mythologized. There are people who believe that Nixon is innocent, that he's a man of refinement, nobility, firmness of purpose, and he should be reinstated as President, he did no wrong. And there are people who can do no right. Bobby Seale, for some people, is a vicious, pernicious symbol of something that is destructive in our society that should be looked to with great caution and wariness, a man from whom no good can emanate. To other people, he's a poet, an aristocratic spirit.

People believe what they will believe, to a large degree. People will like you who never met you, they think you're absolutely wonderful; and then people also will hate you, for reasons that have nothing to do with any real experience with you. People don't want to lose their enemies. We have favorite enemies, people we love to hate and we hate to love. If they do something good, we don't like it. I found myself doing that with Ronald Reagan. He is anathema to me. If he does something that's reasonable, I find my mind trying to find some way to interpret it so that it's not reasonable, so that somewhere it's jingoist extremism.

Most people want those fantasies of those who are worthy of our hate—we get rid of a lot of anger that way; and of those who are worthy of our idolatry. Whether it's Farrah Fawcett or somebody else, it doesn't make a difference. They're easily replaceable units, pick 'em out like a card file. Johnnie Ray enjoyed that kind of hysterical popularity, celebration, and then suddenly he wasn't there anymore. The Beatles are now nobody in particular. Once they set screaming crowds running after them, they ran in fear of their lives, they had special tunnels for them. They can walk almost anywhere now. Because the fantasy is gone. Elvis Presley—bloated, over the hill, adolescent entertainer, suddenly drawing people into Las Vegas—had nothing to do with excellence, just myth. It's convenient for people to believe that something is wonderful, therefore they're wonderful.

Kafka and Kierkegaard are remarkable souls; they visited distant lands of the psyche that no other writers dared before—to some people, they were the heroes, not Elvis Presley.

PLAYBOY: Do you think all people have heroes?

BRANDO: They have to have. Even negative heroes. Richard the Third: "Can I do this and cannot get a crown? Were it

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further off, I'll pluck it down!" In other words, the fact that life was denied to him, then he would do his best at being bad, he would make a career of being bad. The worst kind of bad you could be: memorably bad, frighteningly bad, powerfully bad. Had he had the opportunity, he might have been powerfully creative, powerfully loving, powerfully noble. He didn't have the opportunity, because he was twisted and deformed and embittered by that experience. It's wonderfully stated, Shakespeare: "Now is the winter of our discontent/Made glorious summer by this sun of York." People's energies—whether negative or positive—are there to be used and they will apply, somehow.

PLAYBOY: Bringing this back to you and your own energies, you once said that for most of your career, you were trying to figure out what you'd really like to do.

BRANDO: "You once said." There ought to be a handbook for interviewers and one of the don'ts should be: Don't say, "You once said," because 98.4 percent of the time, what you were quoted as having said once isn't true. The fact is, I *did* say that. For a long time, I had no idea really what it was that I wanted to do.

PLAYBOY: And you didn't feel that acting was worth while or fulfilling enough?

BRANDO: There's a big bugaboo about acting; it doesn't make sense to me. *Everybody* is an actor; you spend your whole day acting. Everybody has suffered through moments where you're thinking one thing and feeling one thing and not showing it. That's acting. Shaw said that thinking was the greatest of all human endeavors, but I would say that feeling was. Allowing yourself to feel things, to feel love or wrath, hatred, rage. . . . It's very difficult for people to have an extended confrontation with themselves. You're hiding what you're thinking, what you're feeling, you don't want to upset somebody or you *do* want to upset somebody; you don't want to show that you hate them; your pride would be injured if they knew you'd been affected by what they said about you. Or you hide a picaresque aspect of yourself, the prideful or envious or vulnerable, and you pretend that everything's all right. "Hi, how are you?" People look at your face and it's presentable: "And I shall prepare a face to meet the faces that I meet."

So we all act. The only difference between an actor professionally and an actor in life is the professional knows a little bit more about it—some of them, anyway—and he gets paid for it. But actually, people in real life get paid for acting, too. You have a secretary who has a lot of sex appeal and a great deal of charm and she knows it, she's going to get paid for that, whether she delivers sexual favors or not. A very personable, attractive young man, who reflects what

the boss says, is smart enough to know what the boss feels and likes and wants and he knows how to curry favor . . . he's acting. He goes in in the morning and he gives him a lot of chatter, tells him the right kind of jokes and it makes the boss feel good. One day the boss says, "Listen, Jim, why don't you go to Duluth and take over the department there? I think you'd do a bang-up job." And then Jim digs his toe under the rug and says, "Oh, gosh, I never thought, J. B. . . . Gee, I don't know what to say. . . . Sure, I'll go. When?" And he jumps into the plane and checks off what he's been trying to do for four years—get J. B. to give him the Duluth office. Well, that guy's acting for a living, singing for his supper, and he's getting paid for it.

The same thing is true in governmental promotion or of a member of a Presidential advisory committee, if he's playing the power game—'cause a lot of people don't want to get paid in money, they want to get paid in something else, paid in affection or esteem. Or in hard currency.

PLAYBOY: But there does seem to be a

*"Acting is just hustling.
Some people are hustling
money, some power . . .
movie stars aren't artists."*

difference between the professional actor, who does what he does consciously, and the subconscious behavior of the non-professional.

BRANDO: Well, the idiot tome on acting was written by Dale Carnegie, called *How to Win Friends and Influence People*. It's a book on hustling. Acting is just hustling. Some people are hustling money, some power.

Those in Government during the Vietnam war were trying to hustle the President all the time so their opinion would be taken over that of others and their recommended course of action would be implemented. That play was running constantly. I can't distinguish between one acting profession and another. They're all acting professions.

PLAYBOY: What about acting as an art form?

BRANDO: In your heart of hearts, you know perfectly well that movie stars aren't artists.

PLAYBOY: But there are times when you can capture moments in a film or a play that are memorable, that have meaning—

BRANDO: A prostitute can capture a moment! A prostitute can give you all kinds

of wonderful excitement and inspiration and make you think that nirvana has arrived on the two-o'clock plane, and it ain't necessarily so.

PLAYBOY: Do you consider *any* people in your profession artists?

BRANDO: No.

PLAYBOY: None at all?

BRANDO: Not one.

PLAYBOY: Duse? Bernhardt? Olivier?

BRANDO: Shakespeare said. . . . Poor guy, he gets hauled out of the closet every few minutes, but since there're so few people around, you always have to haul somebody out of the closet and say, "So-and-so said." That's like saying, "You once said." [Laughs] But we *know* what he said. "There's no art to find the mind's construction in the face." Which very plainly means that being able to discover the subtle qualities of the human mind by the expression of the face is an art, and there should be such an art. I don't think he meant it seriously, that it should be established among the seven lively arts, to become the eighth: the reading of physiognomy. But you can call anything art. You can call a short-order cook an artist, because he really does that—back flips, over and under his legs, around his head, caroms 'em off the wall and catches them. I don't know that you can exclude those things as art, except you know in your bones that they have nothing to do with art.

PLAYBOY: So you have never considered yourself an artist?

BRANDO: No, never, never. No. Kenneth Clark narrated a television program called *Civilization*. It was a remarkable series. It was erudite, communicative, polished, interesting to listen to. There was a man who knew who the artists of the world were. He didn't talk about any paltry people that you and I might mention. He doesn't know those people. He talked about *great* art. He certainly didn't refer to the art of film.

PLAYBOY: But film is reflective of our art and culture. Clark's *Civilization* covered a broad spectrum of history. Maybe in 50 or 100 years, the next Kenneth Clark will include the art of film.

BRANDO: Why don't you do an interview with Kenneth Clark and tell him that I want to know [laughs] if he considers Marlon Brando an artist?

PLAYBOY: Assume he would say yes.

BRANDO: If Kenneth Clark said that I was an artist, I would immediately get him to a neurosurgeon.

PLAYBOY: Now you're ignoring the authority you've cited. If actors can't be artists, could films be works of art? Would you consider *Citizen Kane* a work of art?

BRANDO: I don't think any movie is a work of art. I simply do not.

PLAYBOY: Would you go as far as saying 109

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that a collaborative effort can't be a work of art?

BRANDO: Well, the cathedral in Rouens or Chartres was a collective work, brought about over perhaps 100 years, where each generation did something. But there was an original plan. Michelangelo's Saint Peter was created by him, but thousands of people were involved in it. Bernini or Michelangelo would conceive a piece of sculpture and then have their students, artisans, knock the big chunks out.

PLAYBOY: Who is the artist in such cases?

BRANDO: The person who conceives it, and also executes it.

PLAYBOY: In *A Streetcar Named Desire* and *Hamlet*, Williams and Shakespeare are artists, right?

BRANDO: Yeah.

PLAYBOY: So couldn't there be artists who interpreted those works?

BRANDO: Sure. Heifetz certainly is an artist, for God's sake. He is a particular kind of artist; he's not a creative artist, he's an interpretive artist.

PLAYBOY: Can singers be artists?

BRANDO: [Long pause] No.

PLAYBOY: Lyricists? Cole Porter, Harold Arlen?

BRANDO: Shakespeare's a lyricist, he wrote many songs. Yeah, I suppose any creative writing. But you get so far down on the scale. You're not going to call The Rolling Stones artists. I heard somebody compare them—or The Beatles—to Bach. It was claimed they had created something as memorable and as important as Bach, Haydn, Mozart and Schubert. I *hate* rock 'n' roll. It's ugly. I liked it when the blacks had it in 1927.

PLAYBOY: When it was called jazz?

BRANDO: No, it was called *rock 'n' roll*.

PLAYBOY: We thought Alan Freed coined the term in the Fifties.

BRANDO: That's not a new phrase. Rock 'n' roll is as old as the beard of Moses.

PLAYBOY: What about someone like Bob Dylan, who both writes and performs his own work?

BRANDO: There are people who aspire to being artists, but I don't think they're worthy of the calling. I don't know of any movie actors, or any actors. . . . There are *no* people. . . . We can call them artists, give them the generic term if they're comfortable with that, but in terms of great art—magnificent art, art that changes history, art that's overwhelming—where are they? Where are the great artists today? Name one. When you look at Rembrandt or Baudelaire or listen to the *Discourses* of Epictetus, you know the quality of men is not the same. There are no giants today. Mao Tse-tung was the last giant.

PLAYBOY: If we limit the discussion to the world of film, there are plenty of actors today who bow to you as a giant. You may be repelled by that, but people such



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as Al Pacino, Barbra Streisand, Pauline Kael, Elia Kazan have given you that label.

BRANDO: I don't understand what relevance that has. Chubby Checker was the giant among twisters. I don't know what that illustrates. When you talked earlier about film being reflective of art and culture, the question went *flaming* through my mind: What culture? There's no culture in this country. The last great artist died maybe 100 years ago. In *any* field. "And we petty men peep about between his legs to find ourselves dishonorable graves."

PLAYBOY: Shakespeare?

BRANDO: Shakespeare. So we've somehow substituted craft for art and cleverness for craft. It's revolting! It's *disgusting* that people talk about art and they haven't got the right to use the word. It doesn't belong on anybody's tongue in this century. There are no artists. We are businessmen. We're merchants. There is no art. Picasso was the last one I would call an artist.

PLAYBOY: Picasso, you know, was also a very commercial property. If he signed a check for less than \$75, it would be worth more if you sold the signature than if you cashed the check.

BRANDO: I think that's a wonderful joke. It's enormously clever. That he could draw the outlines of an outhouse and give it to somebody and it's worth \$20,000. 'Cause it's making a commentary on the obscenity of our standards. He knew it was absolute trash, horseshit, but it's just like a Gucci label. Yeah, it's just a label, a Picasso label.

PLAYBOY: Well, the Brando label is also highly valued. Are you astounded by the money you get for a film?

BRANDO: I don't know how we *segued* into that.

PLAYBOY: A lot of artists, like Picasso, who received large sums of money also considered themselves worthy.

BRANDO: Are you making an association of worthiness with money? These are hustling questions. It's a disposition to get Brando to talk about these issues. You can always feel when something in the conversation is fertile and it's got a dollar sign on it.

PLAYBOY: What we're getting at is that the L.A. County Museum, for one, considers you enough of an artist to have recently sponsored a Marlon Brando Film Festival.

BRANDO: Oh, gee, I missed that. Shucks.

PLAYBOY: There aren't many film festivals of contemporary actors in museums. Isn't that at least . . . kind of nice?

BRANDO: Kind of nice, I guess that covers it. Better than a poke in the eye with a stick. How come you have to know about acting all the time? What else ya got?

PLAYBOY: All right. We'll work politics into our next question: Didn't the Ital-

ian-American Civil Rights Organization say that you defamed their community with your role as Don Corleone in *The Godfather*?

BRANDO: I don't know. If they said that about me, then they must have felt that was true.

PLAYBOY: Is it true that you vetoed Burt Reynolds for James Caan's part in *The Godfather*?

BRANDO: Francis would never hire Burt Reynolds.

PLAYBOY: But do you have that kind of control over who acts with you?

BRANDO: Well, you have to have rapport.

PLAYBOY: Have you been accused of ethnic slurs when you've played other nationalities in your films?

BRANDO: No. I played an Irishman who was a freak psychopath [*The Nightcomers*] and I didn't get any letters from any Irish-American organizations. It would have been difficult to make *The Godfather* with an eighth Chinese, a quarter Russian, a quarter Irish and an

*"What culture? There's
no culture in this
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eighth Hispanic. Very difficult to take those people to Sicily and call them O'Houlihan.

PLAYBOY: Did you receive \$100,000 from Paramount to talk to the press after making *The Godfather*?

BRANDO: I can't remember. When I hear something like that, I always remind myself of the Congressman with his hand in the till.

PLAYBOY: Another lapse of memory associated with you is your inability or your refusal to memorize lines. Do you have a bad memory or is it that you feel remembering lines affects the spontaneity of your performance?

BRANDO: If you know what you're going to say, if you watch people's faces when they're talking, they don't know what kind of expressions they're going to have. You can see people search for words, for ideas, reaching for a concept, a feeling, whatever. If the words are there in the actor's mind. . . . Oh, you got me! [Laughing] You got me right in the bush. I'm talking about acting, aren't I?

Actually, it saves you an awful lot of time, because not learning lines . . . it's wonderful to do that.

PLAYBOY: Wonderful not to learn lines?

BRANDO: Yeah, you save all that time not learning the lines. You can't tell the

difference. And it improves the spontaneity, because you really don't know. You have an idea of it and you're saying it and you can't remember what the hell it is you want to say. I think it's an aid. Except, of course, Shakespeare. I can quote you two hours of speeches of Shakespeare. Some things you can ad-lib, some things you have to commit to memory, like Shakespeare, Tennessee Williams—where the language has value. You can't ad-lib Tennessee Williams.

PLAYBOY: But how does it affect an actor who is working with you if he's got your lines written out on his forehead or wherever?

BRANDO: It doesn't make any difference. They're not going to see the signs. [Names a book title.] I just saw a title on the bookshelf. You didn't see me looking for it, you didn't know that I was even doing that. I can do the same thing if I have. . . . Well, anyway, it's more spontaneous.

PLAYBOY: So it is true that you no longer memorize lines when you act. But you did during the early stages of your career, when you were doing Williams and Shakespeare.

BRANDO: That's quite a different thing, because you cannot. . . . Well, you're getting me. [Laughs]

PLAYBOY: But not nearly enough. You can be very interesting when you talk about your profession, but you have an almost psychological reluctance to divulge experiential information that comes naturally to you. Why?

BRANDO: Some politicians will play full ball; that means they'd do anything to get their point across. Some people draw the line at various places.

PLAYBOY: It's interesting that you so easily interchange the words politician and actor. You obviously won't play full ball in an interview, but can't you go at least a few innings? A lot of readers will feel cheated if you simply refuse to discuss the roles you've played as well as your personal background.

BRANDO: That's an odd word to use.

PLAYBOY: Because we're playing, circling. When you said before, "You got me!" we thought you were quoting a line. It's like the minute you click on the word acting, you stop talking about it.

BRANDO: Because I know that your antenna's up.

PLAYBOY: All right, let us ask you about *Superman*, which is opening the same month this interview appears.

BRANDO: I don't want to talk about it.

PLAYBOY: Is there anything at all you can say about it?

BRANDO: I don't want to talk about *Superman*. That's not relevant.

PLAYBOY: For a man who likes to talk, it's a pity that you brake yourself.

BRANDO: I'm fascinated with everything. I'll talk for seven hours about splinters.

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What kind of splinters, how you get them out, what's the best technique, why you can get an infection. I'm interested in any fucking thing.

PLAYBOY: But will you talk for seven hours about your career?

BRANDO: Of course not. Not two seconds about it.

PLAYBOY: But you have, on occasion, talked with reporters about acting.

BRANDO: I was in error. I made a lot of errors and I don't want to repeat the errors. If we repeat our errors, then it makes this seem forlorn. There's nothing sadder or more depressing than to see yourself in a series of similar errors.

PLAYBOY: Why do you insist on putting down acting?

BRANDO: I don't put it down. But I resent people putting it up.

PLAYBOY: Where would you put acting, then?

BRANDO: It's a way of making a living. A very good way.

PLAYBOY: Do you like acting?

BRANDO: Listen, where can you get paid enough money to buy an island and sit on your ass and talk to you the way I'm doing? You can't do anything that's going to pay you money to do that.

PLAYBOY: You do take acting seriously, then?

BRANDO: Yeah; if you aren't good at what

you do, you don't eat, you don't have the wherewithal to have liberties. I'm sitting down here on this island, enjoying my family, and I'm here primarily because I was able to make a living so I could afford it. I hate the idea of going nine to five. That would scare me.

PLAYBOY: Is that what bothered you about acting in the theater?

BRANDO: It's hard. You have to show up every day. People who go to the theater will perceive the same thing a different way. You have to be able to give something back in order to get something from it. I can give you a perfect example. A movie that I was in, called *On the Waterfront*; there was a scene in a taxicab, where I turn to my brother, who's come to turn me over to the gangsters, and I lament to him that he never looked after me, he never gave me a chance, that I could have been a contender, I coulda been somebody, instead of a bum. . . . "You should of looked out after me, Charley." It was very moving. And people often spoke about that, "Oh, my God, what a wonderful scene, Marlon, blah blah blah blah blah." It wasn't wonderful at all. The situation was wonderful. *Everybody* feels like he could have been a contender, he could have been somebody, everybody feels as though he's partly bum, some part of him. He is not fulfilled and he could

have done better, he could have been better. Everybody feels a sense of loss about something. So *that* was what touched people. It wasn't the scene itself. There are other scenes where you'll find actors being expert, but since the audience can't clearly identify with them, they just pass unnoticed. Wonderful scenes never get mentioned, only those scenes that affect people.

PLAYBOY: Can you give an example?

BRANDO: Judy Garland singing *Over the Rainbow*. "Somewhere over the rainbow bluebirds fly, birds fly over the rainbow, why, oh, why can't I?" Insipid. But you have people just choking up when they hear her singing it. Everybody's got an over-the-rainbow story, everybody wants to get out from under and wants . . . [laughing] . . . wants bluebirds flying around. And that's why it's so touching.

PLAYBOY: Had another person sung that song, it might not have had the same effect. Similarly, if someone else had played that particular *Waterfront* scene with Rod Steiger—a scene considered by some critics among the great moments in the history of film—it could have passed unnoticed.

BRANDO: Yeah, but there are some scenes, some parts that are actor-proof. If you don't get in the way of a part, it plays by itself. And there are other parts you

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PLAYBOY: Did you know that *Waterfront* scene was actor-proof when you were doing it?

BRANDO: No, at the time, I didn't know.

PLAYBOY: Was it a well-rehearsed scene or did Kazan just put the two of you there to act spontaneously?

BRANDO: We improvised a lot. Kazan is the best actor's director you could ever want, because he was an actor himself, but a special kind of actor. He understands things that other directors do not. He also inspired me. Most actors are expected to come with their parts in their pockets and their emotions spring-loaded; when the director says, "OK, hit it," they go into a time slip. But Kazan brought a lot of things to the actor and he invited you to argue with him. He's one of the few directors creative and understanding enough to know where the actor's trying to go. He'd let you play a scene almost any way you'd want.

As it was written, you had this guy pulling a gun on his brother. I said, "That's not believable; I don't believe one brother would shoot the other." The script never prepared you for it, it just wasn't believable; it was incredible. So I did it as if he *couldn't* believe it, and that was incorporated into the scene.

PLAYBOY: Many actors cite your performance in *Reflections in a Golden Eye* as an example of superb improvisational acting. Did any of that have to do with the direction of John Huston?

BRANDO: No. He leaves you alone.

PLAYBOY: What about Bernardo Bertolucci's direction of *Last Tango in Paris*? Did you feel it was a "violation," as you once said?

BRANDO: Did I say that once? To whom? [Laughing] "As you once said."

PLAYBOY: What you said was that no actor should be asked to give that much.

BRANDO: Who told you that?

PLAYBOY: I read it.

BRANDO: I don't know *what* that film's about. So much of it was improvised. He wanted to do this, to do that. I'd seen his other movie, *The Conformist*, and I thought he was a man of special talent. And he thought of all kinds of improvisations. He let me do anything. He told me the general area of what he wanted and I tried to produce the words or the action.

PLAYBOY: Do you know what it's about now?

BRANDO: Yeah, I think it's all about Bernardo Bertolucci's psychoanalysis. And of his not being able to achieve. . . . I don't know, I'm being facetious. I think he was confused about it; he didn't know what it was about, either.

He's very sensitive, but he's a little taken with success. He likes being in the front, on the cover. He enjoys that. He loves giving interviews, loves making audacious statements. He's one of the few really talented people around.

PLAYBOY: Pauline Kael made some pretty audacious statements when she reviewed *Last Tango*, saying it had altered the face of an art form. Did such critical reaction to the film surprise you?

BRANDO: An audience will not take something from a film or a book or from poetry if it does not give something to it. People talk about great writers, great painters, great thinkers, great creators, but you cannot fully understand what a great writer is writing about unless you have some corresponding depth, breadth of assimilation. To some people, Bob Dylan is a literary genius, as great as Dylan Thomas was. And Pauline Kael, unconsciously, gave much more to the film than was there. You learn an awful lot about reviewers by their reviews—a good reviewer, that is. From bad reviewers, you can't learn anything, they're just dummies. But Pauline Kael writes with passion, it's an important experience to her. No matter what they like or dislike, talented reviewers reveal themselves, like any artist.

PLAYBOY: For a moment there, we thought you said *artist*. Are there any

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directors you'd like to work with, such as Bergman, Fellini, Truffaut?

BRANDO: No.

PLAYBOY: What happens when you improvise and the actor you're working with wants to stick to the script?

BRANDO: If an actor can't improvise, then perhaps the producer's wife cast him in that part. You wouldn't be in the film with such a person. Some actors don't like it. Olivier doesn't like to improvise; everything is structured and his roles are all according to an almost architectural plan.

PLAYBOY: Critics often lean toward either you or Olivier as the greatest living actor. Since Olivier's done the classics, do you think that gives him the edge?

BRANDO: That's speculation. Speculation's a waste of time. I don't care what people think.

PLAYBOY: Do you care, though, when people say you don't always give 100 percent when you act?

BRANDO: Stella Adler, who was my teacher, a most remarkable woman, once told me a story about her father, Jacob P. Adler, a great Yiddish actor who brought the European tradition of theater to this country with him. He had said that if you come to the theater and you feel 100 percent inspiration, show 70. If you come to the theater another night and you feel maybe 50 percent, show 30. If you come to the theater feeling 30 percent, turn around and go home. Always show less than you have.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever just walked through a part?

BRANDO: Certainly. Yeah.

PLAYBOY: Often?

BRANDO: No.

PLAYBOY: What about *A Countess from Hong Kong*, directed by Charles Chaplin?

BRANDO: No, I tried on that, but I was a puppet, a marionette in that. I wasn't there to be anything else, because Chaplin was a man of sizable talent and I was not going to argue with him about what's funny and not funny. I must say we didn't start off very well. I went to London for the reading of the script and Chaplin read for us. I had jet lag and I went right to sleep during his reading. That was terrible. [Laughs] Sometimes sleep is more important than anything else. I was miscast in that. He shouldn't have tried to direct it. He was a mean man, Chaplin. Sadistic. I saw him torture his son.

PLAYBOY: In what way?

BRANDO: Humiliating him, insulting him, making him feel ridiculous, incompetent. He [Sydney Chaplin] played a small part in the movie and the things Chaplin would say to him. . . . I said, “Why do you take that?” His hands were sweating. He said, “Well, the old man is old and nervous, it's all right.” That's no excuse. Chaplin reminded me of

what Churchill said about the Germans, either at your feet or at your throat.

PLAYBOY: Was he that way with you?

BRANDO: He tried to do some shit with me. I said, "Don't you *ever* speak to me in that tone of voice." God, he really made me mad. I was late one day, he started to make a big to-do about it. I told him he could take his film and stick it up his ass, frame by frame. That was after I realized it was a complete fiasco. He wasn't a man who could direct anybody. He probably could when he was young. With Chaplin's talent, you had to give him the benefit of the doubt. But you always have to separate the man from his talent. A remarkable talent but a monster of a man. I don't even like to think about it.

PLAYBOY: What about when you direct yourself, as you did in *One-Eyed Jacks*? That was a first and last experience for you; did it cure your desire to direct?

BRANDO: I didn't desire to direct that picture. Stanley Kubrick quit just before we were supposed to shoot and I owed \$300,000 already on the picture, having paid Karl Malden from the time he started his contract and we weren't through writing the picture. Stanley, Calder Willingham and myself were at my house playing chess, throwing darts, playing poker. We never got around to getting it ready. Then, just before we were to start, Stanley said, "Marlon, I don't know what the picture's about." I said, "I'll tell you what it's about. It's about \$300,000 that I've already paid Karl Malden." He said, "Well, if that's what it's about, I'm in the wrong picture." So that was the end of it. I ran around, asked Sidney Lumet, Gadge [Kazan] and, I don't know, four or five people; nobody wanted to direct it. [Laughs] There wasn't anything for me to do except to direct it or go to the poorhouse. So I did.

PLAYBOY: Was it a new experience for you?

BRANDO: No, you direct yourself in most films, anyway.

PLAYBOY: Didn't the studio take the film away from you, finally?

BRANDO: I kept fiddling around and fiddling around with it, stalling, so they went and cut the film. Movies are made in the cutting room.

PLAYBOY: Looking back at your body of work, are there any of your films that you aren't at all happy with, that you would like to erase if you could?

BRANDO: No.

PLAYBOY: Would you change many of them if you had a chance to re-edit them now?

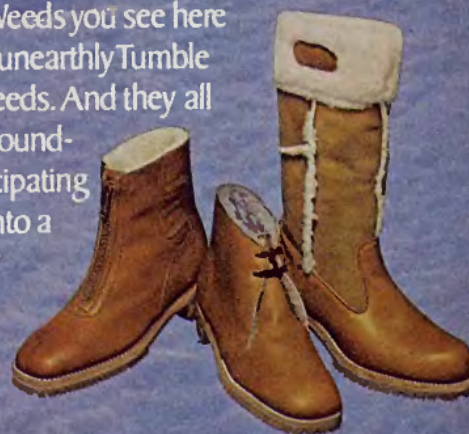
BRANDO: No, I wouldn't want to do that. Good God, one of the most awful places in the world to be is the cutting room. You sit all day long in a dark place filled with cigarette smoke.



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PLAYBOY: Do you always see the final results of what you do?

BRANDO: Sometimes you see it in the dubbing room. I've been in the screening room sometimes. Some films I haven't seen. You're bound to run into them on television someplace. One film I liked a lot—the only time I ever *really* enjoyed myself—it was called *Bedtime Story*, with David Niven. God, he made me laugh so hard. We got the giggles like two girls at a boarding school. He finally had to ask me to go to my trailer, I couldn't stop laughing. [Laughing] We both thought it was such a funny script, a funny story.

PLAYBOY: Would you have liked to do more comedy?

BRANDO: No, I can't do comedy.

PLAYBOY: Are there any recent films that have made you laugh?

BRANDO: I haven't gone to that many movies. I liked *High Anxiety*. Mel Brooks makes me laugh. They had a Laurel and Hardy festival on television; boy, I laughed at that. It went on all night long; I was up half the night laughing.

PLAYBOY: Was it anything special Laurel and Hardy did that cracked you up?

BRANDO: I suppose Hardy's exasperation with Laurel and doing dead takes into the camera and shaking his head. Exasperatedly patient. [Laughing] That's ridiculous.

PLAYBOY: What about Marx Brothers films?

BRANDO: No. When I was young, they were funny, but I look at them now and it's embarrassing.

PLAYBOY: How about *The Honeymooners*?

BRANDO: Art Carney is a marvelous actor. And Jackie Gleason is a really wonderful entertainer. I love to watch *The Honeymooners*. Sid Caesar and Carl Reiner had some wonderful routines in *Your Show of Shows*. God, they made me laugh. They bent me out of shape. They were all funny guys.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever watch *Saturday Night Live*?

BRANDO: That's a funny program. Barbara Wawa. [Laughs] What is that girl's name?

PLAYBOY: Gilda Radner.

BRANDO: [Laughing] They were giving a newscast and somebody gave an opinion about something and she went arrgghhhhh [sticks finger into mouth, fakes throwing up]. They're sometimes outrageous.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever seen John Belushi do his imitation of you?

BRANDO: I don't know his name, but I probably have seen him.

PLAYBOY: Let's get back to movies you've seen. What are some of the more important films made in the past decade?

BRANDO: What do you mean *important*?

PLAYBOY: In whatever sense you think films might be important—significant, meaningful, of social value.

BRANDO: I don't know that films are important.

PLAYBOY: What about a film like *The Battle of Algiers*?

BRANDO: It was a good film, but whether it was important or not, I don't know.

PLAYBOY: What about foreign films?

BRANDO: There's a Japanese film called *Ikiru* that was very touching. Most of the Japanese films—*Woman in the Dunes*, *Gate of Hell*, *Ugetsu*.

PLAYBOY: *Ugetsu*'d if you're rich and famous.

BRANDO: Jesus Christ! God! [Laughing] I love those jokes! I don't know why I always laugh at that dumb shtick. [Laughing more] I have a heart attack on that stuff. It's so silly. You don't find many silly comics anymore. Comedians who stand up there and do flatfoot gapes like Willie Howard. Oh, God, he was so

*"One film I liked a lot—
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me laugh so hard. We got
the giggles like girls."*

funny. What a funny man. The faces he made. I can't think of anybody who made me laugh more.

PLAYBOY: Who was he?

BRANDO: Willie Howard was a Jewish comedian in New York. I was a kid doing plays there and I'd go see him between the matinee and evening show. Good God, did he ever make me laugh. He had this guy who worked with him who did a double-talk routine—the guy would talk to him in double talk and he would share the bewilderment of it with the audience and the frustration of trying to get this guy to say something simple. [Laughs] Then his partner died and he worked solo. He made funny faces. He was ridiculous. The most ridiculous person I ever saw in my life. I was hanging on the orchestra pit, just roaring with laughter, and nobody else got the jokes. He was playing to me, just because somebody appreciated him so much. There are very few people who are truly silly and have a sense of the ridiculous. He was one such man. I never got to meet the guy. It's always better if you don't know them . . . comics are famously tragic people.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever seen Lily Tomlin?

BRANDO: Yeah. Good God, is she angry. Whew! She gives me the impression of somebody incandescent with rage that comes out in this crinkle-eyed smiling face. Acid. She's funny, but all of her humor comes from anguish, rage and pain. Don Rickles, too. Most humor does.

PLAYBOY: Even Bob Hope's?

BRANDO: Bob Hope will go to the opening of a phone booth in a gas station in Anaheim, provided they have a camera and three people there. He'll go to the opening of a market and receive an award. Get an award from Thom McAn for wearing their shoes. It's pathetic. It's a bottomless pit. A barrel that has no floor. He must be a man who has an ever-crumbling estimation of himself. He's constantly filling himself up. He's like a junkie—an applause junkie, like Sammy Davis Jr. Sammy desperately longs to be loved, approved of. He's very talented. What happens to those people when they can't get up and do their shtick, God only knows. Bob Hope, Christ, instead of growing old gracefully or doing something with his money, be helpful, all he does is he has an anniversary with the President looking on. It's sad. He gets on an airplane every two minutes, always going someplace. It didn't bother him at all to work the Vietnam war. Oh, he took that in his stride. He did his World War Two and Korean War act. "Our boys" and all that. He's a pathetic guy.

PLAYBOY: What about Woody Allen?

BRANDO: I don't know Woody Allen, but I like him very much. I saw *Annie Hall*—enjoyed it enormously. He's an important man. Wally Cox was important. Wally Cox was a lifelong friend of mine. I don't know why I put them together. They're similar to me. Woody Allen can't make any sense out of this world and he really tells wonderful jokes about it. Don't you think it was remarkable that his time came to get his door prize at the Academy Awards and he stayed home and played his clarinet? That was as witty and funny a thing as you could do.

PLAYBOY: Wit certainly wasn't your intention when you had an Indian woman turn down your Academy door prize for *The Godfather*, or was it?

BRANDO: No. I think it was important for an American Indian to address the people who sit by and do *nothing* while the Indians are expunged from the earth. It was the first time in history that an American Indian ever spoke to 60,000,000 people. It was a tremendous opportunity and I certainly didn't want to usurp that time. It wasn't appropriate that I should. It belonged much better in the mouth of an Indian. I thought an

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Indian woman would generate less hostility. But those people considered it an interference with their sanctified ritual of self-congratulations.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel all awards are ridiculous?

BRANDO: Of course they are. They're ridiculous. The optometrists are going to have awards for creating inventive, arresting, admirable, manufactured eyeglass frames—things that hook onto the nose, ones that go way around under the armpit for evening wear. Why shouldn't they? We have newscasters' awards, Globe awards . . . they should have an award for the fastest left-handed stand-by painter who's painted the sets with his left hand and who has dropped appreciably less paint on the floor while doing it. And then the carpenter's union should have an award for somebody who can take a three-pound hammer and nail two-by-fours together.

PLAYBOY: When you were given the NAACP's Humanitarian Award in 1976, you turned that down.

BRANDO: Yeah, I did. I don't believe in awards of any kind. I don't believe in the Nobel Peace Prize.

PLAYBOY: You did, however, accept the Academy Award in 1955.

BRANDO: I've done a lot of silly things in my day. That was one of them. At the time, I was confused about it and I made a judgment in error. An error in judgment.

PLAYBOY: Do you have a sense of guilt that perhaps—

BRANDO: No, I don't. [Laughs] I know some people do, but I've been fortunate in escaping that, I don't know why.

PLAYBOY: Not once in your life did it strike you—

BRANDO: No, and I've been amazed that most people are struck down with that. It hasn't fazed me!

PLAYBOY: Would you like to finish the question yourself?

BRANDO: Do I have guilt about . . . [thinks, long pause, yawns] . . . no, I cannot. OK, finish it.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any guilt about—

BRANDO: No, I don't. [Laughing] I answered that before; why do you keep asking me?

PLAYBOY: Well, you've effectively answered, so let's move on. There's a certain quote having to do with women that has been following you around for some time now.

BRANDO: That's a much better way of saying "You once said." You been rehearsing that?

PLAYBOY: It has to do with your saying, "With women, I've got a long bamboo pole with a leather loop on the end of it. I slip the loop around their necks so that they can't get away or come too close. Like catching snakes." Do you know that quote?

BRANDO: I don't know that quote. That's: When did you stop beating your wife? It's odious. It's unfair. And it's unimaginative to refer to quotes, because you know as well as I do, the press being what it is, it's going to write anything that sounds sensational. To take that as a frame of reference for a potentially volatile question or one that has color in it, it's not proper.

PLAYBOY: Why not think of it as clearing the record, especially if you didn't say it, or if you said it in sarcasm, in jest, and it came out in seriousness?

BRANDO: Who in the world cares? Who would want to dignify that claptrap and crap? We'd be all day doing that. It's a hopeless and useless task. I don't care what people write or what they think. Good Lord, I gave up caring about 20 years ago. Those are mostly conversational scavengers who sit around and wait for some slop to fall off the table. If there isn't any, then they invent

"In all societies, they have organizations that exclude women; warrior societies are famous the world over for that. It comes from fear of women. Men's egos are frightened by women."

some. It's of no consequence at all. Just like all questions about acting.

[Later, lying on the beach late at night, Brando pointed at the sky.]

BRANDO: That star next to the moon is always there. I remember I was in Marrakesh on a sparkling, crystalline desert night and I saw the same star. I'd been talking to this girl a long time—it was four in the morning—and the muezzin came out in his minaret and started chanting. It was an enchanted moment. It made me feel like I was in Baghdad in the 12th Century.

PLAYBOY: Was she a Moslem girl?

BRANDO: Nah. Airline hostess.

PLAYBOY: All right, let's stay with women but move away from your personal affairs. Have you had any involvement with the women's movement or with the passage of the E.R.A.?

BRANDO: No.

PLAYBOY: Any feeling about it?

BRANDO: Yeah, it's something that has to pass inevitably and I'm absolutely astounded that the business community has not seen the E.R.A. as an advantage to it, because the intellectual force women can bring to production standards would be very much to its inter-

ests. When you consider something like 75 percent of the doctors in Russia are women and 30 percent of the judges in Germany are women, we rank perhaps second only to Switzerland with an antiquated view that women belong in the kitchen doing menial chores.

PLAYBOY: Why do you think certain states won't ratify the amendment?

BRANDO: Why do people hate blacks? Why do people discriminate against Indians? Why is AIM referred to as Assholes in Moccasins in South Dakota rather than the American Indian Movement? People have unconscious fears and floating anxieties, maybe guilt, and they will attach themselves like a raindrop to a speck of matter. People have built-in prejudice, they've got hatred piled up in a very neat place and they don't want to have it scattered by logic.

PLAYBOY: What is it that men hate about women?

BRANDO: I think, essentially, men fear women. It comes from a sense of dependence on women. Because men are brought up by women, they're dependent on them. In all societies, they have organizations that exclude women; warrior societies are famous the world over for that. It comes from fear of women. History is full of references to women and how bad they are, how dangerous. There are deprecating references to women all through the Bible. The mere fact that a woman was made out of a man's rib, as a sort of afterthought. Men's egos are frightened by women. We all have made mistakes in that respect. We've all been guilty, most men, of viewing women through prejudice. I always thought of myself not as a prejudiced person, but I find, as I look over it, that I was.

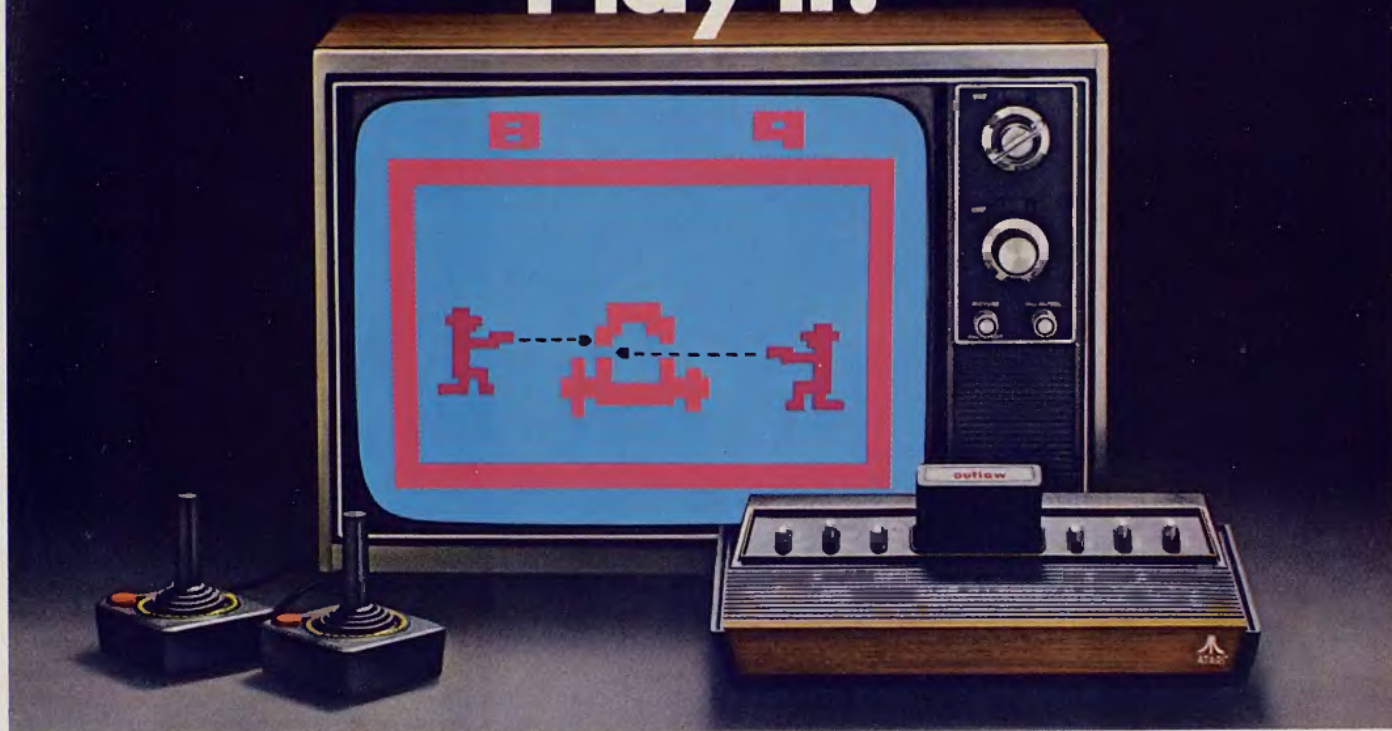
PLAYBOY: So you *do* feel guilty about your feelings about women in your past?

BRANDO: Not at all. I don't feel the slightest bit of guilt. Guilt's a useless emotion; it doesn't do anybody any good. A healthy sense of conscience is useful.

PLAYBOY: What about gay rights?

BRANDO: The lack of rights that apply to children are the ones that appall me. That's head and shoulders above any other rights group. Down here in Tahiti, and in many places, children are treated with respect, like small adults without much of a frame of reference. But for some reason, we feel superior to children, and we also feel a sense of ownership. Mothers feel about their children the way husbands feel about women. It's my kid. Women who are in the women's movement, some of them say they are *not* their husband's possession, but then they'll unconsciously refer to their child as a possession. They use the same kind of language about their children as they would hate for their husbands to use about them.

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PLAYBOY: A part of your life that's not widely known is your long involvement with UNICEF. How long has it been?

BRANDO: About 20 years.

PLAYBOY: What kind of work do you do for them?

BRANDO: We've put on shows in Paris, London, Japan, the United States, traveled around the world, done promos. This has been the Year of the Child. Mainly, my task has been trying to communicate what UNICEF has done, how much the world needs UNICEF, and what a valuable investment children are, and what an enormous deficit they can be if they're not raised properly. Bring a half-sick child into the world and it costs you a great deal more, because the child will never become independent, the child will constantly be needing attention. You can't bring him up educationally deprived, physically and morally deprived. By the Eighties, there will be some 700,000,000 children without enough to eat, with no jobs and no education. It will hit Southeast Asia first. The most rapidly increasing birth rate is in Mexico. But Bangladesh now has a runaway population growth.

PLAYBOY: Have you done any commercials for them?

BRANDO: We do TV spots, film spots, radio. Last year, I did six spots for UNICEF.

PLAYBOY: How do you get people to give?

BRANDO: The best way to get people is to hire the guys who work for the United Jewish Appeal. They know how to get the dough. They're really terrific at separating people from their money.

PLAYBOY: Weren't you once involved in a film made in India that had some connection with UNICEF?

BRANDO: I was in the state of Behar during the emergency feeding program. I was with Satyajit Ray, the Indian director. We were walking along, seeing the nadir of human experience. These children kept coming around and, oh, God, the horror. . . . And he was just walking along like he was walking through fields of wheat, pushing the children aside. It's a human obscenity. He said to me, "You don't pay attention to it, you ignore it or you'll go mad. There's nothing you can do." I wanted to film it and show it to people in the United States. I made an entire film, about 45 minutes. It showed children in the last stages of life, of starvation; little crooked, whimpering things, covered with sores, scabrous from head to foot, lining up to get their food that was brought by UNICEF.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever show the film?

BRANDO: I showed it to a number of people in my home, including Jack Valenti [president of the Motion Picture Association of America], who was a good friend of President Johnson. It showed

children dying right on the camera. One woman offering me a child who was dying, died right on the camera. Children were staggering, falling down. I showed it to somebody at NBC. They said that their news department would cover that and I felt that they didn't want any outside contribution.

PLAYBOY: Which brings us to the subject of the news media and another one of those "You once said." This time, the quote of yours is that the media are "oppressively resistant to feeding the truth to the American people, simply because it doesn't sell." Do you still believe—after the Pentagon papers and Watergate—that we never get the truth?

BRANDO: It's all the news that's print to fit. When I say fit, I mean the market. Because there is a market for news, we see that on television: fierce competition between one news program and another that turns into Jolly Jack and the Fijian dancers. They're entertainment shows. They have teasers all the way along, telling you to tune in at 11, a massacre in Wisconsin. The editor picked *that* out as a teaser. Or, if they haven't got anything going, they'll put a tank-car explosion in there. It's tailored violence; they have what they call the tasteful frontier of violence.

PLAYBOY: Do you think the media encourage violence or react to it?

BRANDO: It's a subtle question. Especially

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now with terrorism the way it is. Look, we've had more than 100 derailling incidents, and almost always it's a tank car with flammable substances in it. We had about five major grain-elevator disasters in one year. That's put down to coincidence. We're not told they're acts of sabotage. I would assume that the Government has gotten together with the news people and said, "Listen, don't broadcast alarming stories about terrorists in the United States." But there are plans afoot to counteract terrorism in the U. S.

PLAYBOY: On the subject of alarming stories, do you think that the oil crisis we suffered a few years ago was a conspiracy rather than a crisis?

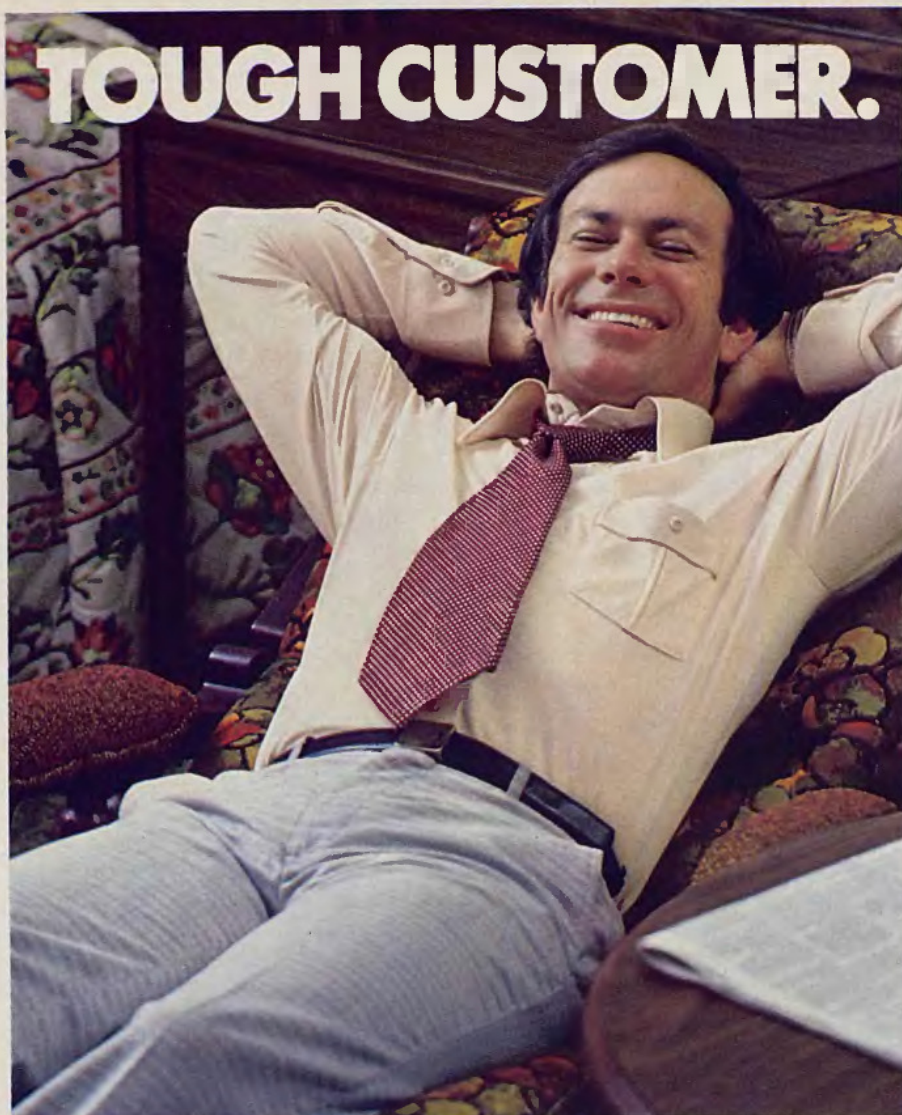
BRANDO: I don't know whether or not it was a conspiracy, but there are enough industrial executives who have gone to jail over the past 20 years for price fixing that you wouldn't be going wide off the mark if you said they were manipulating us. For example, if the power companies would quit fighting solar energy and quit leaning on the legislatures and get behind it, it could happen. But the oil and steel companies' interests are allied, manufacturers of cars, plastics—which means oil companies—steel companies, metal, rubber companies, don't want to alter, to retool, it will cost them too much. They say it's going to hurt them, wreck the economy, they're not making enough in profit. The way they piss and moan about their profit ratings, it makes you think over the years they'd have gone out of business long ago. *The Godfather* said that a man with a briefcase can steal more money than a man with a pistol.

PLAYBOY: Do you think big business is out of control?

BRANDO: Corporations have no sense of social responsibilities. They tell lies from morning till night. You see advertisements of the petroleum outfits, everybody wants to take care of the environment, so they show you a doe taking a sip of water in a marsh and in the background we see an oil derrick, and Exxon wants us to know that even the doe is being looked after. They give you all this claptrap that Madison Avenue cranks out. *There's* an art form: advertising. Making people do what you want them to do, that's what Americans are good at. They can manipulate anybody at any moment. And it makes precious little difference whether we're manipulated by the state, as in Russia, or by big business, as we are through advertising.

PLAYBOY: What about our being manipulated by organized crime?

BRANDO: Sure, organized crime exists, no question. Whether or not it has infiltrated every aspect of our lives, I don't know. It's going to give the military-industrial complex a run for its money. But it doesn't



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consider it organized crime. It thinks it's just business. The other businesses—Big Business—start wars in the name of right, liberty and all that. The Mafia says, "That's just a front; what they really want and what they're after is the goods. It's just money, and they're no different than we are. We have the same objectives, we take better care of our people than they do." I think, quite possibly, that's true.

PLAYBOY: Isn't there something other than money that both kinds of businesses are after? Such as power?

BRANDO: Money is power. Money translates into guns, in the name of defense, of course. If you have enough money, you can do anything. You can even get a President shot. All you have to do is hire Sam Giancana, Sirhan Sirhan. You can get anybody killed for a can of beer. Hire some dumb hit man, pay him \$50,000. You can hire a 17-year-old kid, he'll be out in the streets in two or three years.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about the assassinations of the Kennedys and Martin Luther King, Jr. Do you think it's possible that it was a lone assassin in each case?

BRANDO: It's possible but by no means probable. And certainly, if they had not been killed, there were plans afoot to kill them. For political reasons. No different from Diem or Allende. If the CIA had known that Castro was a Communist, it would have assassinated him long before the Bay of Pigs. It would have had troops fighting on the side of Batista.

PLAYBOY: Do you suspect the FBI and/or the CIA as having anything to do with the assassinations in the Sixties?

BRANDO: They had to have been involved in them. It's safe to assume that the FBI or the CIA is capable of committing murder. The assassination, for instance, of Fred Hampton in Chicago was FBI-coordinated. When the FBI started out, there was never a force in the world more efficient and better at what it did. But gradually it became politicized, it was reflective of Hoover's jingoistic concepts of the world: life as it should be in the United States according to Saint Hoover. Hoover very cleverly had information on *everybody*.

PLAYBOY: Getting back to the Kennedys, did you ever meet John Kennedy?

BRANDO: Yeah, it was at a fund-raising affair at the Beverly Hills Hotel while he was President. He was table-hopping, as he had to, and he said, "Hello, how are you, nice to meet you"—he didn't say that, but he had his shtick. I said to him, "Aren't you bored to death?" He looked at me and said, "No, I'm not bored." I said, "You've got to be bored." He thought I was being hostile. Then he realized that he was bored having to do that, going around, people gawking at him. Then a Secret Service man came to the table and said, "Kennedy would like

to see you after dinner." So we went to his room there and the evening consisted of everybody getting drunk, including Kennedy. Then he told me that I was overweight and I said that he was getting fat and jolly and I could hardly recognize him. We all stormed into the bathroom and weighed ourselves. Afterward, he said, "I know what you've been doing with the Indians, I know what you've been doing." And that was that. A kind of strange interlude.

PLAYBOY: What did you think of Robert Kennedy?

BRANDO: I think Bobby Kennedy really, finally, cared; he realized that all of the rhetoric had to be put down into some form of action. That's perhaps the reason they killed him. They don't care what you say, you can say as much as you want to, provided you don't *do* anything. If you start to do something and your shuffling raises too much dust, they will disestablish you. That's what happened to Martin Luther King. J. Edgar Hoover hated black people, hated Martin Luther King. If he stayed in the civil rights area, fine, that's just what they wanted

*"Carter has done something
no other President has done:*

*He has brought into the
sharpest contrast the
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respect to human rights."*

him to do: Let the Civil Rights bill pass so we can deal with the Africans and get their raw materials. So Martin Luther King was in service to what the Government wanted, anyway. But when he got on the issue of the Vietnam war, he was talking to 23,000,000 people who were pretty willing to go down the road he told them to go down. That was too heavy. He upped the ante and they didn't want to go that high.

PLAYBOY: Is that also why Malcolm X was killed, in your opinion?

BRANDO: He was a dynamic person, a very special human being, who might have caused a revolution. He had to be done away with. The American Government couldn't let him live. If the 23,000,000 blacks found a charismatic leader like he was, they would follow him. The powers that be could not accept that.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever meet him?

BRANDO: No, I'm sorry I didn't; he was a great man. We won't see the likes of Malcolm X again in our lifetime. He was a man of extraordinary talents, capacities, abilities. If he had lived, America would

have been far better off. Our consciousness, who we are, what we do, what we intend . . . instead of believing the claptrap that we read about ourselves, and listening to *The Marines' Hymn* and all the romantic jingoistic jargon that we're shook to death with every day.

I'm often amused when I read American history and I read what great things America was going to be, what great things we were going to produce, the magnificent life we were going to have. We were determined to be an impressive and strong nation that needed a lot of people and a lot of land. And all those people who came: "Give us your great unwashed." Well, we got all the great unwashed there were. From every prison, we certainly got a lot of scum and dummies. We didn't get the cream of the crop. We got people from the lowest echelons of society who couldn't make it or weren't happy where they were. Or who were taken from Africa, brought to America in chains and turned into animals.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about President Carter's stand on human rights?

BRANDO: Carter has done something that no other President has done: He has brought into the sharpest contrast the hypocrisy of the United States in respect to human rights. He's done a great favor to the Indians, because you couldn't find a President who'd given them the opportunity to point out the disparity between what Carter says and what actually happens. He's taken up the issue of human rights like the Holy Grail—put the rhetoric in Mondale's mouth and sent him off to do Sir Galahad's work. I don't know whether it was oversight or political stupidity, I can't imagine what it was that made him think that he was going to get away with it; that somehow the world was not going to know that we don't have any human rights for Indians, we don't want to reinstate them. The only time I've ever heard him refer to Indians was when someone asked him a question about the infiltration of people from Mexico into the U.S. and called them immigrants, and he said, "Well, outside of a few Indians, we're all immigrants." So I would take that to mean that he dispensed with the Indians because they were few in number and therefore entirely irrelevant. But the fact is that there are about 40,000,000 Indians in North and South America. People tend to forget that there are 1,000,000 Indians in Canada. And Mexico is primarily an Indian nation. They were possessors of great civilizations. Of the five races in the world, they're the only ones who are not represented in the UN.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever tried to meet with Carter, perhaps with a delegation of Indian leaders?

BRANDO: My guess is it wouldn't do any

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good. Carter would give you a mint julep and a tap dance, but that's all it's going to amount to.

PLAYBOY: Sounds like you won't be endorsing Carter in 1980.

BRANDO: If Jerry Brown runs against him, I'll vote for Jerry Brown. I think he's a terrific fellow and would make a hell of a President.

PLAYBOY: Are there other politicians you trust?

BRANDO: Jim Abourezk [Senator from South Dakota] has done something without equal as far as I know. In his own state, he's come out very strongly in support of AIM. He's taken some rather strong clouts, been beaten about the head and shoulders politically for supporting the Indians. But what's right to him is right.

PLAYBOY: Well, we've come this far without really getting into the issue of the Indians as much as you hoped for, so let's begin with—

BRANDO: Let me ask you why you *want* to talk about the Indians.

PLAYBOY: Well, as you know, it's a hell of a lot more interesting than discussing our views on sex or show business or—

BRANDO [*Cracking up, strong laughter. Finally*]: It's funny, I was laughing, seeing the words in the interview, and then your line. [*More laughter*] That's funny. I love those kinds of outrageous retorts.

PLAYBOY: Do Indians have the kind of sense of humor you do?

BRANDO: People never think of Indians' having a sense of humor, but they are the most hilarious people I ever met. They'll laugh at anything. They'll laugh at themselves. They're sarcastic, sardonic, they're funny on every single level. They simply could not have survived without their superb sense of humor.

PLAYBOY: How did you first become conscious of the Indians?

BRANDO: I read a book by D'Arcy McNickle, a Flathead Indian who had a degree in anthropology from the London School of Anthropology or something, and another book by John Collier, who was then head of the Bureau of Indian Affairs. Then I went to see D'Arcy McNickle in Tucson. I discussed with him Indian affairs and history. He recommended that I see a group called the National Indian Youth Council. So I attended many of its meetings and, through that, I became absorbed in American Indian affairs.

PLAYBOY: And through your absorption, what is it that is most shocking to you?

BRANDO: What is shocking to me is that we can consistently try to expunge an entire people from this planet and not have known to the world the silent execution that has taken place over a period of 200 years. And that this Government that we live under—which we

all say is wonderful and fall to our knees and worship—has systematically deprived the Indian of life, liberty, the pursuit of happiness and, at the same time, has screamed around the world, like a whistling skank with rabies, that we believe in life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. How in the world can we do that at the same time that we're strangling the life out of the only native culture that existed on this land? The American Government has shot them, murdered them, starved them, tried to break their spirit, stolen from them, kidnapped their children and reduced them to rubble. That is what shocks and angers me.

I am *ashamed* to be an American and to see fellow human beings who, if human rights mean anything at all, have every right to the land they live on, and more land than they have. There were 10,000,000 Indians, according to the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, at the time of Columbus. There are now about 1,000,000. They owned all of the United States; they have precious little to call their own now. They were independent;

"I want to pull my hair out when I read high school textbooks that deal with the destruction of a people in two paragraphs."

they have nothing now. Any time a white man wanted a piece of land from an Indian, he was able to get it. So they took all the river valleys, they took all the fertile land, they took almost all the forests, they took everything and left the Indian *nothing*. Nothing but memories, and bitter ones at that.

When the Government didn't do it militarily, it did it with documents and promises. We lied, we chiseled, we swindled; swindle, swindle, swindle, nothing less than swindle. Swindled the Indian. And we now will say we did not swindle. We *did* swindle. We *did* kill. We *did* maim. We *did* starve. We *did* torture. We did the most heinous things that could be done to a people. We will not admit it, we do not recognize it, it is not contained in our history books, and I want to pull my hair out when I read high school textbooks that deal with the destruction of a people in two paragraphs.

Our relationship with the American Indian is unprecedented in history. There's no country in the world that has made as many solemn documents, agreements, treaties, statements of intention

as the United States has and broken every one of them, and had every intention of breaking them when it made them. No group of people has ever so consistently and cruelly suppressed another group of people as the Americans have the Indians. There were some 400 treaties written—not *one* was kept. That's a terrific record. Not one treaty! It is outrageous, it's shocking and unfair and a *lot* more important than whether or not I like to get up in the morning, put my Equity card in my pocket, go to the studio and put on my make-up and do my tap dance, going through a day of let's pretend. There's something obscene about that.

PLAYBOY: With all that has been done to them, what is it the Indians now want from the Government?

BRANDO: What the Indians want is very plain: They want their own laws to apply in Indian land; they want an increase in the land base that was stolen from them; they want their treaties recognized. They want sovereignty, hunting and fishing rights, no taxation. They want to pursue their lives as they see fit. They want their economy reinstated.

They want nothing more and nothing less than what the Jews have in Israel. We have long, loud and often said people have a right to self-determination, and we stand behind any country in the world that so determines that it is going to be an entity unto itself. We went to Vietnam and killed millions of Vietnamese and thousands of Americans to prove that what we've said was true; we backed it up with force. But we are not willing to offer reinstatement to the American Indian, because there's no future in it. We reinstated the Japanese and the Germans because we wanted to be a presence in Asia and Germany. And a lot of Nazis got back into power so that the organization could be created to resist the Russians. But the American Government just hopes that the Indian will fade away into history and disappear.

PLAYBOY: Do you really think the American Government would willingly carve up American land and give it to the Indians, establishing a separate country within the United States?

BRANDO: Of course; why not? Drive through the Southwest and you're impressed with how little of the country is used. We probably have the fewest people per square mile in the United States than almost anyplace in the world. There's ample room for the Indian to be given back enough land to live on; future populations could be accommodated in that area. There are enough riches in this country so that the Indian could be properly re-established as a viable community. France gave all of its colonies back; for the most part, so have the

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Dutch, the Belgians, the British. Some of them gave up their colonies screaming, kicking, scratching, fighting; some did it because they read the handwriting on the wall. No Indian has the hope that the Niña, the Santa Maria and the Pinta are going to sail up the Hudson one day and we're all gonna get on them and go back to jails in England. But it's a very reasonable and logical expectation to assume that America is going to do what every other colonial power has done.

PLAYBOY: What do you think was the biggest mistake the Indians made?

BRANDO: If Indians had joined together and made a concerted effort to keep the white man from stealing their land and decimating their people, they could have wiped the people off the face of the earth as soon as they hit Plymouth Rock. But the Indians don't get along with one another. They never thought of themselves as a unified people.

But I'm on the horns of a dilemma, because I am not the spokesman for the American Indian. They have orators, poets, people who are giants, people who are able to talk better than most poets we know who write. Wonderfully articulate people. But they're never asked for an interview in *PLAYBOY*, they're never asked to go on *60 Minutes*. When there's an occasion, newsmen always stick the microphone in my face. I don't know how many times I've said, "Listen, there are perfectly eloquent gentlemen standing to my left and to my right, please ask them, they are Indians, I am not; they know far better than I do why they're here; don't ask me why I'm here." But their editors say, "Go out and get a recording of the fire coming out of Marlon's nose." It's so distasteful to me that nobody gives a *shit*. I've called up I don't know how many magazines, spoken to writers of international renown, to Senators who head the investigating committees—everybody's out to lunch.

PLAYBOY: Would you say that Indians have been more discriminated against than blacks were before the Civil Rights Act?

BRANDO: It's not an ouch contest.

PLAYBOY: What about missionaries? Have they done any good for the Indians?

BRANDO: The Church has a tremendous debt that it owes to the Indian. The Church was borrowed by the Government as a force to so-call civilize the Indian. It was simply designed to disenfranchise the Indian, which it did. The Church was in control; they sat in a room and they divided Indian reservations up like pies: Catholics here, Protestants here, you take this, we'll take that, go get 'em, boys. And they went in there in force and threw the Bible around with a will.

PLAYBOY: Had you been born an Indian, do you think, knowing what you know, that you'd be militant?

BRANDO: That's like saying if your aunt



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had balls, she'd be your uncle. I don't know what it's like to be an Indian. I can only imagine. And what I imagine is it's pretty horrible to be an Indian who cares about being an Indian, cares about maintaining himself as an Indian, cares about trying to establish an image of himself in front of his children. I suppose it would make me pretty goddamn mad.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about some of your personal involvements. In 1964, you were arrested at a fish-in for Indian river rights in Washington, weren't you?

BRANDO: It was a priest from San Francisco, myself and an Indian from the Puyallup reservation. They wanted to test whether or not we would be willing to be arrested. We were arrested, but they didn't book us. We went to the jail and then they just dismissed us. They got a call from the governor's office or something. Soon after that first fish-in, we went to northern Washington and fished there, but it was the wrong place. We just froze to death. I almost got pneumonia. I was dying. Oh, God, I was sick. That was my last fish-in.

PLAYBOY: Then, in 1975, you joined a group of Menominee Indians who had taken over a monk's abbey in Gresham, Wisconsin, in their attempt to get back the deed for land that had once been theirs. Didn't that turn into violence?

BRANDO: They were shooting bullets twice a day, in the afternoon and at night. Dog soldiers came and they were fighting it out for over a month. One guy was shot, a white guy. I was in there for about a week, with Father Groppi and some other priests. It was unbelievable, people going out with guns and ammunition, lying in the snow and firing at 2:30 in the morning; everybody sleeping, huddled, trying to get warm, bullets flying around. I was up on the roof one time and bullets started sizzling by me, *whheew, whheew*—sounds very funny. The bullets come by before you hear the gun.

PLAYBOY: Were you scared?

BRANDO: No. The Indians were determined that they should get that deed to the land. It was previously Indian land that had just been grabbed. The Church wasn't using it, it was just sitting around in a Catholic bank book. There were contingent plans to go in with percussion bombs and gas. That would have killed a lot of people, because the Indians wouldn't have surrendered; the expression they had on their arm bands was DEED OR DEATH. They finally got the deed. And then those goddamn Alexian Brothers, the group of priests who owned the property, took it back after everything died down. Those lying bastards! I was right there in the room when they were negotiating. They gave their word that the [abbey] should go to the Indians for a hospital and that the land should be re-

turned to the Menominee reservation. They subsequently, arbitrarily, took it back, broke their word. After the Indians were arrested, they said, "We didn't mean that." There was no noise about it then. And some Indians are still sitting in jail.

PLAYBOY: Dennis Banks is the Indian activist who was recently granted political asylum in California by Governor Brown. Banks had fled South Dakota, where he faced sentencing on riot and assault convictions, and he was involved in a shooting with the Oregon highway patrol some time ago. His trailer was shot up and when the police traced the ownership, it was found that it belonged to you. Could you have been charged with aiding and abetting a fugitive?

BRANDO: I am not now nor have I ever been a Communist. [Laughs] Let me put it this way: I would certainly aid and abet any Indian if he came to me at this time. I had Dennis down here in Tahiti. I invited him to come down, because they were after him.

PLAYBOY: How long did he stay?

BRANDO: About two months.

PLAYBOY: Did the Government know

"John Wayne would have shot down Gandhi, called him a rabble rouser. The Indians today he'd call agitators, terrorists."

Banks was here?

BRANDO: Yeah. Dennis Banks is a remarkable man, he's a man who's got finely honed instincts; lives by his wits, which are considerable. He's the kind of man young Indians can look to to be inspired by. Russell [Means] is the same.

PLAYBOY: Why didn't the FBI go after you?

BRANDO: The Justice Department didn't see a practical way of indicting me, because it would have inflamed the issues and gotten a lot of coverage. For Russell Means to be thrown in jail is one thing, but for me to be put under indictment for aiding and abetting an American Indian who was forced to go underground due to political pressure—the entire thing was fraught with a very special kind of concern that it did not get too large.

Had the people in Wounded Knee been black or white, they would have had them dead within 20 minutes. You would have seen something that would have made the S.L.A. shoot-out look like a strawberry festival. But they couldn't do it. The only reason they didn't do it was not for any humanitarian reason but be-

cause the silhouette of the American Indian around the world is so famous, thanks to Hollywood.

PLAYBOY: When did you come to feel that, second only to the Government, Hollywood has done more harm to the American Indian than any other institution?

BRANDO: I can't give you a date when the light bulb went off in my head. I became increasingly aware just recently of the power of film to influence people. I always enjoyed watching John Wayne, but it never occurred to me until I spoke with Indians how corrosive and damaging and destructive his movies were—most Hollywood movies were.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever discussed this with Wayne?

BRANDO: I saw John Wayne only once. He was at a restaurant. He came over, very pleasant, wished us all a good evening and a happy meal and walked away. First and last time I saw him.

PLAYBOY: In 1971, in his *Playboy Interview*, John Wayne said that he didn't feel we did wrong in taking America away from the Indians. He thought the Indians were "selfishly trying to keep it for themselves" and that what had happened in the past was so far back that he didn't feel we owed them anything. Care to comment?

BRANDO: That doesn't need a reply, it's self-evident. You can't even get mad at it; it's so insane that there's just nothing to say about it. He would be, according to his point of view, someone not disposed to returning any of the colonial possessions in Africa or Asia to their rightful owners. He would be sharing a perspective with Vorster if he were in South Africa. He would be on the side of Ian Smith. He would have shot down Gandhi, called him a rabble rouser. The only freedom fighters he would recognize would be those who were fighting Communists; if they were fighting to get out from under colonial rule, he'd call them terrorists. The Indians today he'd call agitators, terrorists, who knows? If John Wayne ran for President, he would get a great following.

PLAYBOY: Do you think his views are prevalent in Hollywood?

BRANDO: Oh, sure, I think he's been enormously instrumental in perpetuating this view of the Indian as a savage, ferocious, destructive force. He's made us believe things about the Indian that were never true and perpetuated the myth about how wonderful the frontiersmen were and how decent and honorable we all were.

PLAYBOY: Besides Wayne, you've been outspoken about the insensitivity of many of the Jewish heads of studios, who were in power during the heyday of the cowboy-and-Indian pictures. What made you so angry?

BRANDO: I was mad at the Jews in the

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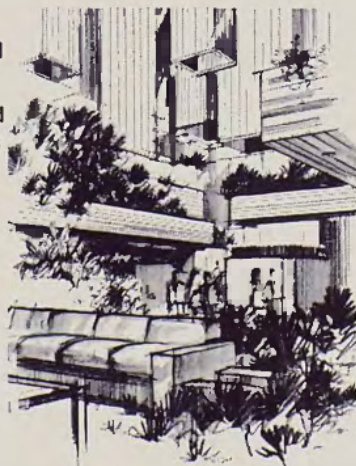
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business because they largely founded the industry. The non-Jewish executives you take for granted are going to exploit *any* race for a buck. But you'd think that the Jews would be so sensitized to that that they wouldn't have done it or allowed it. You've always seen the wily Filipino, the treacherous Chinese, the devilish Jap, the destructive, fierce, savage, blood-lusting, killing buck, and the squaw who loves the American marshal or soldier. You've seen every single race besmirched, but you never saw an image of the kike. Because the Jews were ever watchful for that—and rightly so. They never allowed it to be shown onscreen. The Jews have done so much for the world that, I suppose, you get extra disappointed because they didn't pay attention to that.

PLAYBOY: Has there been any Jewish reaction to what you've said about the Jews in the movie industry?

BRANDO: No. You have to be very careful about that issue, because the blacks are concerned about the blacks, the Indians are concerned about the Indians, the Jews are concerned about the Jews. In the United States, people are trying to look out for their own. The Puerto Ricans are not going to take up the Indian cause. The Indian cause is not going to be concerned about the injustice to the Japanese. Everybody looks to whatever's close at hand.

PLAYBOY: You once mentioned two films—*Broken Arrow*, with Jeff Chandler, and John Ford's *Cheyenne Autumn*—as *not* having treated Indians negatively. Are there any others you can add?

BRANDO: Not *Cheyenne Autumn*. That was worse than any other film, because it didn't tell the truth. Superduper patriots like John Ford could never say that the American Government was at fault. He made the evil cavalry captain a foreigner. John Ford had him speak with a thick accent, you didn't know what he was, but you knew he didn't represent Mom's apple pie.

PLAYBOY: Do you approve of *any* of the films Hollywood has made about the Indians?

BRANDO: I can't think of any offhand.

PLAYBOY: What about one called *Soldier Blue*?

BRANDO: Oh, yeah, with Candice Bergen. That film left a lot to be desired; it dealt more with blood and guts than with the philosophy, which is important. It was certainly horrifying—the attack at Sand Creek, when they slaughtered the Indians. In many ways, that was representative of what happened. There were also parts of *Little Big Man* that I thought were useful. It had a lot of good, fair things in it.

PLAYBOY: I imagine you expect to have a lot of good, fair things in *The First*

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American, the TV project you've agreed to do for ABC. It's your first venture into television; can you talk about it?

BRANDO: We've been given a chunk of money to do as many programs as we can on that. Hopefully, we're going to get four programs out of it. If they like them, they will do more. We're certainly going to work as hard as we can to make them interesting, provocative and truthful. These issues are going to be clearly drawn, so that people can't duck them anymore. The Indian view will be heard, and it will be heard round the world. I'll take it to every country, I'll get arrested, I'll give them a show, I'll entertain them. People will say, "Where's Marlon been arrested this time?" I'm totally committing myself to getting this issue across.

PLAYBOY: How long will each show be?

BRANDO: An hour and a half. Hopefully, there's gonna be 13 or 14 made. We shouldn't have to go around, hat in hand, scratching and tapping on doors, climbing transoms, to get money to do a historical survey of the American Indian and how we reduced him to rubble. Jesus Christ!

PLAYBOY: Will you act in every show?

BRANDO: I will be in a number of them. So far, I see myself in one of the four, and I'll probably be in another.

PLAYBOY: Is it your intention to play figures like Kit Carson and Custer?

BRANDO: I'm too old to play Kit Carson and Custer. Kit Carson was a relatively young man, most of those guys were. You can cheat 20 years . . . but there are a lot of people I could play.

PLAYBOY: Well, if they could turn Dustin Hoffman into a 120-year-old Indian in *Little Big Man*—

BRANDO: Oh, I've played a 70-year-old man—you can go older, but it's very hard to go younger. Loretta Young finished her days in a blaze of ectoplasm, along with the number of silk screens that they had to put on the lights to soften them so her wrinkles wouldn't interfere with the fun.

PLAYBOY: Will *The First American* be commercialized, as *Holocaust* was, or will you have some control over the way it's presented?

BRANDO: *Holocaust* was as obscene as anything I've seen on television. I was infuriated by that. It made me gag. I was embarrassed for the people who did it; it was horrifying! Elie Wiesel, who was a man who survived Auschwitz, came out and broadsided the program. It should be treated sanctimoniously as an event in history, it should not be sandwiched between some dog-food ads. How can you go from a concentration-camp scene to a smiling woman selling dog food? God! It was appalling. Finally, it's better that they put that on than nothing.

PLAYBOY: Aren't you also going to play

the part of American Nazi leader George Lincoln Rockwell in the upcoming second half of *Roots*? What made you want to portray him?

BRANDO: Everybody ought not to turn his back on the phenomenon of hatred in whatever form it takes. We have to find out what the anatomy of hatred is before we can understand it. We have to make some attempt to put it into some understandable form. Any kind of group hatred is extremely dangerous and much more volatile than individual hatred. Heinous crimes are committed by groups and it's all done, of course, in the name of right, justice. It's John Wayne. It's the way he thinks. All the crimes committed against Indians are not considered crimes by John Wayne.

PLAYBOY: Will you play Rockwell as an evil character?

BRANDO: I don't see anybody as evil. When you start seeing people as evil, you're in trouble. The thing that's going to save us is understanding. The inspection of the mind of Eichmann or Himmler. . . . Just to dispense with them as evil is not enough, because it doesn't

"There is a point where you can understand so much and then you've got to take a gun out and say, 'I'm not gonna let you do this to me anymore; if you do that, I'm gonna kill you.'"

bring you understanding. You have to see them for what they are. You have to examine John Wayne. He's not a bad person. Who among us is going to say he's a bad man? He feels justified for what he does. The damage that he does he doesn't consider damage, he thinks it's an honest presentation of the facts.

PLAYBOY: So your motivation is to understand prejudice, shed light on the darker parts of souls such as Rockwell's?

BRANDO: Understanding prejudice is much more helpful than just condemning it out of hand. There is a point, however, where you can understand so much and then you've got to take a gun out and say, "I'm not gonna let you do this to me anymore; if you do that, I'm gonna kill you." If somebody came to my house, I'd do damage. I'd kill somebody. I wouldn't hesitate.

PLAYBOY: You say that, but the act of doing it is something else.

BRANDO: I've pointed guns at people. Loaded guns.

PLAYBOY: Did you have your finger on the trigger?

BRANDO: Damn right I did. I've told people to get down, lie on the floor, frisked them, got their identification.

PLAYBOY: Burglars?

BRANDO: You betcha.

PLAYBOY: Did any intruder ever *not* lie down immediately?

BRANDO: No. Three or four times, I've pulled a gun on somebody. I had a problem after Charles Manson, deciding to get a gun. But I didn't want somebody coming in my house and committing mayhem. The Hillside Strangler victims—one of the girls was found in back of my Los Angeles house. My next-door neighbor was murdered, strangled in the bathroom. Mulholland Drive is full of crazy people. We have nuts coming up and down all the time.

PLAYBOY: Do you get a lot of hate mail?

BRANDO: Not a lot. I've gotten some threatening letters.

PLAYBOY: Do you give them to the FBI or are you under surveillance by them for other reasons?

BRANDO: Jack Anderson got some stuff from the Secret Service that had me on the list of those who had to be put under surveillance every time the President came to town. Back in the Sixties, there was a truck from the electric company parked in front of my house, around 11 at night. I said to them, "What's going on?" "Oh, just fixing the lines." I happen to know something about electricity, so I asked some questions and the guy in charge didn't know and gave me dumb answers. I've had the FBI visit me on five occasions, asking me a lot of questions.

PLAYBOY: Which probably gave you some good material for that movie you've wanted to do about Wounded Knee. What's happened to that project?

BRANDO: I have a very specific notion to make a film out of Wounded Knee to show the FBI and the Justice Department how what happens to Indians happens, and the way the minds of the politicians work in respect to the Indian. I think it would make a very good movie. It would start with the trial of Banks and Means and keep flashing back to how it happened.

PLAYBOY: Didn't Abby Mann, who wrote *Judgment at Nuremberg*, do a script for you?

BRANDO: He did three scripts.

PLAYBOY: Were any of them close to what you wanted?

BRANDO: Hardly. Really bad scripts.

PLAYBOY: Did you have anyone in mind to direct it?

BRANDO: I tried to get a guy I did a movie with before, Gillo Pontecorvo. He did *The Battle of Algiers*. I thought he'd be perfect for this movie. I was in another movie with him, almost fucking

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killed him, and he almost killed me. Good God, what a battle that was.

PLAYBOY: That was *Queimada*, or *Burn!*

BRANDO: Yeah, *Queimada*, which I thought was a wonderful movie. Jesus, they couldn't flush it away fast enough. I couldn't believe it, about an interesting time well told.

PLAYBOY: Why was it flushed away so fast?

BRANDO: I don't know. They let it die, it never appeared anywhere, as though it got the plague or something. Very mysterious. Anyway, Gillo met with the Indians and they scared him to death. Bunch of guys met him at the airport, with about half a bag on, scared the shit out of him. He came back, didn't know what was going on. I told him, he won't understand for a long time what the Indians are—they're very strange folks. And he was going along with it. And then he wanted Franco Solinas, a full-fledged Marxist, to write the script. And it was then the Indians backed off and said, "Nothing doing, we're not going to have a goddamn Communist writing our story." So that was the end of that.

PLAYBOY: What really happened when you worked with Pontecorvo? Was it just a conflict between director and actor?

BRANDO: No, the guy was a complete sadist. He did an awful thing: He paid the black extras a different salary than he paid the whites on location in Colombia. Then he gave the blacks different food because he thought they'd like it.

PLAYBOY: So what did you do?

BRANDO: I started out saying, "Jesus Christ, Gillo, you can't pay the blacks different money, you've got to give them the same food, what the fuck, black journalists are coming down here, you think they're gonna hang around here ten minutes without talking to the blacks and finding out what the fuck's going on?" I said, "I'm not gonna take the fall for that, goddamn it; you can't do that, that's what this picture's about." I went raving on.

PLAYBOY: Did you finally have it out with him?

BRANDO: One day, he had me do so many takes on one scene, I just blew fucking up. Screamed at the top of my lungs, "You are eating me like ants!" [Laughs at the memory] He jumped off the floor about four feet. I could have broken glasses if there'd been any around. I didn't know I was going to do it, it just happened.

There were so many horror stories with that film. I came to the set one day, on location on this mountain road, and the wardrobe woman was sitting near the camera and she had a kid. I said, "What's the matter with the kid?" She said he was sick. I said, "What's the matter?" "Well, he vomited a worm at lunch." I said, "He vomited a worm?"

She said, "Yeah, he's got a fever." I said, "Where's the doctor?" She said, "We're going to take him to the doctor after the next shot." I said, "Take him now!" She said, "Gillo wants to finish the scene first, then that will kill the location." So I called out and had the chauffeur come up and I said, "Take the kid to the fucking hospital right now." I really got steamed. If Gillo had been taller, I would have fucking fought with him. I really would have punched the guy out. I just looked at him. He said something and I got in the car and went home.

PLAYBOY: After all that happened, how was Pontecorvo to work with?

BRANDO: He started carrying a gun. Finally sent word to me that he was going to use it if I didn't do what he said. He laughed, but he actually had a gun on his belt. He was very superstitious, hysterically superstitious. He had two pocketsful of lucky charms. On Thursdays, you could not ask him any questions. He could not stand purple. If there was anything purple on the set, he would get rid of it—including wine at lunch. And I found out that the prop man has

*"As I got on the plane,
I said, 'Are you sure this
is the flight to Havana?'"*

*The hostess said,
'You get off this flight or
I'm going to have the FBI
man here.'"*

to play the first part in every picture. And that the prop man has to wear certain tennis shoes in all his pictures. And that he has to print a certain take.

I went after his superstitions. I walked under ladders. I had him fainting, staggering, just hanging on the ropes. I would spill salt all over the place, throw it around, on the ground. I'd open a door, take a mirror and say, "Hey, Gillo!" Then I'd take a hammer and go, "Whoom, whoom" [laughs]. He was trying to bullshit with me, he treated me like one would treat Burt Reynolds—I don't know why I've got it in for that poor apple.

But, as I said, you have to separate people from their talent. And, even at the time, I did not want to blow the picture, because it was an important picture. I really felt that it could have been a wonderful movie. But I had to give the very strong impression that I didn't give a fuck and I was willing to blow it all.

PLAYBOY: Wasn't it during the making of that picture that you were thrown off a

plane because they thought you were a hijacker?

BRANDO: Yeah. One time I was coming back from a three-day vacation, dragging my poor ass to the plane in Los Angeles. It was National Airlines, the only connecting flight to Colombia for three days. As I got on the plane, I said, "Are you sure this is the flight to Havana?" The hostess was tired. She didn't say anything, she just went to the pilot and said, "We've got a wisenheimer on board who wants to know if this is the flight to Havana." And the pilot said, "Get him off the flight." [Laughs] I couldn't believe my ears. I said, "I'm awfully sorry." She said, "You get off this flight or I'm going to have the FBI man here in a minute." I had a beard, so she didn't know who the fuck I was. I got off and ran past the counter and the guy said, "Mr. Brando, wait, what happened? Mr. Brando?" I was running like a son of a bitch, because I knew that he was going to tell the hostess, who would tell the captain, who would call the tower; the tower would call the desk and they were going to stop me and say, "Oh, it's all a big error." I was streaking down that thing like Jesse Owens in the old days. Then, of course, it appeared in the papers and all that shit. But I got three extra days out of it that I never would have gotten. Oh, I was never so glad. That was just wonderful.

PLAYBOY: Was *Burn!* the most frustrating of all your films?

BRANDO: I never had any trouble like that. Never.

PLAYBOY: What about *Mutiny on the Bounty*?

BRANDO: Oh, no, that's just all horseshit. Carol Reed wasn't doing the picture that they wanted and he was taking too much time. They also didn't have a script. And Reed quit. The stockholders meeting was coming up and the next thing I know, it appeared in the paper, some magazine article blaming me for the whole fucking thing. They did that to Elizabeth Taylor on *Cleopatra*.

PLAYBOY: Was that the magazine you sued for \$4,000,000?

BRANDO: *The Saturday Evening Post*. I just couldn't believe that they would do that. They dumped it all on me—its costs, its delays—and then the publicity mills just kept grinding it out. They were making up all these stories and they paid some fella to do a job on me in *The Saturday Evening Post*. So I hired a publicist for the first and only time in my life and said to him, "Listen, I'm not going to hold still for this; find out what's going on." He was Sam Spiegel's public-relations man, Bill Something, who later got hit by a taxi—serves him right.

PLAYBOY: Died?

BRANDO: Yeah. As it turned out, MGM

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was paying him off. They were paying him a salary and he was telling the head of the studio everything I told him. He wasn't representing me at all.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever follow through with your suit?

BRANDO: Yeah. I can't remember what happened; I think the *Post* settled, gave me some money.

PLAYBOY: Was that the only time you've ever sued a magazine?

BRANDO: Yeah; I wouldn't do it again. It's not worth the effort. Magazines want you to sue them. They'll write anything that's scurrilous, that sells a few hamburgers. What they get out of publicity is far in excess of what they pay in lawyers' fees. So Evel Knievel got a baseball bat and broke that guy's arms. I don't think that's such a bad idea.

PLAYBOY: Especially since you've broken at least one photographer's jaw yourself, when you punched Ron Galella in the mouth when he was taking pictures while you were going to dinner with Dick Cavett in Chinatown. Was that the only time you've lost your temper like that?

BRANDO: Oh, I've punched photographers out. Any time it has to do with the kids, I just go berserk. I can't stand any kind of invasion of privacy like that. I can't go to Italy anymore, because I'll be in jail. Last time I was there, a bunch of *paparazzi* were out there. I was saying good night to some guests. I had my son in my arms and I was outside and they started taking pictures. I put the kid down and ran after this guy. [Laughs] I took a terrific fucking swing at this guy. I couldn't see, they had lights on me, hell. I missed him and fell on my ass. Then I ran in and got a bottle of champagne and came running out the front door looking for anybody I could get hold of. One guy jumped on the hood of a car and then on the sidewalk. I followed him, chased him two fucking blocks. He was more scared than I was mad. I reached out to catch him and he jumped onto this streetcar and took off. I went back, two o'clock in the morning, and there's this tough guy banging on the door. My kids are in there, my wife. So I got a knife and I was just going to have it out with him. Tarita was wrestling and fighting me for the knife. Then I got myself together and realized, What the fuck am I doing? Go out and stab somebody in Italy and it's goodbye, Rachel.

So I called the American Embassy and said, "Let me speak to the Ambassador." They said he was asleep. I said, "I don't care what the fuck he's doing, I didn't ask you that, I told you to get him on the phone!" I was just pissing mad. Poor guy was intimidated. He got the Ambassador out of bed. "Mr. Ambassador," I said, "I'm being intimidated

here and I'm not going to stand for much more of this. You're going to have to make some arrangements." I went on and on.

The next morning, two *carabinieri* are out in front of my house in their fucking uniforms. And a photographer was out there, too. I had to go to work and the guy pointed his camera at me and the *carabiniere* put his hand right over the lens. He had no business doing that at all, it's completely against the law. But he did that, pushed the guy into a car, took him down to headquarters, said, "What have you got here, dope in this camera? Heroin? What is this stuff?" Opened the camera. "Oh, film. Sorry." They never bothered me after that.

PLAYBOY: What about Galella?

BRANDO: With Ron Galella, I really had to sit down and talk about that. I broke the guy's jaw. Sure, he was annoying me, but then, if it's so annoying to me, I should be in the lumber business. But the guy *wanted* to get hit. He was looking for some kind of incident like that. This guy was following me all day long.

"I broke photographer Ron Galella's jaw. Sure, he was annoying me, but then, if it's so annoying to me, I should be in the lumber business."

Taking pictures while I was on [Cavett's] show. And afterward, Dick and I went to Chinatown to get something to eat and the fucking guy comes around to take pictures. Finally, I started to get exasperated. I went over to the guy and said, "Would you please just take a few more pictures? You've had enough for today; give us a break." He was drawing crowds around us. So he said, "Well, if you'll give me some decent poses, take off your glasses, maybe I'll think about it." I didn't think. Just the attitude was overbearing. And that was it. He sued me. Cost me \$40,000. No, it cost me \$20,000; the rest was taken off in taxes. The last time I saw him, he was wearing a football helmet with a feather coming out of the top.

PLAYBOY: You're known to have kept friends since childhood. Do any of them talk about you?

BRANDO: None of my friends, if they're my friends, talk.

PLAYBOY: What happens to friends who write books about you?

BRANDO: They're not friends to begin

with. Friends don't write books, acquaintances do.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever read any of those books?

BRANDO: No. Life is not about that. Surely, life is about something other than sitting and reading books about yourself.

PLAYBOY: Are there many people in your profession for whom you have a lot of respect?

BRANDO: There are not many people in anybody's life that one can have a lot of respect for. No. How many people in your life do you have a lot of respect for?

PLAYBOY: A handful.

BRANDO: A handful? Well, same here.

PLAYBOY: What about Jane Fonda, Robert Redford?

BRANDO: I think Jane Fonda has done something. I could see her doing most anything. Redford's certainly been effective in pursuing his interests. Who always sings *I Left My Heart in San Francisco*?

PLAYBOY: Tony Bennett.

BRANDO: Yeah, Tony Bennett. He's been extremely helpful all the way along. He's a very decent guy, a very kind man. But I've never met a movie actor yet who made me fall to my knees in awe and wonder.

PLAYBOY: What about Tennessee Williams?

BRANDO: He's an enormously sensitive and cruelly honest person. If there are men who have a clean soul, he's one of them. He's an important and very brave man.

PLAYBOY: Any others?

BRANDO: Stella Adler and Elia Kazan were extremely important to me. I don't think I would have been able to ply my trade as well had I not been with them.

PLAYBOY: What distinguished Stella Adler from other acting teachers? What was she able to show you?

BRANDO: She was a very kind woman full of insights and she guided and helped me in my early days. I was certainly confused and restless. Outside of her phenomenal talent to communicate ideas, to bring forth hidden sensitivity in people, she was very helpful in a troubled time in my life. She is a teacher not only of acting but of life itself. She teaches people about themselves. I wouldn't want to say that it's psychotherapy, but it has very clear psychotherapeutic results. People learn about the mechanism of feeling. Whether they ever go on to being actors or not, it's irrelevant, they've learned a lot from her.

PLAYBOY: She once said, though, that she never taught you anything; she just opened doors for you and you kicked them down.

BRANDO: I would like to ask you, Vas ya dere, Charley? [Laughs] That's the great phrase that sustains me from one problem to another. It's so simple: Finally it

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where I met Adele?"

"A five-month winter,
and you still can't see
all the cross-country
trails in the
Outaouais Valley!"

"The instructors
up here do have a
different technique—and
vive la différence!"

"I'm picking up a lot
of French, skiing
the townships—
Pierre, Andre,
Claude..."

"Neither—you met
Marguerite and Adele
at Sainte-Anne,
in the gondola lift!"

"That's me!"



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The basic problems with sportscars don't exist in Scirocco.

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Even Scirocco's front-wheel drive is unusual, giving you enough superior directional control to take a curve with relish.

Traditionally, the sportscar

connotes an advanced state of design. The Giugiaro-styled Scirocco connotes the advanced state of the sportscar.

**VOLKSWAGEN
DOES IT
AGAIN**



comes down to saying, Vas ya dere, Charley?

PLAYBOY: One man with whom you were impressed was Justice William O. Douglas. Didn't you once go to see him about something?

BRANDO: Yes, I did. I was absolutely tongue-tied. I didn't know what in the world to say. I met him twice. Once in his chamber, he was gracious enough to admit me. I had a briefcase full of notes and wanted to talk about the American Indian. I couldn't put a sentence together. He sat there, "Yes?" He listened attentively. I suppose that intimidated me more than anything, that he was listening. I stuttered around, stammered. He said, "I have to go to the bench now." I said, "Oh, yes, yes, of course, quite so. Goodbye, Mr. Justice, Mr. Douglas, uh..."

PLAYBOY: Was that the only time that's ever happened to you?

BRANDO: Yeah.

PLAYBOY: That doesn't seem to happen to people like Bob Hope, John Wayne or Sammy Davis Jr. when they meet with politicians like Nixon and Ford. How effective are such people in influencing others to support someone like Nixon?

BRANDO: Well, we ate the pudding, so... I think it's just window dressing. Politicians go and get a few movie stars to put behind their ears like political flowers. It's parsley. They're just attention-getting devices, like those flags in the used-car lots that wave in the wind, multicolored iridescent things, drive along and they attract your attention for two seconds and that's the end of the show.

PLAYBOY: But when celebrities lend their names to \$1000-a-plate dinners, it does seem to bring in the money.

BRANDO: They're shills. Political shills.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that was Carter's intention when he named Paul Newman to be a delegate to the UN special session concerning disarmament?

BRANDO: [Laughs]

PLAYBOY: Why are you laughing?

BRANDO: [Laughing] I wasn't laughing, I was coughing. Something in my drink.

PLAYBOY: You're not drinking anything. Anyway, would you get involved if Carter asked you?

BRANDO: I would not be involved in any formal or informal way with the Government. If I can be helpful, it will not be because I'm an officeholder. I think Paul would be very effective as a politician. He's an intelligent, personable, fair-minded guy.

PLAYBOY: Since we've got you talking about one actor, you'll understand it if we segue into opinions on other actors. Wasn't there a rivalry between you and Montgomery Clift in the old days?

BRANDO: I think that's beneath me. It's too silly.

PLAYBOY: We had to ask.

BRANDO: I know you had to ask me, but then I had to say it's too silly when you did ask me.

PLAYBOY: Another such rivalry, according to the press, is between you and Frank Sinatra, stemming from the fact that you got the better role—and better songs—in *Guys and Dolls*. Sinatra has apparently called you the most over-rated actor in the world.

BRANDO: I don't think that's true. You didn't hear him say that. Vas ya dere, Charley? And you weren't. So, unless he says that to my face, it's not going to have any great significance. And even if he did say it, I don't know if it's going to break my stride.

PLAYBOY: The press does play up rivalries, obviously.

BRANDO: Of course they do. That's how they make their bread and butter. What else are they going to do, write serious stories about people?

PLAYBOY: What magazines do you read?

BRANDO: *Scientific American*, *Science Digest*, *The New York Review of Books*, *The Co Evolution Quarterly*.

*"I beat the Army by being
declared psychoneurotic.
When I filled in their forms,
under 'Race,' I wrote,
'Human.'"*

PLAYBOY: Serious stuff. Do you ever lighten it with something like the *Reader's Digest*, to keep in touch with the common man?

BRANDO: The *Reader's Digest* is the most popular publication in America, outside of the Bible, as far as I know. It is also the worst piece of trash I've ever seen in my life. I shouldn't say that—maybe they'll do an article about Indians. [Laughs] But I think they know it is not *The New York Times Book Review*; it's not *Esquire*; it's not **PLAYBOY**; it's not *Scientific American*.

PLAYBOY: What about books?

BRANDO: I used to read an awful lot. Then I found that I had a lot of information and very little knowledge. I couldn't learn from reading. I was doing something else by reading, just filling up this hopper full of information, but it was undigested information. I used to think the more intelligence you had, the more knowledge you had, but it's not true. Look at Bill Buckley; he uses his intelligence to further his own prejudices.

Why one reads is important. If it's just for escape, that's all right, it's like taking junk, it's meaningless. It's kind

of an insult to yourself. Like modern conversation—it's used to keep people away from one another, because people don't feel assaulted by conversation so much as silence. People have to make conversation in order to fill up this void. Void is terrifying to most people. We can't have a direct confrontation with somebody in silence—because what you're really having is a full and more meaningful confrontation.

PLAYBOY: It's a good thing you didn't express that in the beginning of this interview or it would have been a very short interview, indeed. Before we began tapping, you told us of a recurrent nightmare you have about being sick, in the Korean War—

BRANDO: I didn't say the Korean War. I said that it just would be horrible... to be someplace in a war where you're freezing and sick, you have diarrhea, no way of getting back... it would be awful.

I always wondered why people went off to war, get themselves blown apart. The Korean War, the Vietnam war, why would they do it? Why not say, Christ, I'll go to jail for five years and that will be worth it, but I'm not going to get my head blown off, that's absurd, I'm not going. A lot of them did it. But the number who did not go was not so impressive as the number who went.

PLAYBOY: When you were of draft age, how did you avoid the Army?

BRANDO: I beat the Army by being declared psychoneurotic. They thought I was crazy. When I filled in their forms, under "Race," I wrote, "Human"; under "Color," I wrote, "It varies." Also, I got thrown out of military school, which helped.

PLAYBOY: You must have made your parents proud.

BRANDO: When I was kicked out of military school, my father thought I was a nogoodnik, I wasn't going to amount to anything. When I went into acting, that was the worst thing. When I started making money at it, he couldn't believe the kind of money I was making. It kind of blew his mind. He didn't know how to handle it.

PLAYBOY: How about yourself? How did you respond to the pressure? Did you ever become dependent on drugs or drink?

BRANDO: How individuals or society responds to pressure is the determination of their general state of mental health. There isn't a society in the world that has not invented some artificial means to change their minds, their mood, whether it's cacao or kola nut or alcohol. There are 5,000,000 or 10,000,000 alcoholics in the United States.

But all kinds of drugs have been with man forever and a day. If they're used as
(concluded on page 242)

FRESH FROM THE TROPICS. THE RUM-LACED COCONUT.

Introducing CocoRibe™ Liqueur.

Wild Island Coconuts Laced with fine Virgin Islands Rum.

CocoRibe™ is the Caribbean drink.
Whether you drink it straight,
on the rocks, or with
pineapple juice, milk,
orange juice or tonic,
one sip will take you back
to that lazy day by that
Caribbean lagoon.
But, be careful.
It is from the tropics.
And, it is wild.



FIRST LOOK
at a new novel



GOMEZ

it was going to be a stairway to the universe, but first they had to move a sacred mountain; a magnificent space adventure—and crowning novel—by the dean of sci-fi

HIS FRIENDS called him Johan. The world, when it remembered him, called him Raja. His full name epitomized 500 years of history: Johan Oliver de Alwis Sri Rajasinghe.

There had been a time when the tourists visiting the Rock had sought him out with cameras and recorders, but now a whole generation knew nothing of the days when his was the most familiar face in the Solar System. He did not regret his past glory, for it had brought him the gratitude of all mankind.

Power had come to him; he had never sought it. And it had always been a very special, limited kind of power—advisory, not executive. He was only special assistant (acting ambassador) for political affairs, directly responsible to president and council, with a staff that never exceeded ten.

It was Ambassador-at-Large Rajasinghe who got all the publicity, as he moved from one trouble spot to another, massaging egos here, defusing crises there and manipulating the truth with consummate skill. Never actually lying, of course; that would have been fatal.

When he had begun to enjoy the game for its own sake, it was time to quit.

That had been 20 years ago, and he had never regretted his decision. Those

who predicted that boredom would succeed where the temptations of power had failed did not know their man or understand his origins. He had gone back to the fields and forests of his youth and was living only a kilometer from the great, brooding rock that had dominated his childhood. Indeed, his villa was actually inside the wide moat that surrounded the pleasure gardens, and the

THE FOUNTAINS OF PARADISE

PART II

fiction

BY ARTHUR C. CLARKE

fountains that Kalidasa's architect had designed now splashed in Johan's own courtyard, after a silence of 2000 years.

Securing this history-drenched piece of land for his retirement had given Johan more satisfaction than anything in his whole career, fulfilling a dream that he had never believed could come true.

Through long and bitter experience, Rajasinghe had learned never to trust first impressions, but also never to ignore them. He had half expected that, like his achievements, Vannevar Morgan would be a large, imposing man. Instead, the engineer was well below average height and at first glance might even have been called frail. That slender body, however, was all sinew, and the raven-black hair framed a face that looked younger than its 51 years.

Rajasinghe knew power when he saw it, for power had been his business; and it was power that he was facing now. Beware of small men, he had often told himself—for they are the movers and shakers of the world.

And with this thought, there came the first flicker of apprehension. As far as Rajasinghe was aware, he and Morgan had no interests in common, beyond those of any men in this day and age. They had never had any prior communication; indeed, he had barely recognized Morgan's name. Still more unusual was the fact that the engineer had asked him to keep this meeting confidential.

Although Rajasinghe had complied, it was with a feeling of resentment. There was no need, anymore, for secrecy in his peaceful life; the last thing he wanted now was for some important mystery to impinge upon his well-ordered existence.

Yet what upset him most was not the mild secrecy but his own total bewilderment. The chief engineer (land) of the Terran Construction Corporation was not going to travel thousands of kilometers merely to ask for his autograph, or to express the usual tourist platitudes. He must have come here for some specific purpose—and, try as he might, Rajasinghe was unable to imagine it.

Rajasinghe knew that Morgan was linked with T.C.C.'s greatest triumph—the ultimate bridge. He had watched, with half the world, when the final section was lifted gently skyward by the Graf Zeppelin II—itsself one of the marvels of the age. All the airship's luxurious fittings had been removed to save weight; the famous swimming pool had been drained and the reactors were pumping their excess heat into the gasbags to give extra lift. It was the first time that a dead weight of more than 1000 tons had ever been hoisted three kilometers

straight up into the sky, and everything—doubtless to the disappointment of millions—had gone without a hitch.

"My apologies, Ambassador," said Morgan as he climbed out of the electro-trike. "I hope the delay hasn't inconvenienced you."

"Not at all; my time is my own. You've eaten, I hope?"

"Yes—when they canceled my Rome connection, at least they gave me an excellent lunch."

"Probably better than you'd get at the Hotel Yakkagala. I've arranged a room for the night—it's only a kilometer from here. I'm afraid we'll have to postpone our discussion until breakfast."

Morgan looked disappointed but gave a shrug of acquiescence. "Well, I've plenty of work to keep me busy. I assume that the hotel has full executive facilities—or at least a standard terminal."

"I wouldn't guarantee anything much more sophisticated than a telephone. But I have a better suggestion. In just over half an hour, I'm taking some friends to the Rock. There's a *son-et-lumière* performance that I strongly recommend, and you're very welcome to join us."

He could tell that Morgan was trying to think of a polite excuse.

"That's very kind of you, but I really must contact my office. . . ."

"You can use my console. I can promise you—you'll find the show fascinating, and it lasts only an hour. Oh, I'd forgotten—you don't want anyone to know you're here. Well, I'll introduce you as Dr. Smith from the University of Tasmania. I'm sure my friends won't recognize you."

Rajasinghe had no intention of offending his visitor, but there was no mistaking Morgan's brief flash of irritation. The ex-diplomat's instincts automatically came into play; he filed the reaction for future reference.

Interesting, he thought as he led his guest into the villa; but probably not important. Provisional hypothesis: Morgan was a frustrated, perhaps even a disappointed, man. It was hard to see why, since he was a leader of his profession. What *more* could he want?

There was one obvious answer; Rajasinghe knew the symptoms well, if only because in his case, the disease had long since burned itself out.

"*Fame is the spur,*" he recited in the silence of his thoughts. How did the rest of it go? "*That last infirmity of noble mind. . . . To scorn delights, and live laborious days.*"

Yes, that might explain the discontent his still-sensitive antennae had detected. And he suddenly recalled that the immense inverted rainbow linking Europe and Africa was almost invariably called

the bridge . . . occasionally the Gibraltar Bridge . . . but never Morgan's Bridge.

Well, Rajasinghe thought to himself, if you're looking for fame, Dr. Morgan, you won't find it here. Then why in the name of a thousand *yakkas* have you come to quiet little Taprobane?

DEMON ROCK

The cunningly contrived historical pageant of light and sound still had power to move Rajasinghe, though he had seen it a dozen times and knew every trick of the programing.

The little amphitheater faced the western wall of Yakkagala, its 200 seats all carefully oriented so that each spectator looked up into the laser projectors at the correct angle. The performance always began at exactly the same time throughout the year—19:00 hours.

Already, it was so dark that the Rock was invisible, revealing its presence only as a huge, black shadow eclipsing the early stars. Then, out of that darkness, there came the slow beating of a muffled drum; and presently a calm, dispassionate voice:

"This is the story of a king who murdered his father and was killed by his brother. In the bloodstained history of mankind, that is nothing new. But *this* king left an abiding monument; and a legend that has endured for centuries. . . ."

"His name was Kalidasa and he was born 100 years after Christ, in Ranapura, City of Gold—for centuries the capital of the Taprobanean kings. But there was a shadow across his birth. . . ."

The music became louder, as flutes and strings joined the throbbing drum, to trace out a haunting, regal melody in the night air. A point of light began to burn on the face of the Rock; then, abruptly, it expanded—and suddenly it seemed that a magic window had opened into the past, to reveal a world more vivid and colorful than life itself.

The dramatization, thought Morgan, was excellent; he was glad that, for once, he had let courtesy override his impulse to work. He saw the joy of King Paravana when his favorite concubine presented him with his first-born son—and understood how that joy was both augmented and diminished when, only 24 hours later, the queen herself produced a better claimant to the throne. Though first in time, Kalidasa would not be first in precedence; and so the stage was set for tragedy.

"Yet in the early years of their boyhood, Kalidasa and his half brother Malgara were the closest of friends. They grew up together quite unconscious of their rival destinies and the intrigues that festered around them. The first cause of trouble had nothing to do with the



*"That's fate. I meet Alice and end up in Wonderland,
and you meet Hugh M. Hefner. ...!"*

accident of birth; it was only a well-intentioned, innocent gift. . . .

"To the court of King Paravana came envoys bearing tribute from many lands—silk from Cathay, gold from Hindustan, burnished armor from Imperial Rome. And one day a simple hunter from the jungle ventured into the great city, bearing a gift that he hoped would please the royal family—a tiny snow-white monkey.

"According to the chronicles, nothing like it had ever been seen before; its hair was white as milk, its eyes pink as rubies. Some thought it a good omen—others an evil one, because white is the color of death and of mourning. And their fears, alas, were well founded. . . .

"Prince Kalidasa loved his little pet and called it Hanuman after the valiant monkey-god of the *Ramayana*. The king's jeweler constructed a small golden cart, in which Hanuman would sit solemnly while he was drawn through the court, to the delight of all who watched.

"For his part, Hanuman loved Kalidasa and would allow no one else to handle him. He was especially jealous of Prince Malgara—almost as if he sensed the rivalry to come. And then, one unlucky day, he bit the heir to the throne. . . .

"The bite was trifling—its consequences, immense. A few days later, Hanuman was poisoned—doubtless by order of the queen. That was the end of Kalidasa's childhood; thereafter, it is said, he never loved or trusted another human being. And his friendship toward Malgara turned to bitter enmity.

"Nor was this the only trouble that stemmed from the death of one small monkey. By command of the king, a special tomb was built for Hanuman, in the shape of the traditional bell-shaped shrine or dagoba.

"Now, this was an extraordinary thing to do, for it aroused the instant hostility of the monks. Dagobas were reserved for relics of the Buddha, and this act appeared to be one of deliberate sacrilege.

"Indeed, that may well have been its intention, for King Paravana had now come under the sway of a Hindu swami and was turning against the Buddhist faith. Although Prince Kalidasa was too young to be involved in this conflict, much of the monks' hatred was now directed against him. So began a feud that in the years to come was to tear the kingdom apart. . . .

"Like many of the other tales recorded in the ancient chronicles of Taprobane, for almost 2000 years there was no proof that the story of Hanuman and young Prince Kalidasa was anything but a charming legend. Then, in 2015, a team of Harvard archaeologists discovered the foundations of a small shrine in the

grounds of the old Ranapura Palace. The shrine appeared to have been deliberately destroyed, for all the brickwork of the superstructure had vanished.

"The usual relic chamber set in the foundations was empty, obviously robbed of its contents centuries ago. But the students had tools of which the old-time treasure hunters never dreamed; their neutrino survey disclosed a *second* relic chamber, much deeper. The upper one was only a decoy, and it had served its purpose well. The lower chamber still held the burden of love and hate it had carried down the centuries—inside the little golden cart, which still looked as if it had come straight from the craftsman's workshop, was a bundle of tiny bones."

Morgan listened to the story with fascination. The years had passed and a complex family quarrel ensued. Then the crown prince Malgara and the queen mother fled to India, and Kalidasa killed his father and seized the throne.

So Kalidasa became the master of Taprobane, but at a price that few men would be willing to pay. For, as the chronicles recorded, always he lived "in fear of the next world and of his brother." Sooner or later, Malgara would return to seek his rightful throne.

For a few years, like the long line of kings before him, Kalidasa held court in Ranapura. Then, for reasons of which history is silent, he abandoned the royal capital for the isolated rock monolith of Yakkagala, 40 kilometers away in the jungle.

There were some who argued that he sought an impregnable fortress, safe from the vengeance of his brother. Yet, in the end, he spurned its protection—and, if it was merely a citadel, why was Yakkagala surrounded by immense pleasure gardens whose construction must have demanded as much labor as the walls and moat themselves? Above all, *why the frescoes?*

As the narrator posed this question, the entire western face of the Rock materialized out of the darkness—not as it was now but as it must have been 2000 years ago. A band starting 100 meters from the ground, and running the full width of the Rock, had been smoothed and covered with plaster, upon which were portrayed scores of beautiful women—life-size, from the waist upward. Some were in profile, others fullface, and all followed the same basic pattern.

Ocher-skinned, voluptuously bosomed, they were clad either in jewels alone or in the most transparent of upper garments. Some wore towering and elaborate headdresses—others, apparently, crowns. Many carried bowls of flowers or held single blossoms nipped delicately between thumb and forefinger. Though

about half were darker-skinned than their companions and appeared to be handmaidens, they were no less elaborately coiffured and bejeweled.

"Once, there were more than two hundred figures. But the rains and winds of centuries have destroyed all except twenty, which were protected by an overhanging ledge of rock.

"No one knows who they were, what they represented and *why* they were created with such labor, in so inaccessible a spot. The favorite theory is that they were celestial beings and that all Kalidasa's efforts here were devoted to creating a heaven on earth, with its attendant goddesses. Perhaps he believed himself a god-king, as the Pharaohs of Egypt had done; perhaps that is why he borrowed from them the image of the Sphinx, guarding the entrance to his palace.

"And here he lived, for almost twenty years, awaiting the doom that he knew would come. And at last Malgara came. From the summit of the Rock, Kalidasa saw the invaders marching from the north. Perhaps he believed himself impregnable; but he did not test it.

"For he left the safety of his great fortress and rode out to meet his brother in the neutral ground between the two armies. One would give much to know what words they spoke, at that last encounter. Some say they embraced before they parted; it may be true.

"Then the armies met, like the waves of the sea. Kalidasa was fighting on his own territory, with men who knew the land, and at first it seemed certain that victory would go to him. But then occurred another of those accidents that determine the fate of nations.

"Kalidasa's great war elephant, caparisoned with the royal banners, turned aside to avoid a patch of marshy ground. The defenders thought that the king was retreating. Their morale broke; they scattered, as the chronicles record, like chaff from the winnowing fan.

"Kalidasa was found on the battlefield, dead by his own hand. Malgara became king. And Yakkagala was abandoned to the jungle, not to be discovered again for seventeen hundred years."

THROUGH THE TELESCOPE

"My secret vice," Rajasinghe called it, with wry amusement but also with regret. It had been years since he had climbed to the summit of Yakkagala, and though he could fly there whenever he wished, that did not give the same feeling of achievement. To do it the easy way bypassed the most fascinating architectural details of the ascent; no one could hope to understand the mind of Kalidasa without following his footsteps

(continued on page 168)

WHY THE BRITISH LOVE TO DRESS IN DRAG

article

By ROBERT MORLEY



our pudgy hero in bra and panties? god save the queen!

IT IS A GREAT HELP for a man to be in love with himself. For an actor, however, it is absolutely essential. Self-love is the most enduring and satisfactory emotion of which human life is capable. I have little patience with anyone who is not self-satisfied. I am always pleased to see my friends, happy to be with my wife and family, but the high spot of every day is when I first catch a glimpse of myself in the shaving mirror. At the same time, I am aware that my fans and I cannot always continue to grow old together. Some of them must, alas, fall by the wayside or grow too old and infirm to totter down

the aisle even at matinees. They must, of necessity, content themselves with their memories of my performances in earlier and happier days. My problem, therefore, since memory pays nothing at the box office, is to entrap others who have so far evaded the net that I have so assiduously cast in the small pond of which I own the fishing rights. I have never been a deep-sea fisherman; it is not in my nature to trawl in the vast oceans where Olivier, Richardson, Gielgud and Robards defy the elements. I avoid the great play as I would the great wave. I prefer the ripples of laughter (continued on page 306)

25 BEAUTIFUL YEARS



*over the past quarter century,
playboy has brought you
the world's loveliest women.*

*herewith, the ones we
consider the most memorable*

WE'RE NOT SURE that such a poll has ever been taken, but we'd bet that if readers were asked to give the first phrase they thought of in association with PLAYBOY, that phrase most often would be: "Women. Beautiful women." After all, way back in 1960, an editorial in that distinctly nonerotic London publication *The Architects' Journal* called our Playmates "one of America's greatest gifts to Western culture." We'll buy that, but we'd also like to point out—as most of you already know—that the Playmates form only part of the, ah, body of our contribution to the worldwide pastime of girl watching. Some of this generation's most famous movie goddesses have appeared in PLAYBOY; the magazine got its start, in fact, with one such legend, Marilyn Monroe. When we began making plans for this silver-anniversary issue, we found it difficult to choose *which* beautiful women to feature. (Everyone should have such troubles.) If you don't find your personal favorite among those shown, you have our sincerest regrets, but that's also a tribute to the wealth of gorgeous ladies who've made the pages of PLAYBOY such a joy to behold.

MARILYN MONROE As *Sweetheart of the Month*, she helped make PLAYBOY's first issue a virtual sellout. MM became a generation's love goddess; said Clark Gable, her co-star in *The Misfits*, which was the last film for both: "She made a man proud to be a man."

JANET PILGRIM *Playboy's Office Playmate* (above right) made the first of three gatefold appearances in July 1955. Who's the shadowy figure in the background? Hef, that's who. Janet retired from PLAYBOY to raise a family, now lives in New England.

JUNE WILKINSON Another all-time favorite, June (right) was a relatively unheralded British actress when she made her PLAYBOY bow as "The Bosom" in September 1958. She subsequently became a familiar figure in movies and on TV, including *Playboy's Penthouse*.





JAYNE MANSFIELD Miss February 1955 was an unknown when we found her: *PLAYBOY* and *Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?* changed all that. Jayne (left) starred in 11 films and six of our most popular pictorials.

ANITA EKBERG Everybody called her statuesque, so it was no surprise when sculptor Sepy Dobronyi chose her as a model for a work in bronze. Below, one of his figure studies, published in our August 1956 issue.





JO COLLINS Our 1965 Playmate of the Year, Jo (left) went to Vietnam to deliver a lifetime subscription to some GIs. Later, she wed baseball's no-hit pitcher Bo Belinsky; after that union struck out, she married a Chicago businessman.

CHRISTA SPECK Christa was our September 1961 Playmate, but her most memorable picture is the one below, from *Playmate Holiday House Party* that December. Christa wed noted puppeteer Marty Krofft, creator of *H. R. Pufnstuf*.





KIM NOVAK Kim (above), like *PLAYBOY*, a product of Chicago, was already an established film star when she posed for these exclusive photos in her Big Sur hideaway. *At Home with Kim* was published in our February 1965 issue.



DONNA MICHELLE It was a brief hop from our December 1963 gatefold to the title of Playmate of the Year in 1964. Donna (right) reappeared many times in *PLAYBOY*, usually before, once behind the camera: She became a photographer.

CAROL LYNLEY Like Brooke Shields, Carol (left) was a top subteen model before becoming an actress—though she did wait till the ripe old age of 15 before changing careers. Here's a picture from our March 1965 feature *Carol Lynley Grows Up*.



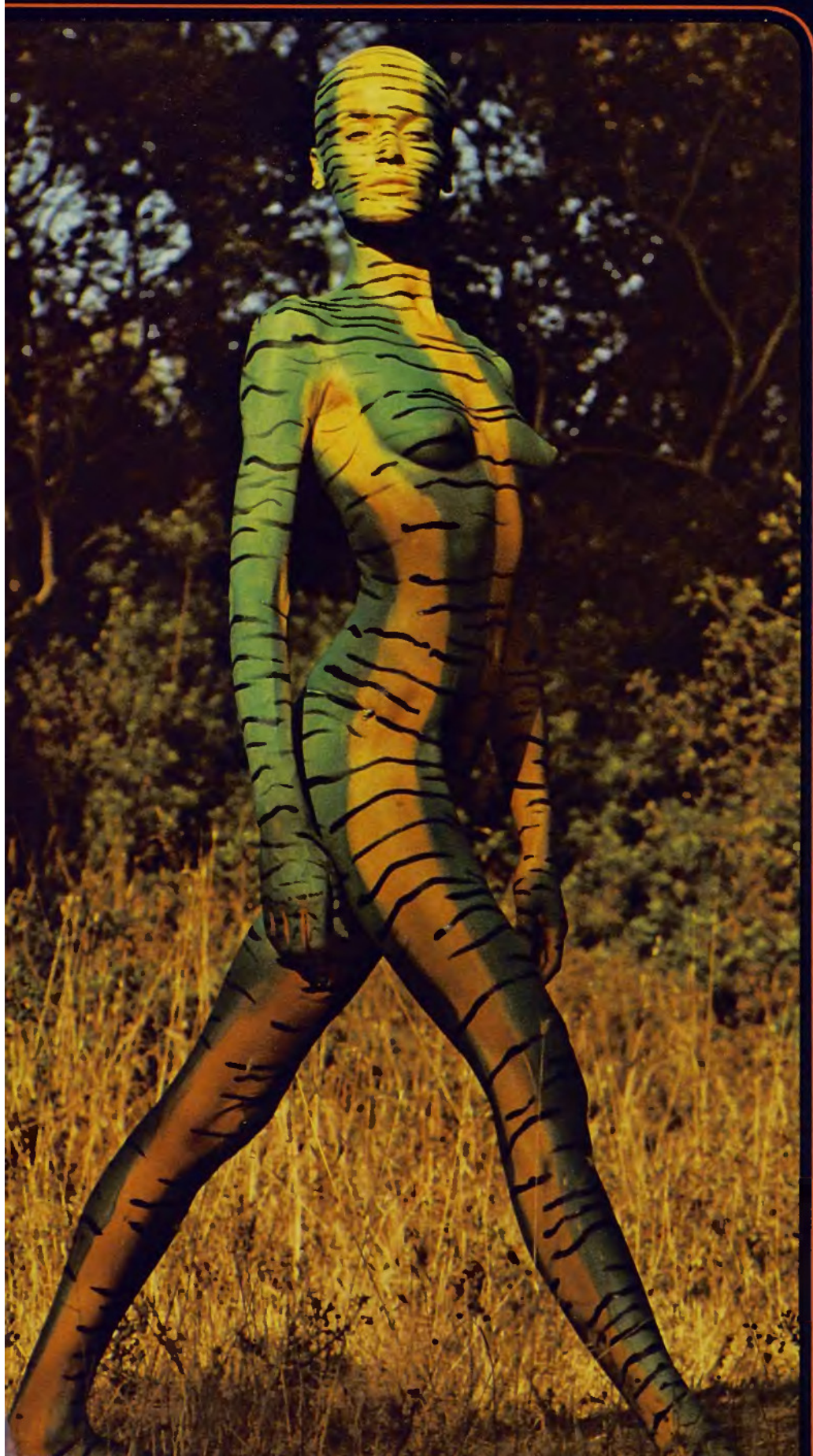


URSULA ANDRESS *"She" Is Ursula Andress*, 12 pages tagged to her 1965 movie, *She*, was photographed by her then husband, director/actor John Derek. At the time, it was the longest PLAYBOY pictorial ever devoted to one woman.

ELKE SOMMER "Elke is the perfect wife—inexpensive to dress," wrote photojournalist Joe Hyams in a September 1970 pictorial tribute to his actress spouse (right). Elke's still acting, Joe's still writing—and they're still happily married.



CATHERINE DENEUE Photographer David Bailey and the actress/model (right) who's been called the world's most beautiful woman were just friends when he shot *France's Deneuve Wave* (October 1965); shortly afterward, though, they wed.



PAULA KELLY Lawrence Schiller's series of strobe exposures captured this actress/dancer at her most captivating for our August 1969 feature *Sweet Paula*. This was, incidentally, the debut of pubic hair in the magazine.

VERUSCHKA This high-fashion model went back to nature in *Stalking the Wild Veruschka* (January 1971). At left, a bit of body paint turns Countess Vera Gottlieb von Lehndorff (her real name) into a sensuous snake.

**MARY AND MADELEINE
COLLINSON**

Identical models from Malta, these spirited young ladies became our only twin Playmates in October 1970. After that introduction, they moved right along into movies; e.g., *The Love Machine*.





MARILYN COLE The Playmate of the Year for 1973, Marilyn (left) is a native of Portsmouth who was a Bunny and public-relations officer at our London Club before appearing on the January 1972 centerfold. Next she pursued a modeling career but has now returned to doing PR at London's Clermont Club.

BARBI BENTON She made her showbiz bow in the cast of *Playboy After Dark*, where she met host Hugh Hefner. The rest, as they say, is history. Lately, Barbi's been busy in television (*Sugar Time!*, *Murder at the Mardi Gras*) and making hit records, mainly country, which explains the January 1977 pose at right.



CLAUDIA JENNINGS Another Playmate of the Year, Claudia (right) held the title in 1970 (after appearing as Miss November 1969). Since then, she has become even better known as "Queen of the B Movies." You saw her most recently in the futuristic thriller *Deathsport*, opposite David Carradine; her next will be *Fast Company*.







LILLIAN MULLER An unforgettable blonde, this Norwegian import (above) was Miss August 1975, then Playmate of the Year for 1976. Not surprisingly, she caught the eye of directors; you may have seen her last season on TV (*The Night They Took Miss Beautiful*).

BRIGITTE BARDOT Her life may not have begun at 40, but it sure didn't end there, either, as the photo at left, from January 1975, taken just past that milestone birthday, proves. Although BB's first *PLAYBOY* pictures had been published in 1958, she had barely aged.

SARAH MILES This 1976 shot (and others from *The Sailor Who Fell from Grace*) of Sarah and co-star Kris Kristofferson was rumored to have caused trouble at home for Kris; he's still married to Rita Coolidge, however, so she must have concluded it was all in a day's work.





PATTI MCGUIRE In November 1976, we introduced *Missouri Breaker*, our good-buddy gatefold girl—and her fellow C.B. enthusiasts everywhere flipped. Result: We named Patti (left), a former Bunny at the St. Louis Playboy Club, Playmate of the Year for 1977.

DEBRA JO FONDREN The reigning Playmate of the Year—and one of the most outstanding ever (below)—is our *Hair Apparent*, a Rapunzel-tressed blonde from Beaumont, Texas. Debra Jo's been busy criss-crossing the continent on personal-appearance tours.





LIV LINDELAND Another Norwegian, Miss January 1971 (left) was **PLAYBOY's** first full-frontal-nude Playmate—and Playmate of the Year for 1972. Now married, Liv is attending real-estate school—and painting abstracts.



"Morgan was walking briskly around the very edge of the cliff, centimeters away from the sheer drop."

all the way from pleasure gardens to aerial palace.

But there was a substitute that could give an aging man considerable satisfaction. Years ago, he had acquired a compact and powerful 20-centimeter telescope; through it he could roam the entire western wall of the Rock, retracing the path he had followed to the summit so many times in the past.

Rajasinghe seldom used the telescope in the morning, because the sun was then on the far side of Yakkagala and little could be seen on the shadowed western face.

Yet now, as he glanced out the wide picture window that gave him an almost complete view of Yakkagala, he was surprised to see a tiny figure moving along the crest of the Rock, partly silhouetted against the sky. Visitors never climbed to the top so soon after dawn—the guard wouldn't even unlock the elevator to the frescoes for another hour. Rajasinghe wondered who the early bird could be.

He rolled out of bed and swung the stubby barrel toward the Rock.

"I might have guessed it!" he told himself, with considerable pleasure, as he switched to high power. So last night's show had impressed Morgan, as well it should have done. The engineer was seeing for himself, in the short time available, how Kalidasa's architects had met the challenge imposed upon them.

Then Rajasinghe noticed something quite alarming. Morgan was walking briskly around the very edge of the sheer cliff, not centimeters away from the sheer drop that few tourists ever dared approach. Not many had the courage even to sit in the Elephant Throne, with their feet dangling over the abyss; but now the engineer was actually kneeling beside it, holding on to the carved stonework with one casual arm—and leaning right out into nothingness as he surveyed the rock face below. Rajasinghe, who had never been very happy even with such familiar heights as Yakkagala's, decided that Morgan must be one of those rare people who are completely unaffected by heights.

Now what was he doing? He was on his knees at the side of the Elephant Throne and was holding a small rectangular box. Rajasinghe could catch only glimpses of it, and the manner in which the engineer was using it made no sense at all. Was he planning to build something there? Not that it would be allowed, of course, and Rajasinghe could

imagine no conceivable attractions for such a site.

And then Rajasinghe, who had always prided himself on his self-control, even in the most dramatic and unexpected situations, gave an involuntary cry of horror. Vannevar Morgan had stepped casually backward off the face of the cliff, out into empty space.

THE GOD-KING'S PALACE

Vannevar Morgan had not slept well, and that was most unusual. He had always taken pride in his self-awareness and his insight into his own drives and emotions. If he could not sleep, he wanted to know why.

Until yesterday, he had never heard of Yakkagala; indeed, until a few weeks ago, he was only vaguely aware of Taprobane itself, until the logic of his quest directed him inexorably toward the island. By now, he should already have left; whereas, in fact, his mission had not yet begun. He did not mind the slight disruption of his schedule; what *did* perturb him was the feeling that he was being moved by forces beyond his understanding.

If he succeeded in the task that confronted him, he would be famous for centuries to come. Already, his mind, strength and will were being taxed to the utmost; he had no time for idle distractions. Yet he had become fascinated by the achievements of an engineer-architect 2000 years dead, belonging to a totally alien culture. And there was the mystery of Kalidasa himself; what was his purpose in building Yakkagala? The king might have been a monster, but there was something about his character that struck a chord in the secret places of Morgan's own heart.

Sunrise would be in 30 minutes; it was still two hours before his breakfast with Ambassador Rajasinghe. That would be long enough—and he might have no other opportunity.

He had already closed the door of his room when he had a sudden afterthought. For a moment, he stood hesitantly in the corridor; then he smiled and shrugged his shoulders. It wouldn't do any harm, and one never knew. . . .

Once more back in his room, Morgan unlocked his suitcase and took out a small flat box, about the size and shape of a pocket calculator. He checked the battery charge, tested the manual override, then clipped it to the steel buckle of his strong leather waist belt. Now

he was, indeed, ready to enter Kalidasa's haunted kingdom, and to face whatever demons it held.

The fountains along the axis of the gardens rose and fell together with a languid rhythm, as if they were breathing slowly in unison. There was not another human being in sight; he had the whole expanse of Yakkagala to himself.

Morgan walked past the line of fountains, feeling their spray against his skin, and stopped once to admire the beautifully carved stone guttering—obviously original—that carried the overflow. He wondered how the old-time hydraulic engineers lifted the water to drive the fountains, and what pressure differences they could handle; these soaring, vertical jets must have been truly astonishing to those who first witnessed them.

The sun rose, pouring welcome warmth upon his back as Morgan passed through the gap in the massive ramparts that formed the outer defenses of the fortress. Before him, spanned by a narrow stone bridge, were the still waters of the great moat, stretching in a perfectly straight line for half a kilometer on either side. A small flotilla of swans sailed hopefully toward him through the lilies, then dispersed with ruffled feathers when it was clear that he had no food to offer. On the far side of the bridge, he came to a second, smaller wall and climbed the narrow flight of stairs cut through it; and there before him loomed the sheer face of the Rock.

And now ahead was a steep flight of granite steps, their treads so uncomfortably narrow that they could barely accommodate Morgan's boots. Did the people who built this extraordinary place have such tiny feet? he wondered. Or was it a clever ruse of the architect, to discourage unfriendly visitors?

A small platform, then another identical flight of steps, and Morgan found himself on a long, slowly ascending gallery cut into the lower flanks of the Rock. He was now more than 50 meters above the surrounding plain, but the view was completely blocked by a high wall coated with smooth yellow plaster. The Rock above him overhung so much that he might almost have been walking along a tunnel, for only a narrow band of sky was visible overhead.

Halfway along the stone gallery, Morgan came to the now locked door of the little elevator leading to the famous frescoes, 20 meters directly above. He craned his neck to see them, but they were obscured by the platform of the visitors' viewing cage, clinging like a metal bird's nest to the outward-leaning face of the Rock. Some tourists, Rajasinghe had told him, took one look at the dizzy location of the frescoes and decided to satisfy themselves with photographs.

(continued on page 228)

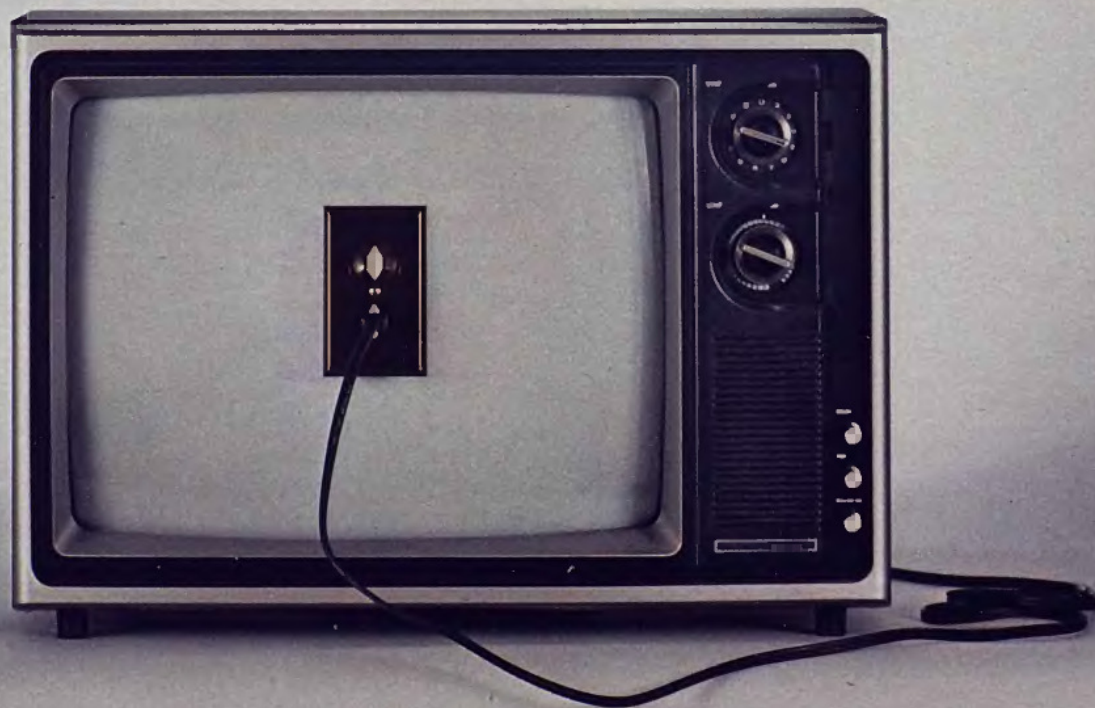
POWER FAILURE

opinion By DAVID HALBERSTAM

*the trouble you're experiencing
with television is not the fault of your set. ...*

LET US NOW praise Bill Moyers and Robert MacNeil. They are journalists, both of them, television journalists, to be specific, and they do not make as much money as some of their colleagues on the network news shows, nor do they have anywhere near the audiences. But they have become, in the best sense, in a society that desperately needs precisely this, among our best national voices. They form an important part of our national social life line. They have done that, ironically enough, by resisting the temptations of the far more powerful life line of network television.

Let us start with MacNeil. He was once a correspondent for the Canadian Broadcasting Company, and a very good one at (continued on page 262)



BEYOND 1984

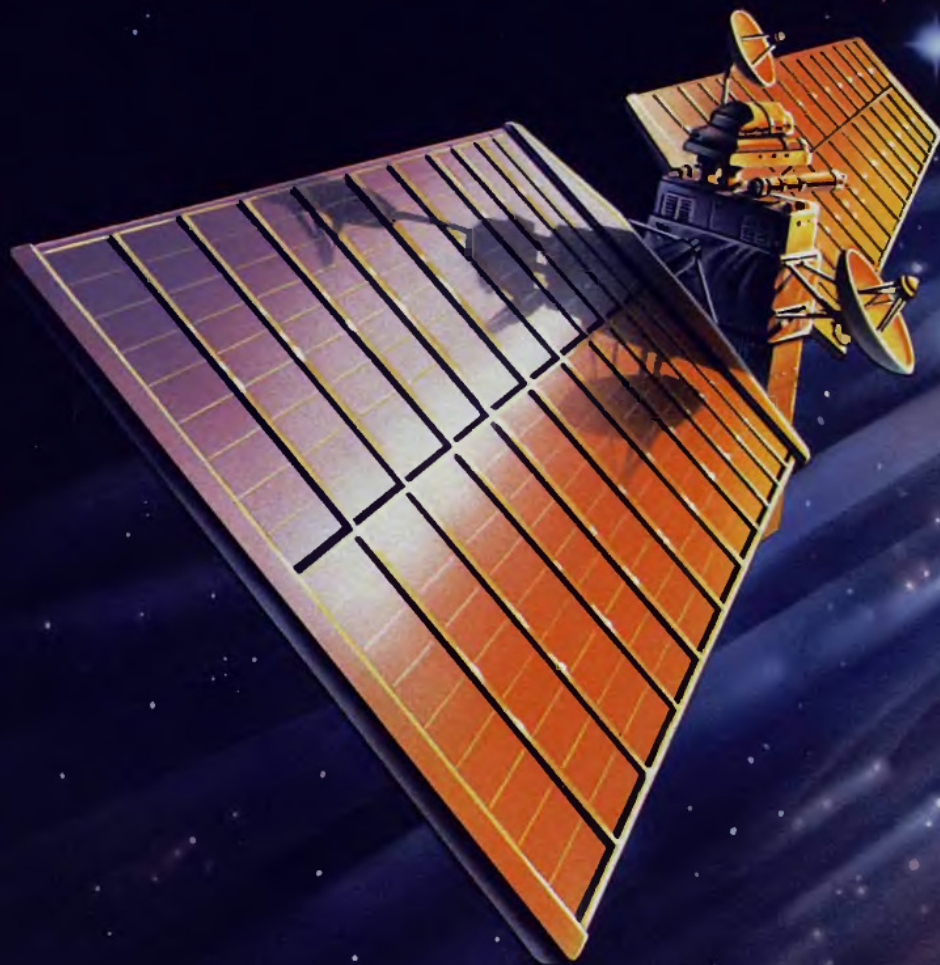
*halley's comet is on its way
and the "mad" scientists at the jet
propulsion laboratory in pasadena
are planning a little surprise*

essay **By RAY BRADBURY** DON'T LOOK NOW, but the Eighties are almost upon us. Which means that the usual Chicken Little end-of-the-world doomsters are rushing in circles, colliding with themselves and shouting, "Head for the hills, the dam is broke." Here comes 1984. Watch out, there's Big Brother.

Bulrushes and sauerkraut.

Nineteen eighty-four will never arrive.

Yes, the year itself will show up but not as a Kremlin in gargoyle or an Orwellian beast. We have for the time being, anyway, knocked Big Brother into the next century. With luck and if we keep our eye on the ballot box and our chameleon politicians, he may never recover. Meanwhile, just beyond 1984, a truly grand year awaits us. Nineteen eighty-six will be a special time. Why special and why grand? If 1984 once symbolized the worst of man, 1986 might just possibly symbolize nothing but the best. For that is the year we





earthlings will enjoy a close encounter of the fourth kind.

A visitor from beyond will hark itself on our solar doorstep for some few months, then vanish like some Christmas ghost. We will not see it again for another 76 years. How shall we react? In one scenario, we will toss ourselves high in celebrations to meet this ghost. We will stand forth in space and wave the cold beast in. We will laugh in its face. We will probe its icy flesh and swirl our technological matador's cape as it rushes by us some 100,000 miles per hour. We will pierce its heart with the finest brightest swords that science can forge, then offer to crowds around the world the secret of the birth of the solar system.

In another scenario, we will watch an artist's conception of the event on television, our faces illuminated by the pale light of the tube. A commentator will mourn: "Maybe next time."

The visitor, of course, is Halley's comet. The villain is Congress, which must approve the funds for this grand scheme. And who are the people who would play tag with the cosmic train? The amiable "mad" scientists at the Jet Propulsion Laboratory in Pasadena, California.

Those are the same wild folks who helped bring you Mars Viking landings I and II. The folks who remind me of that old Bob Hope/Jerry Colonna routine in which Hope shouts at the sky:

"Colonna, what are you doing up there?"

"Building a bridge—starting at the top."

"But," cries Hope, "you can't do that!"

Colonna shrugs and turns to his workers:

"All right, boys, tear it down."

But the blueprinters at J.P.L. won't tear anything down. They are used to building imaginary bridges, starting at the top, then riveting a foundation under the dream before it blows away.

Those are the folks who want to build a bridge to Mars, who would send a probe there that would return with samples from the surface. Those are the folks who want to build a bridge to Titan to sample the atmosphere of Saturn's most literary moon. They would orbit Jupiter, land on Mercury and send a robot to summer camp on Mars. They are dreamers who, when they awake, try to sell their dreams to NASA and a skinflint Congress.

If Congress wants to share the dream of a Halley's-comet encounter, it will have to reach into its purse and pull out some \$500,000,000. And it will have to do so in the near future. If it waits too long, there won't be time for the experimental draftings, the many test failures and the final successes that plague and reward such grandiose exercises. The bureauc-

racy that made Big Brother possible will kill the dream.

One plan to rendezvous with Halley's comet has already bitten the dust. In 1977, scientists at J.P.L. were toying with the idea of a solar sail, a giant kite, a stringless Mylar wonder, several miles square, with all our souls as its endless tail. The sail was to be powered by the light of the sun.

Pure sunlight can do that? It can. Light rays exert pressure in the form of protons—massless particles. When these particles strike a surface, they are, in effect, a supersonic wind blowing against a sail.

The original comet-intercept plan was simple and elegant. The sail would be a thin breath of Mylar plastic skinned out over some aluminum spider that might well measure as much as half a mile wide. This vast experiment would be tucked in special shuttles and launched into space. There, astronauts would scramble to unfurl the beauty, raise the sail, finish out the kite, then hop back into the shuttles and let the sun push the sail with its massless winds. Set free, the sail would be controlled and balanced by vanes.

Slowly it would build speed, until it reached the 100,000 mph necessary to make the rendezvous. Unlike normal rockets, which are limited in the amount of fuel they can carry, and in their final speed, the solar sail would find its fuel in space.

To reach rendezvous speed, a launch would have to have been made by 1981. The seed money should have been granted in 1978. It didn't happen. NASA looked at the comet-intercept project, compared the benefits with other priority projects (including another comet project) and crossed off the solar sail from its 1978 shopping list.

The scientists at J.P.L. were undaunted. They had an alternative propulsion system on the drawing boards: the ion drive, a galactic butterfly that can spin sunlight into electricity, to emit a soft violet blast. Like the solar sail, it finds its fuel in space. Dr. Ken Atkins, head of the comet-intercept program at J.P.L., pulled the ion drive out of the hat and said, Lo: We can't build up speed to rendezvous, but we can cut across the path of the visitor and drop an instrument package down the throat of the comet.

And just for a touch of class, the J.P.L. plan offered a two-for-one shot: The ion-drive craft could fly by Halley's comet, then, two years later, rendezvous with Tempel II, a bright little visitor that drops by every 5.3 years. We could pace the comet past Mercury without setting ourselves aflame, then tag along when it moved back out to hide itself in the mine-shaft universe.

The project can be done; the only

question is, will it be done?

That depends on the Congress and/or the President. The latter is questionable. Space is low down on their priority scale.

Why *should* we spend half a billion dollars on a comet? Because we must confront the mystery. What is a comet? The question runs back beyond Bethlehem, before the birth of the Pharaohs.

Is a comet a somewhat soiled but mighty snowball hurled from the left hand of God some winter morning He has long since forgotten? Is it the breath of some old sun now dead but whose final sigh now comes to whisper round our yard? Is it a halation of dusts and interplanetary cinders, fragments of meteoroid flaked from some chance encounter with a far planetary system?

The commonest theory, advanced by Fred Whipple in 1950, describes cometary bodies as blizzards of frozen gases and small nonvolatile solids. Small comets are a few hundred meters in diameter. The largest measure 20 miles across. As a comet enters the system, the sun heats the frozen sphere. The solar wind blows the debris into a tail, or comma, 1,000,000 miles in length.

The scientific community is very interested in the Comet Rendezvous Program. It is likely that the debris caught in the frozen grasp of the comet head is primordial. As old as the universe. The Halley probe could analyze the dust by spectrometer and magnetometer. Cameras could give us a view of the birth scars of the solar system. It is an opportunity too important to pass up because of mere economics.

Of course, there are other comets. The boys at J.P.L. have come up with several alternative missions between now and the turn of the century. But Halley's comet is so American. Indeed, when I first heard of the project, I suggested calling the probe the Mark Twain. Why?

Well, now, Mark Twain was born in 1835, when Halley's comet tore across the sky to welcome him. Doubtful of miracles, suspicious of heaven, nonetheless, Twain later predicted he would depart this Earth when the comet came back to fetch him. It did, and Twain did, in 1910.

Halley's comet has a power over men's imaginations that far exceeds shuttle diplomacy or the best of prime-time television.

At the core of our Mark Twain celestial explorer would be cameras and multipurpose devices to photograph the comet, take its temperature and, with luck, knife through to its bright interior. The instrument package we would hurl into the face of Halley's comet is doomed—at 57 kilometers per second, the comet devours everything in its path. Another fate awaits the surviving part of the

(continued on page 353)



*"Are you coming out to the sauna, Sven, or do I
have to come in and drag you out?"*



SEX IS POLITICS

and vice versa

essay By GORE VIDAL

"BUT SURELY you do not favor the publishing of pornography?"

When you hear someone say do not instead of don't, you know that you are either in court or on television. I was on television, being interviewed by two men—or persons, as they say nowadays. One was a conservative, representing the decent opinion of half a nation. One was a reactionary, representing the decent opinion of half a nation.

"Of course, I favor the publishing of—"

"You favor pornography?" The reactionary was distressed, appalled, sickened.

"I said the *publishing* of pornography, yes. . . ."

"But what's the difference? I mean between being in favor of publishing pornography and pornography?"

The conservative was troubled.

"Whether or not I personally like or dislike pornography is immaterial."

Television is a great leveler. You always end up sounding like the people who ask the questions.

"The freedom to publish *anything* is guaranteed by the First Amendment to the Constitution. That is the law. Whether you or I or anyone likes what is published is"—

repetition coming up. I was tired—

ILLUSTRATIONS BY KINUKO Y. CRAFT





"is, uh, immaterial. The First Amendment guarantees us the right to say and write and publish what we want. . . ."

Before I could make the usual exemptions for libel and for the reporting of troop movements during wartime and for that man or person who falsely yells fire in a crowded theater (all absolutes are relative beneath the sun), the conservative struck. "But," he said, eyes agleam with what looked to be deep feeling but was actually collyrium, "the founders of the United States"—he paused, reverently; looked at me, sincerely; realized, unhappily, that I was staring at the lacing to his hairpiece (half the men who appear on television professionally are bald; why?). Nervously, he touched his forehead, and continued—"of America intended freedom of speech only for . . . uh, politics."

"But sex is politics," I began . . . and ended.

I got two blank stares. I might just as well have said that the Pelagian heresy will never take root in south Amish country. Neither the conservative nor the reactionary had ever heard anyone say anything like that before and I knew that I could never explain myself in the seven remaining in-depth minutes of air time. I was also distracted by that toupee. Mentally, I rearranged it. Pushed it



farther back on his head. Didn't like the result. Tried it lower down. All the while, we spoke of Important Matters. I said that I did not think it a good idea for people to molest children. This was disingenuous. My secret hero is the late King Herod.

•

Sex is politics.

In the year or two since that encounter on television, I have been reminded almost daily of the fact that not only is sex politics but sex both directly and indirectly has been a major issue in this year's elections. The Equal Rights Amendment, abortion, homosexuality are hot issues that affect not only the political process but the private lives of millions of people.

The sexual attitudes of any given society are the result of political decisions. In certain militaristic societies, homosexual relationships were encouraged on the ground that pairs of dedicated lovers (Thebes's Sacred Legion, the Spartan buddy system) would fight more vigorously than reluctant draftees. In societies where it is necessary to force great masses of people to do work that they don't want to do (building pyramids, working on the Detroit assembly line), marriage at an early age is encouraged on the sensible ground that if a married man is

fired, his wife and children are going to starve, too. That grim knowledge makes for docility.

Although our notions about what constitutes correct sexual behavior are usually based on religious texts, those texts are invariably interpreted by the rulers in order to keep control over the ruled. Any sexual or intellectual or recreational or political activity that might decrease the amount of coal mined, the number of pyramids built, the quantity of junk food confected will be proscribed through laws that, in turn, are based on divine revelations handed down by whatever god or gods happen to be in fashion at the moment. Religions are manipulated in order to serve those who govern society and not the other way around. This is a brand-new thought to most Americans, whether once or twice or never bathed in the blood of the Lamb.

Traditionally, Judaeo-Christianity approved of sex only between men and women who had been married in a religious ceremony. The newlyweds were then instructed to have children who would, in turn, grow up and have more children (the Reverend Malthus worried about this inverted pyramid), who would continue to serve the society as loyal workers and dutiful consumers.

For the married couple, sexual activity outside marriage is still a taboo. Although sexual activity before marriage is equally taboo, it is more or less accepted if the two parties are really and truly serious and sincere and mature . . . in other words, if they are prepared to do their duty by one day getting married in order to bring forth new worker-consumers in obedience to God's law, which tends to resemble with suspicious niceness the will of the society's owners.

Fortunately, nothing human is constant. Today civil marriages outnumber religious marriages; divorce is commonplace; contraception is universally practiced, while abortion is legal for those with money. But our rulers have given ground on these sexual-social issues with great reluctance, and it is no secret that there is a good deal of frustration in the board rooms of the republic.

For one thing, workers are less obedient than they used to be. If fired, they can go on welfare—the Devil's invention. Also, the fact that most jobs men do women can do and do do has endangered the old patriarchal order. A woman who can support herself and her child is a threat to marriage, and marriage is the central institution whereby the owners of the world control those who do the work. Homosexuality also threatens that ancient domination, because men who don't have wives or children to worry

about are not as easily dominated as those men who do.

At any given moment in a society's life, there are certain hot buttons that a politician can push in order to get a predictably hot response. A decade ago, if you asked President Nixon what he intended to do about unemployment, he was apt to answer, "Marijuana is a half-way house to something worse." It is good politics to talk against sin—and don't worry about *non sequiturs*. In fact, it is positively un-American—even Communist—to discuss a real issue such as unemployment or who is stealing all that money at the Pentagon.

To divert the electorate, the unscrupulous American politician will go after those groups not regarded benignly by Old or New Testament. The descendants of Ham are permanently unpopular with white Americans. Unhappily for the hot-button pusher, it is considered bad taste to go after blacks openly. But code phrases may be used. Everyone knows that "welfare chiseler" means nigger, as does "law and order." The first on the ground that the majority of those on welfare are black (actually, they are white); the second because it is generally believed that most urban crimes are committed by blacks against whites (actually they are committed by jobless blacks against other blacks). But poor blacks are not the only target. Many Christers and some Jews don't like poor white people very much, on the old Puritan ground that if you're good, God will make you rich. This is a familiar evangelical Christian line, recently unfurled by born-again millionaire Walter Hoving. When he found himself short \$2,400,000 of the amount he needed to buy Bonwit Teller, Mr. Hoving "opened himself up to the Lord," who promptly came through with the money. "It was completely a miracle." Now we know why the rich are always with us. God likes them.

Jews are permanently unpopular with American Christers because they are forever responsible for Jesus' murder, no matter what those idolatrous wine-soaked Roman Catholics at the Second Vatican Council said. It is true that with the establishment of Israel, the Christers now have a grudging admiration for the Jew as bully. Nevertheless, in once-and-twice-born land, it is an article of faith that America's mass media are owned by Jews who mean to overthrow God's country. Consequently, "mass media" is this year's code phrase for get the kikes, while "Save Our Children" means get the fags.

But politics, like sex, often makes for odd alliances. This year, militant Christers in tandem with militant Jews are pushing the sort of hot buttons that they think will strengthen the country's ownership by firming up the family. Appar-

ently, the family can be strengthened only by depriving women of equal status not only in the market place but also in relation to their own bodies (Thou shalt not abort). That is why the defeat of the Equal Rights Amendment to the Constitution is of great symbolic importance.

Family Saviors also favor strong laws designed, ostensibly, to curtail pornography but actually intended to deny freedom of speech to those that they dislike.

Now, it is not possible for a governing class to maintain its power if there are not hot buttons to push. A few months ago, the "Giveaway of the Panama Canal" issue looked as though it were going to be a very hot button, indeed. It was thought that if, somehow, American manhood could be made to seem at stake in Panama, there was a chance that a sort of subliminal sexual button might be pushed, triggering throughout the land a howl of manly rage, particularly from ladies at church receptions: American manhood has never been an exclusively masculine preserve. But, ultimately, American manhood (so recently kneed by the Viet Cong) did not feel endangered by the partial loss of a fairly dull canal, and so that button jammed.

The issue of Cuban imperialism also seemed warm to the touch. Apparently, Castro's invincible troops are now on the march from one end of Africa to the other. If Somalia falls, Mali falls; if Mali falls. . . . No one cares. Africa is too far away, while Cuba is too small and too near to be dangerous.

In desperation, the nation's ownership has now gone back to the tried-and-true hot buttons: Save our children, our fetuses, our ladies' rooms from the godless enemy. As usual, the sex buttons have proved satisfyingly hot.

But what do Americans actually think about sex when no one is pressing a button? Recently, *Time* magazine polled a cross section of the populace. Not surprisingly, 61 percent felt that "it's getting harder and harder to know what's right and what's wrong these days." Most confused were people over 50 and under 25. Meanwhile, 76 percent said that they believed that it was "morally wrong" for a married man to be unfaithful to his wife, while 79 percent thought it wrong to cheat on her husband.

Sexual relations between teenagers were condemned by 63 percent while 34 percent felt that a young man should be a virgin on his wedding night or afternoon. Nevertheless, what people consider to be morally objectionable does not seem to have much effect on what they actually do: 55 percent of unmarried women and 85 percent of unmarried men admit to having had sex by the age

(continued on page 214)

Grin and Bare It



playboy encores the stars who played around on our pages

SEX, CELEBRITIES and comedy have been important ingredients throughout PLAYBOY's 25-year history. We need not remind anyone that Marilyn Monroe appeared in our first issue. What many may not remember, however, is that that first issue also contained a cartoon feature (*Vip on Sex*) and a nude pictorial with humorous captions (*An Open*

Letter from California). Eventually, we hit upon blending all three elements in one package, and the celebrity sex-capade has become one of our more popular endeavors. As an anniversary treat, we're encoring scenes from some of those pictorials; if you're a longtime PLAYBOY reader, there are sure to be a number of others that have tickled



In Sellers Mimes the Movie Lovers (April 1964), Peter Sellers portrays two of filmdom's unlikely lotharios: José Ferrer in *Moulin Rouge* (above) and Groucho Marx (above right), as well as the legendary Valentino (preceding page).



In January 1970's *The Good, the Bad and the Ugly*, an Italian Western filmed in Spain with an out-of-hock Japanese camera, the luckless Concetta tries to remove Tony Randall's overripe poncha (below)—and wins a quick trip to Capezio Boot Hill.

A Lot of Clothing and The Missionary Position (right) are good ways to prevent lovemaking, advises Monty Python's Eric Idle in *The Vatican Sex Manual*, a November 1976 collection of 13 positions for avoiding both sexual pleasure and the confessional.

your funny bone and tantalized your libido. Between-the-scenes shootings on movie sets have been an especially good source of big names, bodies and belly laughs. Remember *In Bed with Becket* (February 1964)? Shot during the filming of *Becket*, it showed us how Richard Burton, Peter O'Toole and French actress Veronique Vendell relaxed on the set between takes: They went to bed, that's how. We've always wondered if director Peter Glenville had any trouble getting his stars back to the script. Sean Connery and Jean Seberg had some good clean fun in *Sean Connery Strikes Again!* (July 1966) as they stirred things up in a whirlpool bath during the making of *A Fine Madness*. The late Zero Mostel seemed to have a penchant for choosing roles in movies that the theatergoing public never saw, at least in their original form. A sex-comedy film called *Fourplay* was to have had a segment in which Zero and Estelle Parsons were forced to ball on national TV in order to ransom their kidnapped daughter. Censors





Omar Sharif (right) plays *Funny Girl's* Nicky Arnstein in this scene from *Omar Acts Up* (December 1968). Martin Mull (below) shows us the wrong and the right ways to bed a lady in *Martin Mull's Guide to Sophisticated Seduction* (July 1978).





In a segment of *Fourplay* (A Comedy in Three Acts), about a film that became *Foreplay* after a 1973 Supreme Court decision caused the producers to delete the sexier parts of the original script, Pat Paulsen has a little trouble turning on his life-sized doll, played by Deborah Loomis, as shown in our April 1974 issue (above). He finally gets her going by tugging on her ear lobe.

Woody Allen combines two all-time-favorite activities—martial arts and sex—in our February 1969 pictorial *Shindai!* about the Japanese art of pillow fighting (right) that is probably as old as the Orient itself. Maybe even a week older. Trickery is an important part of the game strategy. Woody manages to get through it all with his glasses unsteamed.

Imagine being surrounded by a roomful of voluptuous, willing women: That's what Peter Ustinov is fantasizing in *A Hypothetical History of Harems* (left), a look at what our lives would have been like had seraglios supplanted monogamy. In this shot from our January 1965 feature, Ali Ben Ustinov prefers the distant charms of a *PLAYBOY* gatefold to those displayed close at hand.





intervened and those scenes appeared in *PLAYBOY* but not at your local cinema. Many of the shots from 37"-22"-37" Meets 50"-47"-50" (September 1969), in which Zero and Julie Newmar shared a bubble bath, were meant to be seen in *Monsieur Lecoq*; the film was never finished because of production problems. Woody Allen has made several appearances in *PLAYBOY*, as author, scriptwriter and star. It's possible that none of his relatives have spoken to him since our November 1967 publication of *My Family Photo Album*, in which he told us

that "a family characteristic was the craving to be trapped by muscular women, held down and breaded like a veal cutlet." Still more weird sexual fantasies were acted out in Woody's cinematic version of Dr. David Reuben's best seller, *Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex*. In the film (and, not incidentally, in our September 1972 feature), Allen depicted everyman's damp fantasies. Lest you think we're resting on our laurels, our cameras are already focusing on still more stars doing their uninhibited best for future issues.



HAS WOMEN'S LIB CREATED A NEW MAN?



ZSA ZSA GABOR, Actress

I don't think men will ever change. For me, I like *only* a domineering man, a strong man. I love men and I love to live with them, and my hope was always to get a man stronger than I am. Once, I was married to a weak man, a wonderful, sweet, darling man, and for a long time I was sorry I divorced him, because he was so kind and nice, and that compensated for his lack of strength. Maybe he was too kind and sweet to be strong. Then again, once I lived for years with a very *macho* man who was wonderful in sports but who was too demanding—and who was really nothing but just a male animal.

I don't know what I want. None of us really know what we want. I mean, when we get what we want, then we don't want it. We like variety like the guys do.

But the women's movement hasn't changed my sex life at all. It wouldn't dare.

SALLY QUINN, Journalist

Most of my men friends would say they thought women were equal, yes, and they intellectually believe that, but

emotionally, it is still hard for them to accept. I find the contradiction all the time: men saying one thing and behaving another way. At a recent dinner party, I sat between a Senator and a famous columnist, and neither asked me a single question about myself or talked to me at all. My whole function was to draw *them* out: What do you do? How do you feel about this, Senator? How do you feel about that?

Once men live with a woman who is "liberated," they see that the women's liberation is their liberation, and the women's independence is their independence.

LAINIE KAZAN, Singer

Men have had to change; they had no choice. It became inevitable that women

were going to be in power in certain areas and that they'd have to be dealt with.

Judging from my friends and the other people I see, women feel freer nowadays to experiment sexually, to not be as attached to one human being. I don't know whether that's good or bad. My own sex life hasn't changed. I'm not a promiscuous person, that's just my personal taste. I'm a one-man woman, even if it's only for a week.

Men's sex lives have changed: Women are much more available. But maybe that's inhibiting men. Maybe some men can't handle the new aggressive attitude of the new woman.

*we asked 17 women—from marie osmond
to bianca jagger to zsa zsa gabor—if they
thought the movement had changed men and
got—you guessed it—17 different answers*



DR. HARRIET LEVE, Cofounder of
San Francisco's Bisexual Center

We've always believed that women were totally romantic and that love was the main issue in their lives, and we always made such a clear and distinct differentiation between men and women. What I'm striving for is not to have that differentiation at all.

CAROL DODA, Topless dancer

Men have accepted the fact that women should be treated as equals in business, but they have not accepted the emotional part. Men are less aggressive than they used to be. Since the

movement, men are afraid to relate, afraid to show their feelings, afraid to just *be themselves*.

If a man *thinks* that the movement has intimidated him, he's been brainwashed, and so it makes it difficult for me: If I'm not aggressive toward a man, I might never get anywhere. I'm tired of being the aggressor. That's man's nature, not mine. Sure, I think that women should be aggressive sometimes, but I'll be damned if I want to be that way all the time! Nowadays, men don't want to put their feelings on the line. They're afraid of being hurt.

CHRISTINE JORGENSEN, Transsexual

In my opinion, the movement is not

strictly to liberate women, it's to liberate men. For every liberated woman, there's a more liberated man.

I think there've been more and more dents made in all armors, not just in that of the traditional male. Women still want a man to be a man, yes, but they don't want him going around flexing his muscles and shouting, "I'm a man!"

The thing now is there are fewer frustrated women. Women now are more capable of expressing their desires sexually instead of being an old-time submissive object. The old way wasn't much fun for women, and probably wasn't much fun for men, either.

Of course, there's a differentiation between male and female, and I think it will always be there. *Vive la différence!*

MARY MORGAN (MRS. BENJAMIN SPOCK), Wife and staunch feminist

Please don't call me Mary Spock. Mary Morgan is my name, and that symbolizes that I still have my own identity. Ben and I feel that I don't want to be an appendage.

See, there's a big difference between being just nice and kind and polite to women and in understanding the

injustice that has been happening to women all these years. Ben sees the difference, and if he hadn't got the message loud and clear, I wouldn't have married him. Ben was convinced how in a very serious way his book contributed to women's being scripted to play roles.

The movement has altered people's sex lives. Some women have found that they can have sexual relationships with different men—and with women, too. I wholly support the bisexuality of the movement and I think it is very liberating. It offers different options for women. It also doubles a woman's chance for a date on Saturday night.

Do women really need a man? Well, I have a shirt on right now and it says: A WOMAN NEEDS A MAN LIKE A FISH NEEDS A BICYCLE.

EILEEN FORD, Model-agency head and wife

Well, my husband hasn't changed, he hasn't been moved around by women's liberation; he's as much a male-chauvinist pig as ever.

Women aren't trying to make any dents in the traditional male armor. They're in love with it. As far as I'm concerned, any man a rational woman would want is a man who can be classified as a male chauvinist. I don't want to see my husband doing the laundry, the dishes, I don't want my husband to take over women's functions. And I don't want to take over his.

It's simple: A man's got to be boss. A man doesn't want to be your shadow, and shouldn't be. Because you lose respect for him and he loses respect for himself. And when a woman thinks she's boss, you know what happens? The man is gonna go out and find somebody who is warm and loving and who wants a man. Don't let anybody tell you that marriage is a two-way street. Marriage is a one-way street, and it better be his.

Men were always free; why should they change? Nowadays, they're just getting more for nothing. I would say that, yes, there's been change: Men went from best to better.

ABIGAIL VAN BUREN ("Dear Abby"), Advice columnist

As far as men's reactions being favorable to the movement, I'm stumped. It could be, but I just don't know whether men are favorable or whether they are putting us on. I mean, how can we tell?

MARIE OSMOND, Television performer

I think men have changed in some ways, but I really don't know. I think a man should still be a man and that a

woman should assume her proper role of being a woman. I'm not saying that she's anything less by that. I'm saying that once a man thinks a woman is less, then shame on him.

I don't need any organization to tell me how to be a woman. I don't go along with their views and I don't agree with a lot of their beliefs, but I believe they've made a dent to a certain extent to a certain type of woman.

If a man and a woman share an equal relationship, she should be behind him, not against him, not trying to be better than he is. You know, you get a woman out there trying to beat her husband, all you get is a big bunch of tension.

PHYLLIS DILLER, Comedian

Men don't want to admit that they've had to change. They don't want to admit they were ever unfair. But they were. Men are hedging, but they're realizing that they have to accept the fact that women have picked themselves up and that things have changed.

I didn't change. I didn't have to. I've always been liberated. Look at me, for God's sake: I supported all the husbands and all the children.

I've changed my attitude toward men, but not because of any movement. I changed because I realized that I had attracted two weak men to myself, and I realize that I must never do that again.

What I like are thin, strong, tall, men-men. Not *macho* men, that's phony. I don't like muscles. I have no time for the I'm-the-boss type. That's very unattractive. If you have to flaunt anything, I don't think it's real. Honey, if you've got it, everybody *knows* it.

I can't imagine a woman not wanting a normal relationship with a man. We want a man who is very charismatic, very gentle, gentle in bed, good sex, good out in the world, and completely in control of himself at all times. Why shouldn't men be that way? Women have been doing it for centuries.

MITZI GAYNOR, Performer

I should think that men would be happy about the changes. It used to be a man had to go through all that number of making a date, and so on; now a girl picks up the phone and says, "Hey, I'm lonesome and I want you, let's get cooking."

Man by nature has always been in the position where he brought home the bread, he made the phone call, he was the pursuer. Well, it ain't that way anymore, and it's hard for guys to adjust.

Men and women are different, that's all. A man can make love to a woman and the second it's over, he's already

thinking he's gonna be late for the office; the woman, she's dreaming all day how wonderful it was. Men's bodies are constructed differently: A man is much more—you should pardon the expression—up front than a woman is. It takes a lot more to arouse a woman, but it takes very little if the man is in the mood.

What do women want? Women like to depend on things, but they like to be treated equally, too. Women are not scatterbrained and helter-skelter. Women like a nice home and a hearth and a slab of bacon by the stove. That's the truth. I don't think women have changed very much at all. Maybe the movement has gone far enough. I don't know what's going to happen or how much better things are going to be; no matter how you look at it, it's still a man's world.

BIANCA JAGGER, Jet setter

Things are changing. Women's education is changing. Change, not liberation; I don't like the words women's liberation. What changes do I see in men's behavior? To be honest, I think that people treat you the way you allow them to treat you, whether there's women's liberation or not. If you allow people to disrespect you, they will disrespect you whether you belong to women's liberation or not. Me, I don't allow disrespect.

What do I really want as a woman? I want it all.

CLAUDIA JENNINGS, Actress

Men changed for the better? Bulllllll-shitttttt! Men are lying a lot more, and I'm not: I'm more sure of myself since the movement, I don't question myself half as much as a man does. I'm always on the soapbox lately about this subject and people say, "Hey, Claudia, get off the fem-lib soapbox," and I say, "Shove it up your ass." I have no time for male or female pretense.

What do I want? I want all the fairy tales: a man who is bright, and into his woman's work, a man who would support me emotionally as well as financially. I want somebody to pay the rent, so I don't have to be pressured when I go out to get a gig.

Sure, the sex lives of women have changed. Absolutely. Women speak to women much more openly nowadays—sort of encouraging one another, and finding out that we're not the only ones who aren't having orgasms. Women have always lied about sex, and many of them are still lying: Convention says that if you're married and you love the man, you have a great sex life. Well, that's bullshit.

Have men's sex lives changed? They
(concluded on page 332)



"I'm sorry, but you're not the sort of man who reads PLAYBOY!"

THE GREAT PLAYMATE HUNT

in what may have been the biggest search party in history, we went looking for that one very special woman and wound up with more than we had bargained for

At the peak of the 25th Anniversary Playmate Hunt, a little old lady called the Governors Inn near Raleigh, North Carolina, where photographer Bill Arsenault was receiving Playmate applicants. "May I speak to Mr. Playboy?" she asked. "Can you be more specific?" asked the hotel operator. "Yes," said the lady, "I want to speak to the Devil." "I'm sorry," came the reply, "but neither party is registered here."

THAT LITTLE old lady notwithstanding, nearly everybody loves Playmates. Ever since we unveiled Marilyn Monroe as our first Playmate in 1953 (under the guise of Sweetheart of the Month), we've tried to bring our readers a special kind of girl in our centerfold—a person with a rare, fresh sort of beauty that's always arresting. Faced with the task of finding our 25th Anniversary Playmate, we realized that we'd have to



make an extraordinary effort. We've learned from experience that some of the most beautiful women are somewhat shy; and because so many of our Playmates in the past have said they never would have posed nude for any magazine other than PLAYBOY, we knew that odds were that our Playmate Perfect wouldn't come to us unless she knew we were looking for her.

That's why last June, after months of planning, we launched the most massive search in our history to find the right girl. First we placed an advertisement in daily and college newspapers in 28 cities that said, in part: "PLAYBOY IS SEARCHING FOR A SPECIAL PLAYMATE. . . . The lucky lady will receive a \$25,000 modeling fee and could represent PLAYBOY on TV and in public appearances throughout our anniversary year!" Those who consider themselves

PLAYBOY Contributing Photographer David Chan interviews a Toronto applicant (above), as he sits at a desk covered with Polaroids that were a fraction of a day's shooting there. While Chan was in Canada, we found Debra Selkirk, 24 (below), in New York. A native Brooklynite ("I'm more genuine than John Travolta," she told us), Debra recently became a Bunny in the New York Playboy Club.



It looked like the Boardwalk in Atlantic City when the Playmate Hunt arrived at the Beverly Hilton in Los Angeles. At right, Miki Garcia, Director of Playmate Promotions (left), reviews a bevy of Southern California Playmate hopefuls.



We discovered both of the lodies above north of the border. Dorothy Stratten, 18 (left), is a clerk-typist for the phone company in Burnaby, British Columbia. Dorothy says she likes to wear "sexy clothes or none at all." And you may have seen Sylvie Garant (right), a Toronto fashion model, on television last year, when she was a hostess for the now-defunct \$128,000 Question quiz show.



Above, a shapely Kansas City miss poses for Associate Photography Editor Jeff Cohen's Polaroid camera.



Los Angeles model K. C. Winkler, 22 (above left), was corralled into the Hunt as she entered the West Coast Playboy Building on Sunset Boulevard looking for our modeling agency. Chicago's Liz Glozowski, 21 (above right), doubles as a secretary and a model.



connoisseurs of PLAYBOY beauty were offered a finder's fee of \$2500 if they discovered our anniversary lady for us. Each ad included a date when a PLAYBOY photographer would be coming to town to photograph the aspirants.

The 28 cities we selected had reputations for producing beautiful women. Among them were those you might expect: Los Angeles, New York and our home town, Chicago; but there were others not so obvious, such as Knoxville, Tennessee, and Norman, Oklahoma. In the South and Southwest, we also visited Gainesville, Miami, Tallahassee, Lexington, Raleigh, Columbia, Kansas City (Missouri), Austin, Baton Rouge and San Antonio. In the Western states, we visited Los Angeles, Portland, Seattle, Sacramento, San Diego, San Jose and Boulder. Among



Several mothers accompanied their daughters to the search, but few were as lovely as Deanna Tyndall (above left), who sun-bathed with daughter Nancy at the Beverly Hilton. Zita Cullum, 23 (below), came to the New York search alone but, as you can see, well prepared.



Suzanne Sheridan, 21 (above), a Miami discovery, wants to travel to Switzerland. Norman, Oklahoma's Candy Loving, 21 (below), has also been bitten by the travel bug; she says she'd be happy to go anywhere.





Largo, Florida's Deborah Baostrom, 23 (above), is a waitress and a model in Clearwater. Denise McConnell, 20 (right), is a genuine private investigator in Oklahoma City. The guys below were across the street from the balcony of the Drake in New York where Hunt hopefuls posed in bikinis. WABC-TV cameramen caught them rating the girls. (With that view, who could work?)





PLAYBOY Contributing Photographer Dwight Hooker (above, with beard) interviews applicants for the New York search at his Drake Hotel suite.



Midwestern cities, we also chose Minneapolis, Milwaukee, Lincoln and Columbus. In the East, we searched Washington, D.C., and Philadelphia, as well as New York, and to give Canadians a chance to compete, we added Toronto.

Our teams moved into each city like a well-oiled machine; first, local media were alerted to the team's imminent arrival; then, when our photographer arrived, he did two days of nonstop interviews on television and radio. When the girls started calling PLAYBOY's hotel suite for appointments, he and his assistants scheduled them for Polaroid picture sessions: a different candidate every ten minutes for the next four or five days. The Polaroids went back to our home office in Chicago for screening by our photo editors. Three months, thousands of

Lisa Kalison, 21 (above left), is a native Chicagoan who recently moved to L.A., where she manages a law office. Irvine, California's Michelle Droke, 20 (above), is a dance student in Costa Mesa, a direct descendant of Sir Francis Drake, and obviously nobly endowed.



To kick off the New York search, we convened a hot group of Playmates, Bunnies and models in Central Park. The ladies were hot because, as you can see, they wore fur coats. Playmates in evidence include (from left) Janis Schmitt, Nicki Thomas, Debra Peterson and Debra Jo Fondren.



miles and 10,000 Polaroids later, we had not only discovered our Playmate Perfect but rediscovered America as well.

We knew that **PLAYBOY** was a popular magazine when we went out on our Playmate Hunt, but we had no idea *how* popular. The welcome we received in nearly all of the cities we visited was mind boggling. In all but a few cities, we received up-front articles in every local newspaper—more than 130 articles in all—and local as well as network news shows ran film clips of our photographers at work (with emphasis, naturally, on the subjects being photographed).

For the most part, the television coverage, though (text continued on page 208)

Louann Fernald (above left) is a Mexican-Scottish beauty from Gainesville who's a public-relations major at Florida U. San Diego's Amonda "Missy" Cleveland (above), who says "Hef is the man I most admire," has her heart on a trip to China and a modeling career.



Ruth Guerri, 20 (above left), is a St. Louis model who hopes to land a movie or television role. Ruth tells us she's particularly fond of football players. Caren Phillips, 22 (above right), is a student at the University of California's Santa Barbara campus, where she's a biology major. She aims for a career in bioillustration. Wanda Clineman, 23 (below left), is a real-estate broker and a model in Falls Church, Virginia, and extremely well traveled. She's been to Thailand, Japan, Guam, India, Spain, Turkey, Cambodia and Greece.



Above, PLAYBOY Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner (left) and Photo Editor Gary Cale review photos and slides of the finalists in the conference room at Playboy Mansion West.

PLAYMATE PERFECT

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DWIGHT HOOKER



*our 25th-anniversary
gatefold girl proves that candy is dandy*



"PLAYBOY has glorified women, put us on a pedestal. I certainly don't mind that and I think if any woman is honest with herself, she'll say the same." Above: genuine rock Candy.

"Ponca City was a great place to grow up. Because it was small, it made me feel secure. I love Ponca, but I don't think I'll ever go back there to live."





GENTLEMEN, your attention, please! The votes have been tabulated and we have a winner. And she is (dare we say it?) as sweet to the eyes as her name is on our lips: Candy. Candy Loving.

PLAYBOY was almost three years old when Candy was born in Oswego, Kansas. The Playmate for September 1956 was Elsa Sorensen (remember Elsa, all you collectors?) and Dwight Eisenhower was running for election to his second term.

When Candy was still a baby, her parents moved to Ponca City, Oklahoma, where she lived until four years ago, when she left for the University of Oklahoma in Norman. She's now a senior, majoring in public relations.

Ponca City's main industry is the Continental Oil Company. Candy's mother, Rosemary, has worked there for years, along with a sizable portion of Ponca City's population; there are oil tanks all around. The odor of oil



"I like for my man to be physically fit, confident, intelligent and easygoing. But no matter who a man is or what he looks like, I'll find him more attractive if he's a gentleman. I love to be treated like a lady."



"I remember a couple of years ago reading in 'Dear Playboy' Playmate Janet Lupo's tips to girls with big breasts, one of which was 'Don't play tennis.' I never forgot that, and I never play tennis."





permeates the air. The main Saturday-night activities are dragging Grand Avenue and drinking copious amounts of beer. When Candy was a student at Ponca City Senior High, she had a green Maverick with an ice chest in the back and a tape deck that played mostly Edgar Winter and The Beatles. She was then, and is now, a lady of uncomplicated tastes.

For example, she began reading her boyfriends' copies of *PLAYBOY* while in high school, and has a surprisingly good recall of the past six years' Playmates. She was jealous of the gatefold girls, of course ("I used to think, Ooooh, they make me so sick!"), but time heals all wounds.

On or about March 31, 1978, Candy, encouraged by her family and friends, arrived alone at nine A.M. at the Ramada Inn in Norman, where Assistant Photography Editor Michael Berry was helping conduct the 25th Anniversary Playmate Hunt. Candy was Berry's first appointment of the day, and from the way Candy describes it, he knew right away he wasn't meeting just any old Okette.

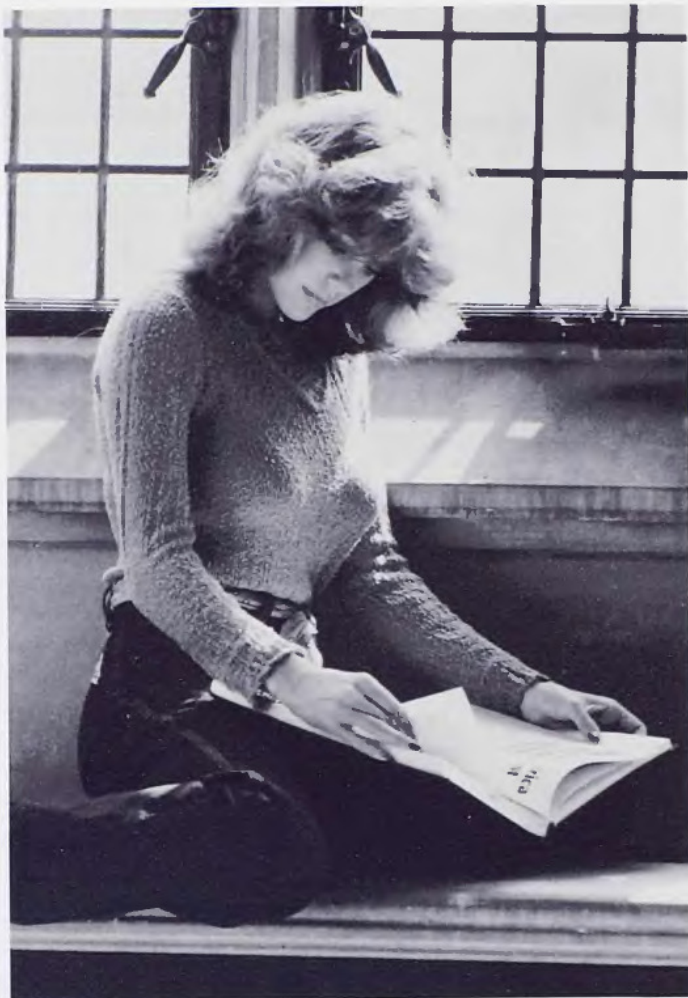
"When Mike came to the door, I didn't know what to expect, but there he was, this cute guy with his hair slicked back because he'd just stepped out of the shower. He was kind of sleepy, like he'd just gotten up. He asked me in for coffee and I asked him if he had chocolate milk. He ordered some and we sat and talked for about 40 minutes before he photographed (text concluded on page 334)



"I had such long, skinny legs in high school I thought I looked funny. Then I developed breasts and got teased all the time. I thought if the legs weren't bad enough, now I've got these to deal with. But it's worked out very well, actually."



Sister Cari, 20 (above right), is also an OU student. Says Candy, "I've always been protective of Cari." Let us know if you tire of the assignment, Candy.



Candy, a senior at the University of Oklahoma, spends a lot of time in the college library (above) because "I enjoy the quiet."





MISS JANUARY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Candy Loving
 BUST: 37 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 34
 HEIGHT: 5'7 WEIGHT: 110 SIGN: Virgo
 BIRTH DATE: 9/4/56 BIRTHPLACE: Oswego, Kansas
 GOALS: To take the days one at a time and make the right decisions along the way.
 TURN-ONS: Walt Disney, listening to good music, ice cream, a big, warm bed on a cold, rainy night.
 TURN-OFFS: people who brag, violence, fat, people who always act obnoxious when they drink.
 FAVORITE BOOKS: The Prophet by Kahlil Gibran, Dracula by Bram Stoker, How to Save Your Own Life by Erica Jong.
 FAVORITE MOVIES: Romeo & Juliet, Ben Hur (I love Charlton Heston!), Turning Point, Fantasia.
 FAVORITE MUSICIANS: Jackson Browne, Linda Ronstadt, The Eagles, Steely Dan, Barbra Streisand.
 FAVORITE SPORTS: swimming, frisbee, football
(I like to let the men play sports while I sit and watch!)
 BIGGEST JOY: my family



age 4; posing already!



3rd grade; dig those cat eyes!



senior pic; feeling very grown up.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Waving the package in the face of the manager of the well-stocked drugstore, the female customer snapped, "I found this product I bought here to be completely unsatisfactory!"

"What proved to be wrong?" asked the manager. "Wouldn't your cat eat them?"

"Wh-wh-wh-what?" stammered the woman. "You mean that Pussy Treats are intended for cats?"



Years of struggle and patience finally paid off for the immigrant couple when they were sworn in as citizens. As they were leaving the courthouse, the man exclaimed, "Think of it! We're now Americans! Do you know what that means, Conchita?"

"Yes, Jaime, I do!" exulted Conchita. "Tonight you do the dishes and I get on top!"

Houses of ill fame are reportedly now accepting a specialty credit card—Master Discharge.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *fist fuck* as a knuckle ball.

Since a top-heavy maiden from Yonkers
Is equipped to make tit men go bonkers,
Poet Goldsmith might say,
Were he living today,
That whenever she stoops, sir, she conquers!

While revenge may consist of seducing your enemy's wife, *sweet revenge* is the realization that she's a lousy lay.

"It hurts when I make love in the morning or the afternoon," the girl told the gynecologist, "but not during the evening or late at night."

"Do you use different positions or lubricants at different times of the day?" asked the medical man.

"No," replied his patient, "but I do use different partners."

Cynicism among C.B. hookers has reached the point where one of them is reported to have said, "Never give a breaker an even suck!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *groupie* as a piece of the rock.

My wife seems to have developed some sort of neurotic fixation that her collection of fur coats will be stolen," the man told the psychiatrist. "When I came home early one day last week, I found she had gotten someone to guard them—and, in fact, stationed the poor guy right in the closet."

Perhaps you've heard about the wealthy necrophile who had bier tastes on a champagne budget.

A careless young virgin named Wright
Got drunk with her boyfriend one night.

She awoke in a snit
With her maidenhead split,
To be told that she sure had been tight.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *vibrator* as a slot machine.

Ah, the romantic, far-ranging imagination of youth!" gushed the woman.

"How so?" asked her hairdresser.

"Just before my son and his girl drove off in his van last Saturday, I overheard him say something to her about maybe going around the world in it!"



Letter received by a woman in Pittsburgh from the National Sperm Bank in Prague: "Dear Madam: Thank you for your order, which has just been shipped by international parcel post. Your Czech is in the mail."

When the police finally tracked down the phantom obscene phone caller, he demanded to speak with his attorney, who just happened to be a woman. "Counselor Klein?" he inquired when the connection was made. "Look, I've just been booked at the Fourth Precinct, and they've let me call you while I'm getting this magnificent hard-on. . . ."

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, Playboy Bldg., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. \$50 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.



"Y'know something, sweetheart? PLAYBOY isn't the only thing that's still great after twenty-five years."

PLAYMATE HUNT

(continued from page 194)

"This has been the most fun I've ever had, even if I don't win. It was a very positive thing."

sometimes humorous, was unabashedly enthusiastic.

The most noteworthy news spot of all appeared on WABC-TV in New York. Dwight Hooker was photographing Playmate hopefuls on the promenade-type balcony outside his 20th-floor suite in the Drake Hotel when office workers in a building nearby spotted the parade of young lovelies from their windows. As a WABC reporter put it: "Business came to a standstill." Directly across from the balcony, in a skyscraper that houses the offices of the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation, a gaggle of men decided to make rating signs, numbered 1 to 20, which, with waving arms and shouts of encouragement, they held up to the window as each swim-suited applicant stepped out onto the balcony. The television cameramen noticed the signs (including a huge red-and-white one saying ALL RIGHT!, displayed when a particularly well-put-together lady appeared) and focused on the FDIC office windows between takes of Hooker and the applicants. Spliced together with the song *A Pretty Girl Is Like a Melody*, the cuts from balcony to rating cards made for hilarious viewing.

But the media coverage wasn't all for laughs. There was a smidgen of protest to keep us on our toes. It came from four women who claimed to represent the National Organization for Women and picketed Arsenault's hotel, The Carolina Inn, for about a half hour the second day after he arrived in Columbia, South Carolina. "At one point, there were literally twice as many reporters and news photographers covering the protest as there were protesters," Arsenault said, "so it wasn't what you'd call a massive demonstration." Perhaps the protesters couldn't instigate a boycott because they misread the minds of the entrants, most of whom already considered themselves liberated.

But no one saw the search quite the way our own photographers did. For nearly all of them, it was the most intense job they'd ever done. David Chan did interviews on eight radio stations in Toronto in a single day; by the sixth, he was almost speechless from laryngitis. Hot tea and honey in large doses enabled him to whisper his way through the last two interviews. Kerry Morris, after photographing nearly 100 girls daily for three consecutive days in San Diego, was "so punchy I could hardly stand." Ar-

senault, an intense and personable character, wound up working some days from eight A.M. to nine P.M. without a break or a meal. Inevitably, he came down with a devastating cold in rainy Portland, but continued despite his red eyes, stuffed-up nose and fever to snap those Polaroids every ten minutes.

Few of the girls we saw had all the right qualities for PLAYBOY, but our photographers made a special effort to photograph each applicant with equal care. As Michael Berry put it, "You'd see the excitement in the girls' eyes and you'd just want to be as friendly as possible." When Arsenault was asked by a newspaper reporter in Portland what he would do if a 500-pound woman came in, he replied: "I figure she might have a 500-pound boyfriend at home who thinks she's beautiful. And who am I to shatter her ego?"

And, indeed, most girls who came to the search told us it was a great experience. Cindy, a Raleigh, South Carolina, entrant, said, "This has been the most fun I've ever had in my life, even if I don't win. It was a very positive thing. A creative thing. Like art. Like poetry." Sue Pagani, a 20-year-old Florida U coed, said simply, "I came here out of pride, to be able to say I've done it." Many women said they entered the Hunt only because they were prodded or dared to by friends or relatives. ("A lot of mothers brought in their daughters," said Bill Frantz; "so did a couple of fathers.") Kent (Washington) *News-Journal* reporter Susan Landgraf entered the Seattle search herself just to get a first-person account, but most other entrants had far less sophisticated reasons. One girl told Arsenault she had come because "I just broke up with my boyfriend and his last words to me were that I was a dog. I just came down here to prove to myself that he's wrong."

Another entrant, a 19-year-old Florida coed, told a University of Florida student newspaper, *The Alligator*, "My mother and grandmother would be angry if they knew I was here. Just terrible. But my dad would like it. He reads PLAYBOY all the time."

Some entered out of the pure joy of self-expression, such as the girl interviewed in this excerpt from a *Seattle Record-Chronicle* article:

"Why do you want to pose for PLAYBOY?" the reporter asks.

"Because I like to take my clothes off," she answers.

"That's good?"

"Of course. People are always nice to me when I take my clothes off. They're always friendly."

She smiles pleasantly. Her logic is simple and flawless. You can't argue with the truth.

But perhaps the best example of Zen Polaroid theater was an entrant who turned up among New York's 421 applicants (tops for any city) whom Hooker calmly refers to as The Snake Lady. She arrived at his suite with her own prop—a healthy boa constrictor that was wrapped around her body, gallantly holding her handbag in its tail. "She wasn't our Playmate," Hooker recalls, "but it was a very attractive snake."

A few came because they sought publicity or a boost for their careers in entertainment. Such an applicant was a Toronto stripper named Baby Honda who, according to Chan, weighed more than 400 pounds stripped to the tailpipes. "I said," Chan recalls, "'Since you're already a performer, perhaps you have a glossy you could give me.' She insisted I photograph her anyway." Chan, who is 5'5" and weighs 120 pounds in a soaked parka, inscrutably photographed her anyway. (Chan, by the way, swears that when he started working at PLAYBOY, he was 6'2" and weighed 220. "I've been nearly 16 years with PLAYBOY," he says ruefully, "and look at me now.")

The one reason for entering that more girls gave than any other was—you guessed it—the money. The second most popular reason seemed to be prestige. "I would be honored to be photographed by PLAYBOY," many girls told us. Perhaps because their boyfriends or their fathers or brothers read PLAYBOY, most of the entrants said they'd always looked upon PLAYBOY as the standard setter for feminine beauty. Becky Lynch, 20, a quality-verifications clerk for State Farm Insurance, told *The Kansas City Star* she remembers PLAYBOY as always being around her house during her childhood. "All I wanted to do," she said, "was be as pretty as the girls in the magazine." Not infrequently, applicants remained after their shootings to ask our photographers and staff questions about make-up, clothing and carriage.

"At times," said Berry, "I felt like a one-man finishing school."

Some girls were so aware of the kind of beauty PLAYBOY looks for that they became literally petrified once they entered the shooting room. One girl in Raleigh was so distraught she broke out in hives; and in Kansas City, Jeff Cohen had one applicant who "was so nervous she couldn't stand up. I mean

(concluded on page 336)

ELEGANCE FOR THE EIGHTIES

*five emerging designers
create look-ahead looks
especially for playboy*

attire **By DAVID PLATT**

AFTER A SOMEWHAT subdued post-Vietnam period, male attire has progressed to richly creative and liberated designs. With liberation comes redefinition, and PLAYBOY asked five emerging design talents to create for us their interpretations of the term elegance as they see it for the Eighties. Their predictions? A trend to relaxed dressing, with an emphasis on fine natural fabrics coupled with a looser silhouette. In other words, nothing very uptight. Our prediction? Tomorrow's styles should be terrific!



ALAN ROSANES

Alan Rosanes, a talented fabric designer, often gets his inspirations from rugged outdoor wear. Here, he casts his eye on the future with a variation on a poplin fishing vest worn over a knit shirt and multihued wool worsted slacks. Rosanes also favors fabrics that have a country flavor that can be adapted to city comforts: canvas, corduroy and flannel, for example. He sees this combination as "the new American mood." One that "explores the unexpected."





RONALD KOLODZIE

A raglan-sleeved pure-linen blazer worn over a sheer cotton voile shirt and curved-leg linen slacks is what designer Ronald Kolodzie visualizes as an example of tomorrow's styles. He sees "wider color, fabric and texture options" in the Eighties and the male silhouette taking its shape from body lines rather than rigid construction. Kolodzie also thinks that "whether or not you wear a tie is an element of composition and not a hard-and-fast rule."



LEE WRIGHT

"The loose look of the Seventies will continue into the early Eighties," says Lee Wright, "then we'll see a gradual return to more tailoring along the lines of styles of the Thirties. It was a time of strong, tough elegance—a reaction to the Crash and the Great Depression. We've been going through our own period of economic decline and we'll come out of it wanting new, tough sophistication in our clothes." Example: this wide-shoulder suit.



JHANE BARNES

Jhane Barnes comments:
"For the Eighties, I see elegance in sleeker silhouettes, bolder colors and the smooth, slick feel of fabrications. Clothes that create a broad-shouldered athletic look, such as the one I've designed for this feature, will be popular, since the wedge shape is very flattering to the male body. The next decade, I feel, will be an innovative period in menswear design. I'm looking forward to the challenge it presents."



JEFFREY BANKS

"People in the Eighties will turn to the things they have come to love through the years, those luxurious fabrics that are slowly becoming rarities in our everyday lives," says Jeffrey Banks.

His contribution to our designer collection: a full-bodied alpaca double-breasted coat with raglan sleeves, to be worn over a Harris-tweed jacket, plus pleated slacks, a silk/poplin Tattersoll-plaid shirt, a narrow cashmere tie, cashmere sacks and alligator pumps.

SEX IS POLITICS

(continued from page 178)

"There is a lot of money out there on the evangelical Christian circuit and much of it is tax-exempt."

of 19 . . . no doubt, while jointly deploping teenage immorality. A worldly 52 percent think it is *not* morally wrong for an unmarried couple to live together.

Forty-seven percent thought that homosexual relations were morally wrong; 43 percent thought that they were all right; ten percent didn't know. Yet 56 percent "would vote for legislation guaranteeing the civil rights of homosexuals." Although a clear majority thought that fags should be allowed to serve in the Army, run for office, live where they choose, Anita Bryant has done her work sufficiently well to deny them the right to teach school (48 percent against, 44 percent for) or be ministers (47 percent against, 44 percent for).

Pornography continues to be the hottest of buttons: Seventy-four percent want the Government to crack down on pornographers. Meanwhile, 76 percent think that that old devil permissiveness "has led to a lot of things that are wrong with the country these days."

Finally, 70 percent thought that "there should be no laws, either Federal or state, regulating sexual practice." Either this can be interpreted as a remarkable demonstration of live and let live (an attitude notoriously not shared by the current Supreme Court) or it can be nothing more than the cynical wisdom of our people who know from experience that *any* area the Government involves itself in will be hopelessly messed up.

Despite the tolerance of the 70 percent, some 20 percent to 40 percent of the population are moral absolutists, according to the Kinsey Institute's soon-to-be-published *American Sexual Standards*. Fiercely, these zealots condemn promiscuity, adultery, homosexuality, masturbation, long hair and fluoride. Out there in the countryside (and in cities such as St. Paul and Wichita), they are the ones who most promptly respond to the politician who pushes a sex button in order to . . . what? Create an authoritarian society? Keep the workers docile within the confines of immutable marriage? Punish sin? Make money? Money! There is a lot of money out there on the evangelical Christian circuit and much of it is tax-exempt.

In the fall of 1977, the journalist Andrew Kopkind visited Bensenville, Illinois, in the heart of the heart of the country, in order to study those roots of grass that are now not only as high as an elephant's eye but definitely swaying to the right. *Save the Family* is this year's

rallying cry. Since hardly anyone ever openly questions the value of the family in human affairs, any group that wants to save this allegedly endangered institution is warmly supported.

But to the zealots of what Kopkind calls the New Right, saving the family means all sorts of things not exactly connected with the nuclear family. Kopkind discovered that Family Saviors support "the death penalty, Laetrile, nuclear power, local police, Panama Canal, saccharine, FBI, CIA, defense budget, public prayer and real-estate growth."

Family Saviors view darkly "busing, welfare, public-employee unions, affirmative action, amnesty, marijuana, communes, gun control, pornography, the 55-mph speed limit, day-care centers, religious ecumenism, sex education, car pools and the Environmental Protection Agency." Kopkind believes that those attitudes are fairly spontaneous. He is probably right—up to a point. To get Americans to vote constantly against their own interests, however, requires manipulation of the highest order, and it starts at birth in these remarkably United States and never ends.

Until recently, it had not occurred to anyone that a profamily movement might be politically attractive. Our demagogues usually concentrate on communism versus Americanism. But Nixon's jaunts to Peking and Moscow diminished communism as an issue. Those trips also served to remind Americans that we are a fragile minority in a world where the majority is Marxist. Although communism is still a button to be pressed, it tends to tepidity.

On the other hand, to accuse your opponent of favoring any of those vicious forces that endanger the family is to do him real harm. In the past 18 months, Family Saviors have been remarkably effective. They have defeated equal-rights ordinances for homosexuals in Dade County, St. Paul, Wichita, Eugene; obliged the House of Representatives to reverse itself on an anti-abortion bill; stalled (for a time) the Equal Rights Amendment, and so on. Sex is the ultimate politics and very soon, one way or another, every politician is going to get—as it were—into the act.

Officially, our attitudes toward sex derive from the Old and New Testaments. Even to this day, Christian fundamental-

ists like to say that since every single word in the good book is absolutely true, every one of God's injunctions must be absolutely obeyed if we don't want the great plains of the republic to be studded with pillars of salt or worse. Actually, even the most rigorously literal of fundamentalists pick and choose from Biblical texts. The authors of *Leviticus* proscribe homosexuality—and so do all good Christs. But *Leviticus* also proscribes rare meat, bacon, shellfish and the wearing of nylon mixed with wool. If *Leviticus* were to be obeyed in every instance, the garment trade would collapse.

The authors of the Old and New Testaments created not only a religious anthology but also a political order in which man is woman's eternal master (Jewish men used to pray, "I thank thee, Lord, that thou hast not created me a woman"). The hatred and fear of women that runs through the Old Testament (not to mention in the pages of our justly admired Jewish novelists) suggests that the patriarchal principle so carefully built into the Jewish notion of God must have been at one time opposed to a powerful and perhaps competitive matriarchal system. Whatever the original reasons for the total subordination of woman to man, the result has been an unusually ugly religion that has caused a good deal of suffering not only in its original form but also through its later heresy Christianity, which in due, and ironic, course was to spin off yet another heresy, communism.

The current wave of Christian religiosity that is flowing across the republic like an oil slick has served as a reminder to women that they must submit to their husbands. This is not easy, as twice-born Anita Bryant admits. She confesses to a tendency to "dump her garbage" all over her husband and master and employee, Bob Green. But she must control herself: "For the husband is the head of the wife, even as Christ is the head of the Church." *Ephesians* 5:23. Anita also knows that because of woman's disobedience, the prototypes of the human race were excluded from the Garden of Eden.

Brooding on the Old Testament's dislike of women, Freud theorized that an original patriarchal tribe was for a time replaced by a matriarchal tribe that was then overthrown by the patriarchal Jews: The consequent "re-establishment of the primal father in his historic rights was a great step forward." This speculative nonsense is highly indicative of the way that a mind as shrewd and as original as Freud's could not conceive of a good (virtuous?) society that was not dominated by man the father.

"What do women want?" Freud once asked, plaintively. Well, Sigmund, they want equality with men. But that

(continued on page 344)



"Relax, my dear, I'm also going to stuff your stocking."

INTERLUDE WITH THE UNDEAD

the author of "interview with the vampire" reveals for the first time an all-too-human aspect of her singular subject

By ANNE RICE *In the book "Interview with the Vampire," Louis, who has been a member of the living dead for some 200 years, tells the story of his life to the interviewer, a young radio reporter in San Francisco.*

But the book as published represents only a portion of the tapes of that interview made by the reporter. Louis told the young man much that was not included, particularly with regard to the master vampire, Armand, whom he had met in Paris. One tale was Armand's account of his methods of seduction; that is, the art of the vampire at its peak in the year 1876.

ARMAND'S LESSON: As I've told you, Louis, each vampire selects his victims in his own way. The world is a veritable wilderness of singular beauties and each night too precious to allow for the slightest waste. Each night is a wedding, really, and the vampire

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PHILLIP DIXON
PRODUCED BY MARILYN GRABOWSKI

SETS BY GET SET INCORPORATED





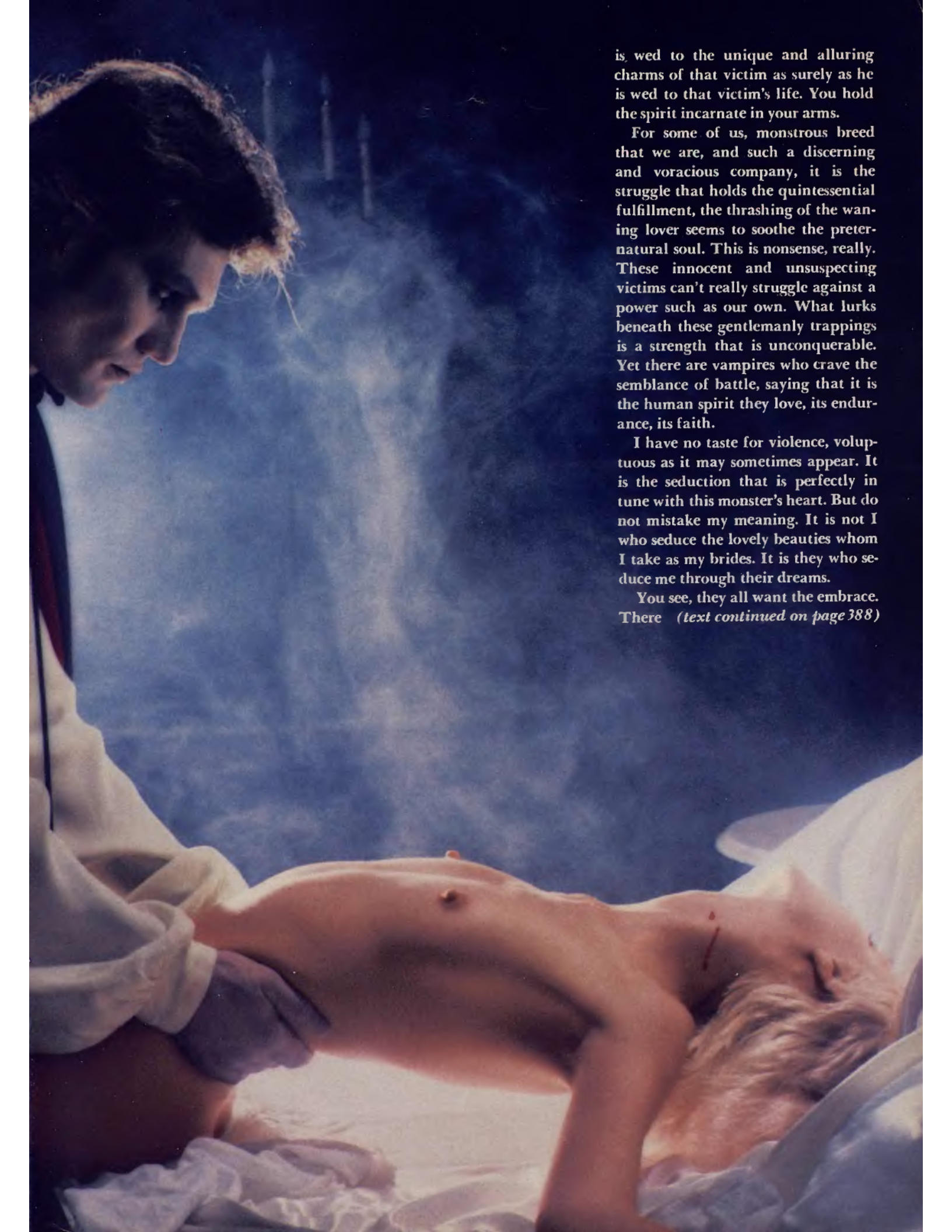
"The world is a veritable wilderness of singular beauties and each night is too precious to allow for the slightest waste. Each night is a wedding."





*"Imagine her
splendid terror and
how easily it melts
to languor in my
arms. She is meek,
pliant, on the
verge of some
awesome awakening."*



A dramatic scene from a film. On the left, a man with dark, wavy hair and a pale complexion, wearing a white shirt and a dark cravat, looks down with a serious expression. On the right, a woman with long, light-colored hair lies on her back, her body marked with several small, bloody wounds. She is wearing a white, flowing garment. The background is dark and smoky, with several thin, vertical light sources that look like candles or torches. The overall mood is dark and gothic.

is wed to the unique and alluring charms of that victim as surely as he is wed to that victim's life. You hold the spirit incarnate in your arms.

For some of us, monstrous breed that we are, and such a discerning and voracious company, it is the struggle that holds the quintessential fulfillment, the thrashing of the waning lover seems to soothe the preternatural soul. This is nonsense, really. These innocent and unsuspecting victims can't really struggle against a power such as our own. What lurks beneath these gentlemanly trappings is a strength that is unconquerable. Yet there are vampires who crave the semblance of battle, saying that it is the human spirit they love, its endurance, its faith.

I have no taste for violence, voluptuous as it may sometimes appear. It is the seduction that is perfectly in tune with this monster's heart. But do not mistake my meaning. It is not I who seduce the lovely beauties whom I take as my brides. It is they who seduce me through their dreams.

You see, they all want the embrace. There *(text continued on page 388)*





"There is something melancholy, sad about her nestled among the trinkets of her mortal life, the soft bed, her loose and fragrant garments, remnants of girlhood, she sleeps with the trusting sleep of the child. I tell you, if I were not the monster, I would be touched."





"Let her wake just a little to the crude world of lamps and torn realities. Let her see her demon lover. Let her see these eyes adoring her. Let her know that in serving me she will make me utterly and completely her slave."





"Look at that superb young form; what does it cry for if not another woman equally as beautiful, if not the craft of another ladylove, supple, scented and schooled by me? She always waits for what is always best when shared. This is a dance for three."





UP FOR THE COUNT



attire

By DAVID PLATT

*fresh from his
dracula movie spoof,
"love at first bite,"
george hamilton finds
he can really
sink his teeth into
the black-tie look*

NOW THAT you've checked out *Interlude with the Undead* on the preceding pages and learned everything you always wanted to know about the sex life of a vampire but were afraid to ask, we thought you'd like to see what the well-dressed fiend wears when he steps out on the town. Our model, of course, is George Hamilton, who's photographed in black tie on the movie set of his new spoof of the Dracula legend, *Love at First Bite*. We chose Hamilton because vampires, being night people, dig black tie—and so do more males these days. Not only does going black tie make you feel terrific but the look nicely complements today's ultrathin female evening wear. If you're feeling devilish, wear your black-tie outfit with a slight Dracish sneer. Neck biting is optional.

Above: Count Dracula, we presume? And dressed to the teeth in a satin striped cotton velvet single-breasted jacket, \$185, worn with a double-breasted vest with shawl collar and angled pockets, \$45, straight-legged mohair trousers, \$90, and silk adjustable bow tie, \$15, all by Gil Truedsson for Tiger of Sweden; plus a polyester/cotton dinner-jacket shirt with wing collar, piqué bib front and French cuffs, from After Six Accessories, \$18.

Opposite: Lock up your girlfriends—and put garlic at your doors and windows, guys—George Hamilton is stepping out for the evening in a cashmere chesterfield coat, from Dimitri Couture, \$850; three-piece dinner-jacket suit, by Pierre Cardin for Intercontinental Apparel, \$265; polyester/cotton shirt with wing collar, by Eagle for Pierre Cardin, \$30; rayon bow tie, by Sheridan for Pierre Cardin, \$8.95; and silk scarf, by Eric Ross, about \$35.



"Morgan's Folly, some of his peers had dubbed the bridge; what would they call his latest dream?"

Now Morgan could understand one of the chief mysteries of Yakkagala. It was not *how* the frescoes were painted—a scaffolding of bamboo could have taken care of that problem—but *why*. Once they were completed, no one could ever have seen them properly; from the gallery immediately beneath, they were hopelessly foreshortened—and from the base of the Rock, they would have been no more than tiny, unrecognizable patches of color. Perhaps, as some had suggested, they were of purely religious or magical significance—like those Stone Age paintings found in the depths of almost inaccessible caves.

The high, yellow-plastered wall gave way to a low parapet, and Morgan could once more see the surrounding countryside. There below him lay the whole expanse of the pleasure gardens and, for the first time, he could appreciate not only their huge scale (was Versailles larger?) but also their skillful planning and the way in which the moat and outer ramparts protected them from the forest beyond.

No one knew what trees and shrubs and flowers had grown here in Kalidasa's day, but the pattern of artificial lakes, canals, pathways and fountains was still exactly as he had left it. As he looked down on those dancing jets of water, Morgan suddenly remembered a quotation from the previous night's commentary:

From Taprobanc to paradise is 40 leagues; there may be heard the sound of the fountains of paradise.

He savored the phrase in his mind: *the fountains of paradise*. Was Kalidasa trying to create, here on Earth, a garden fit for the gods, in order to establish his claim to divinity? If so, it was no wonder that the priests had placed a curse upon all his work.

At last, the long gallery, which had skirted the entire western face of the Rock, ended in another steeply rising stairway—though this time, the steps were much more generous in size. But the palace was still far above, for the stairs ended on a large plateau, obviously artificial. Here was all that was left of the gigantic, leonine monster that had once dominated the landscape and struck terror into the heart of everyone who looked upon it. For springing from the face of the Rock were the paws of a gigantic, crouching beast; the claws alone were half the height of a man.

Nothing else remained, save yet another granite stairway rising up through the piles of rubble that must once have formed the head of the creature. Even in ruin, the concept was awe-inspiring. Anyone who dared approach the king's ultimate stronghold had first to walk through gaping jaws.

The final ascent up the sheer—indeed, slightly overhanging—face of the cliff was by a series of iron ladders, with guardrails to reassure nervous climbers. But the real danger here, Morgan had been warned, was not vertigo. Swarms of normally placid hornets occupied small caves in the Rock, and visitors who made too much noise had sometimes disturbed them, with fatal results.

Abruptly, the climb was over, Morgan found himself standing on a small island floating 200 meters above a landscape of trees and fields that was flat in all directions except southward, where the central mountains broke up the horizon. He was completely isolated from the rest of the world, yet felt master of all he surveyed; not since he had stood among the clouds, straddling Europe and Africa, had he known such a moment of aerial ecstasy. This was, indeed, the residence of a god-king, and the ruins of his palace were all around.

Almost forgetting time, Morgan roamed among the foundations of the palace that had once crowned the Rock. He tried to enter the mind of the architect, from what he could see of his surviving handiwork; why was there a pathway *here*? Did this truncated flight of steps lead to an upper floor? If this coffin-shaped recess in the stone was a bath, how was the water supplied and how did it drain away?

He had virtually completed his exploration of the ruins—though one could, of course, spend a lifetime investigating them in detail. He was happy to rest for a while, on a beautifully carved granite bench at the edge of the 200-meter drop, overlooking the entire southern sky.

Morgan let his eyes scan the distant line of mountains, still partly concealed by a blue haze that the morning sun had not yet dispersed. As he examined it idly, he suddenly realized that what he had assumed to be a part of the cloudscape was nothing of the sort. That misty cone was no ephemeral construct of wind and vapor; there was no mistaking its perfect symmetry, as it towered above its lesser brethren.

For a moment, the shock of recognition

emptied his mind of everything except wonder—and an almost superstitious awe. He had not realized that one could see the Sri Kanda, the sacred mountain, so clearly from Yakkagala. But there it was, emerging from the shadow of night, preparing to face a new day; and, if he succeeded, a new future.

He knew all its dimensions, all its geology; he had mapped it through stereophotographs and had scanned it from satellites. But to see it for the first time, with his own eyes, made it suddenly real; until now, everything had been theory. And sometimes not even that; more than once, in the small gray hours before dawn, Morgan had awoken from nightmares in which his whole project had appeared as some preposterous fantasy, which, far from bringing him fame, would make him the laughingstock of the world. Morgan's Folly, some of his peers had dubbed the bridge; what would they call his latest dream?

FILAMENT

"You nearly gave me a heart attack," said Rajasinghe accusingly, as he poured the morning coffee. "At first, I thought you had some antigravity device—but even I know that's impossible. How *did* you do it?"

"My apologies," Morgan answered with a smile. "If I'd known you were watching, I'd have warned you—though the whole exercise was entirely unplanned. I'd merely intended to take a scramble over the Rock, but then I got intrigued by that stone bench. I wondered why it was on the very edge of the cliff and started to explore."

"There's no mystery about it. At one time, there was a floor—probably wood—extending outward, and steps leading down to the frescoes from the summit. You can still see the grooves where it was keyed into the rock face."

"So I discovered," said Morgan a little ruefully. "I might have guessed that someone would have found that out already."

Morgan had now produced the metal box that had allowed him to perform his miracle. Its only features were a few press buttons and a small readout panel; it looked for all the world like some form of simple communications device.

"This is it," he said proudly. "Since you saw me make a hundred-meter vertical walk, you must have a very good idea how it operates."

"Common sense gave me one answer, but even my excellent telescope didn't confirm it. I could have sworn there was absolutely nothing supporting you."

"That wasn't the demonstration I'd intended, but it must have been effective. Now for my usual sales pitch—please hook your finger through this ring."

Rajasinghe hesitated; Morgan was

WORD JOB

WHEN IT WAS CALLED
"FUCKING"
I ENJOYED
IT.



WHEN IT
WAS
CALLED
"BALLING"
I
ENJOYED
IT.



WHEN IT
WAS
CALLED
"SCREWING"
I ENJOYED
IT.



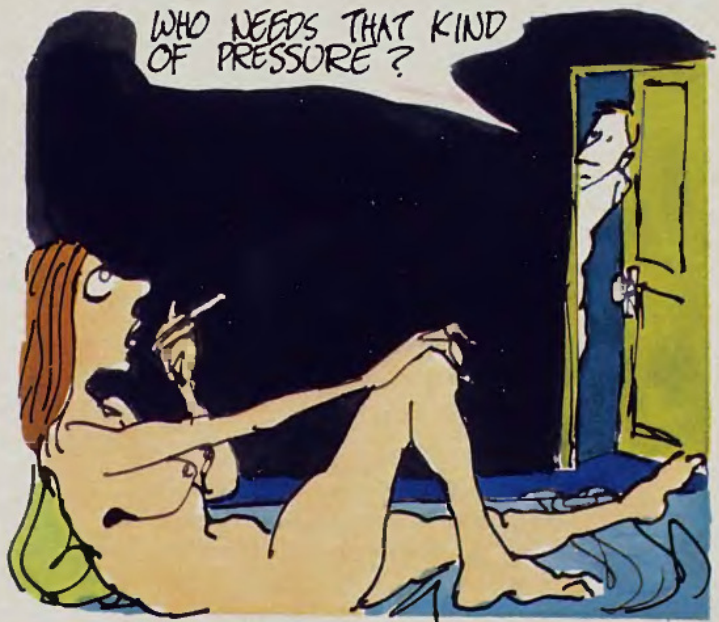
WHEN IT WAS CALLED "GETTING LAID"
I ENJOYED IT.



BUT WHEN IT CAME
TO BE CALLED
"MAKING LOVE"
I STOPPED
ENJOYING IT.



WHO NEEDS THAT KIND
OF PRESSURE?



holding the small metal torus—about twice the size of an ordinary wedding ring—almost as if it were electrified.

"Will it give me a shock?" he asked.

"Not a shock—but perhaps a surprise. Try to pull it away from me."

Rather gingerly, Rajasinghe took hold of the ring—then almost dropped it. For it seemed alive; it was straining toward Morgan—or, rather, toward the box that the engineer was holding in his hand. Then the box gave a slight whirring noise and Rajasinghe felt his finger being dragged forward by some mysterious force. Magnetism? he asked himself. Of course not; no magnets could behave in this fashion. His tentative but improbable theory was correct; indeed, there was really no alternative explanation. They were engaged in a perfectly straightforward tug of war—but with an invisible rope.

Although Rajasinghe strained his eyes, he could see no trace of any thread or wire connecting the ring through which his finger was hooked and the box that Morgan was operating like a fisherman reeling in his catch. He reached out his free hand to explore the apparently empty space, but the engineer quickly knocked it away.

"Sorry!" he said. "Everyone tries that, when they realize what's happening. You could cut yourself very badly."

"So you *do* have an invisible wire. Clever—but what use is it, except for parlor tricks?"

Morgan gave a broad smile. "I can't blame you for jumping to that conclusion; it's the usual reaction. But it's quite wrong; the reason you can't see this sample is that it's only a few microns thick. Much thinner than a spider's web."

"That's—incredible. What is it?"

"The result of about two hundred years of solid-state physics. For whatever good that does, it's a continuous pseudo-one-dimensional diamond crystal—though it's not actually pure carbon. There are several trace elements, in carefully controlled amounts. It can be mass-produced only in the orbiting factories, where there's no gravity to interfere with the growth process."

"Fascinating," whispered Rajasinghe, almost to himself. He gave little tugs on the ring hooked around his finger, to test that the tension was still there and that he was not hallucinating. "I can appreciate that this may have all sorts of technical applications. It would make a splendid cheese cutter—"

Morgan laughed. "One man can bring a tree down with it, in a couple of minutes. But it's tricky to handle—even dangerous. We've had to design special dispensers to spool and unspool it—we call them spinnerettes."

Almost reluctantly, Rajasinghe un-

hooked his finger from the ring. It started to fall, then began to pendulum back and forth without visible means of support, until Morgan pressed a button and the spinnerette reeled it in with a gentle whirr.

"You haven't come all this way, Dr. Morgan, just to impress me with this latest marvel of science—though I *am* impressed. I want to know what all this has to do with me."

"A very great deal, Mr. Ambassador," answered the engineer, suddenly equally serious and formal. "You are quite correct in thinking that this material will have many applications, some of which we are only now beginning to foresee."

"And one of them, for better or for worse, is going to make your quiet little island the center of the world. Not merely the world. The whole Solar System."

"Thanks to this filament, Taprobane will be the steppingstone to all the planets. And one day, perhaps—the stars."

THE ULTIMATE BRIDGE

Professor Paul Sarath and Maxine Duval were two of his best and oldest friends, yet until this moment, they had never met nor, as far as Rajasinghe knew, even communicated. There was little reason why they should; no one outside Taprobane had ever heard of Professor Sarath, but the whole Solar System would instantly recognize Maxine Duval, either by sight or by sound.

His two guests were reclining in the library's comfortable lounge chairs, while Rajasinghe sat at the main console. They were all staring at the fourth figure, who was standing motionless.

Too motionless. A visitor from the past, knowing nothing of the everyday electronic miracles of this age, might have decided after a few seconds that he was looking at a superbly detailed wax dummy. However, more careful examination would have revealed two disconcerting facts. The "dummy" was transparent enough for highlights to be clearly visible through it; and its feet blurred out of focus a few centimeters above the carpet.

"Do you recognize this man?" Rajasinghe asked.

"I've never seen him in my life," Sarath replied instantly. "He'd better be important, for you to have dragged me back from Maharamba. We were just about to open the Relic Chamber."

"I had to leave my trimaran at the beginning of the Lake Saladin races," said Maxine, her famous contralto voice containing just enough annoyance to put anyone less thick-skinned than Sarath neatly in his place. "And I know him, of course. Does he want to build a bridge from Taprobane to Hindustan?"

Rajasinghe laughed. "Is Dr. Morgan a friend?"

"I've met him—oh, three or four times. We did a special interview when the bridge was completed. He's a very impressive character."

Coming from Maxine Duval, thought Rajasinghe, that was tribute, indeed. For more than 30 years, she had been perhaps the most respected member of her exacting profession and had won every honor that it could offer. The Pulitzer Prize, the *Global Times* Trophy, the David Frost Award—these were merely the tip of the iceberg. And she had only recently returned to active work after two years as Walter Cronkite Professor of Electronic Journalism at Columbia.

All this had mellowed her, though it had not slowed her down. She was no longer the sometimes fiery chauvinist who had once remarked: "Since women are better at producing babies, presumably nature has given men some talent to compensate. But for the moment, I can't think of it."

Of her femininity, there had never been any doubt; she had been married four times and her choice of REMs was famous. Whatever their sex, Remotes were always young and athletic, so that they could move swiftly despite the encumbrance of up to 20 kilos of communications gear. Maxine Duval's were invariably very male and very handsome; it was an old joke in the trade that all her REMs were also RAMs. The jest was completely without rancor, for even her fiercest professional rivals liked Maxine almost as much as they envied her.

Rajasinghe released the PAUSE button on the projector and the frozen statue came instantly to life.

"My name is Vannevar Morgan. I am chief engineer of Terran Construction's Land Division. My last project was the Gibraltar Bridge. Now I want to talk about something more ambitious."

Rajasinghe glanced round the room. Morgan had hooked them, just as he had expected.

He leaned back in his chair and waited for the now familiar, yet still almost unbelievable, prospectus to unfold.

"The Space Age is almost two hundred years old. For more than half that time, our civilization has been utterly dependent upon the host of satellites that now orbit Earth."

"Global communications, weather forecasting and control, land and ocean resources banks, postal and information services—if anything happened to their space-borne systems, we would sink back into a dark age and most of the human race would be dead within a week."

"And looking beyond the Earth, now that we have self-sustaining colonies on Mars, Mercury and the Moon, and are mining the incalculable wealth of the

(continued on page 359)



holding the small metal torus—about twice the size of an ordinary wedding ring—almost as if it were electrified.

"Will it give me a shock?" he asked.

"Not a shock—but perhaps a surprise. Try to pull it away from me."

Rather gingerly, Rajasinghe took hold of the ring—then almost dropped it. For it seemed alive; it was straining toward Morgan—or, rather, toward the box that the engineer was holding in his hand. Then the box gave a slight whirring noise and Rajasinghe felt his finger being dragged forward by some mysterious force. Magnetism? he asked himself. Of course not; no magnet could behave in this fashion. His tentative but improbable theory was correct indeed, there was really no alternative explanation. They were engaged in a perfectly straightforward tug of war—but with an invisible rope.

Although Rajasinghe strained his eyes he could see no trace of any thread or wire connecting the ring through which his finger was hooked and the box that Morgan was operating like a fisherman reeling in his catch. He reached out his free hand to explore the apparently empty space, but the engineer quickly knocked it away.

"Sorry!" he said. "Everyone tries that when they realize what's happening. You could cut yourself very badly."

"So you do have an invisible wire. Clever—but what use is it, except for parlor tricks?"

Morgan gave a broad smile. "I can't blame you for jumping to that conclusion; it's the usual reaction. But it's quite wrong; the reason you can't see this sample is that it's only a few microns thick. Much thinner than a spider's web."

"That's—incredible. What is it?"

"The result of about two hundred years of solid-state physics. For whatever good that does, it's a continuous pseudo-one-dimensional diamond crystal—though it's not actually pure carbon. There are several trace elements, in carefully controlled amounts. It can be mass-produced only in the orbiting factories, where there's no gravity to interfere with the growth process."

"Fascinating," whispered Rajasinghe almost to himself. He gave little tugs on the ring hooked around his finger, to test that the tension was still there and that he was not hallucinating. "I can appreciate that this may have all sorts of technical applications. It would make a splendid cheese cutter—"

Morgan laughed. "One man can bring a tree down with it, in a couple of minutes. But it's tricky to handle—ever so dangerous. We've had to design special dispensers to spool and unspool it—we call them spinnerettes."

230 Almost reluctantly, Rajasinghe un-



fiction

By John Updike

*on her knees, she seemed
a plump little steed, long
hair swinging, soft breasts
swaying, and behind, her
uncurly pubic hair making
a kind of nether mane*

Gesturing

SHE TOLD HIM with a little gesture he had never seen her use before. Joan had called from the station, having lunched, Richard knew, with her lover. It was a Saturday, and his older son had taken his convertible; Joan's Volvo was new and for several minutes refused to go into first gear for him. By the time he had reached the center of town, she had walked down the main street and up the hill to the green. It was September, leafy and warm, yet with a crystal chill on things, an uncanny clarity. Even from a distance they smiled to see each other. She opened the door and seated herself, fastening the safety belt to silence its chastening buzz. Her face was rosy from her walk, her city clothes looked like a costume, she carried a small package or two, token of her "shopping." Richard tried to pull a U turn on the narrow street, and in the long moment of his halting and groping for reverse gear, she told him. "Darley," she said and, oddly, tentatively, soundlessly, tapped the fingers of one hand into the palm of the other, a gesture between a child's clap of glee and an adult's signal for attention. "I've decided to kick you out. I'm going to ask you to leave town."

Abruptly full, his heart thumped; it was what he wanted. "OK," he said carefully. "If you think you can manage." He glanced at her rosy, alert face to see if she meant it; he could not believe she did. A red, white and



blue mail truck that had braked to a stop behind them tapped its horn, more reminder than rebuke; the Maples were known in the town. They had lived here most of their married life.

Richard found reverse, backed up, completed the turn, and they headed home, skimming. The car, so new and stiff, in motion felt high and light, as if it, too, had just been vaporized in her little playful clap. "Things are stagnant," she explained, "stuck; we're not going anywhere."

"I will not give her up," he interposed.

"Don't tell me, you've told me."

"Nor do I see you giving him up."

"I would if you asked. Are you asking?"

"No. Horrors. He's all I've got."

"Well, then. Go where you want, I think Boston would be most fun for the kids to visit. And the least boring for you."

"I agree. When do you see this happening?" Her profile, in the side of her vision, felt brittle, about to break if he said a wrong word, too rough a word. He was holding his breath, trying to stay up, high and light, like the car. They went over the bump this side of the bridge; cigarette smoke jarred loose from Joan's face.

"As soon as you can find a place," she said. "Next week. Is that too soon?"

"Probably."

"Is this too sad? Do I seem brutal to you?"

"No, you seem wonderful, very gentle and just, as always. It's right. It's just something I couldn't do myself. How can you possibly live without me?"

In the edge of his vision her face turned; he turned to see, and her expression was mischievous, brave, flushed. They must have had wine at lunch. "Easy," Joan said. He knew it was a bluff, a brave gesture; she was begging for reprieve. But he held silent, he refused to argue. This way, he had her pride on his side.

The curves of the road poured by, mailboxes, trees, some of which were already scorched by the turn of the year. He asked, "Is this your idea, or his?"

"Mine. It came to me on the train. All Andy said was, I seemed to be feeding you all the time."

Richard had been sleeping, most nights, in the weeks since their summer of separated vacations, in a borrowed seaside shack two miles from their home; he tried to sleep there, but each evening, as the nights grew longer, it seemed easier, and kinder to the children, to eat the dinner Joan had cooked. He was used to her cooking; indeed, his body, every cell, was composed of her cooking. Dinner would lead to a postdinner drink, while the children (two were off at school, two were still homebound) plodded through

their homework or stared at television, and drinking would lead to talking, confidences, harsh words, maudlin tears and an occasional uxorious collapse upward, into bed. She was right; it was not healthy, nor progressive. The 20 years were by when it would have been convenient to love each other.

He found the apartment in Boston on the second day of hunting. The real-estate agent had red hair, a round bottom and a mask of make-up worn as if to conceal her youth. Richard felt happy and scared, going up and down stairs behind her. Wearier of him than he was of her, she fidgeted the key into the lock, bucked the door open with her shoulder and made her little openhanded gesture of helpless display.

The floor was neither wall-to-wall shag nor splintered wood, but black-and-white tile, like the floor in a Vermeer; he glanced to the window, saw the skyscraper and knew this would do. The skyscraper, for years suspended in a famous state of incompletion, was a beautiful disaster, famous because it was a disaster (glass kept falling from it) and disastrous because it was beautiful: The architect had had a vision. He had dreamed of an invisible building, though immense; the glass was meant to reflect the sky and the old low brick skyline of Boston, and to melt into the sky. Instead, the windows of mirroring glass kept falling to the street and were replaced by ugly opacities of black plywood. Yet enough reflecting surface remained to give an impression, through the wavery old window of this sudden apartment, of huge blueness, a vertical cousin to the horizontal huge blueness of the sea that Richard awoke to each morning, in the now bone-deep morning chill of his unheated shack. He said to the redhead, "Fine," and her charcoal eyebrows lifted. His hands trembled as he signed the lease, having written "Sep" in the space for marital status. From a drugstore he phoned the news, not to his wife, whom it would sadden, but to his mistress, equally far away. "Well," he told her in an accusing voice, "I found one. I signed the lease. Incredible. In the middle of all this fine print, there was the one simple sentence, 'There shall be no water beds.'"

"You sound so shaky."

"I feel I've given birth to a black hole."

"Don't do it, if you don't want to." From the way Ruth's voice paused and faded, he imagined she was reaching for a cigarette, or an ashtray, settling herself to a session of lover babying.

"I do want to. She wants me to. We all want me to. Even the children are turned on. Or pretend to be."

She ignored the "pretend." "Describe it to me."

All he could remember was the floor, and the view of the blue disaster with reflected clouds drifting across its face. And the redhead. She had told him where to shop for food, where to do his laundry. He would have laundry?

"It sounds nice," was Ruth's remote response, when he had finished saying what he could. Two people, one of them a sweating black mailman, were waiting to use the phone booth. He hated the city already, its crowding, its hunger.

"What sounds nice about it?" he snapped.

"Are you so upset? Don't do it if you don't want to."

"Stop saying that." It was a tedious formality both observed, the pretense that they were free, within each of their marriages, to do as they pleased; guilt avoidance was the game, and Ruth had grown expert at it. Her words often seemed not real words but blank counters, phrases of an etiquette, partitions in a maze. Whereas his wife's words always opened in, transparent with meaning.

"What else can I say," Ruth asked, "except that I love you?" And at its far end, the phone sharply sighed. He could picture the gesture: She had turned her face away from the mouthpiece and forcefully exhaled, in that way she had, expressive of exasperation even when she felt none, of exhaling and simultaneously stubbing out a cigarette smoked not halfway down its length, so it crumpled under her impatient fingers like an insect fighting to live. Her conspicuous unthriftiness pained him. All waste pained him. He wanted abruptly to hang up but saw that, too, as a wasteful, empty gesture, and hung on.

Alone in his apartment, he discovered himself a neat and thrifty housekeeper. When a woman left, he would promptly set about restoring his bachelor order, emptying the ashtrays that, if the visitor had been Ruth, brimmed with long pale bodies prematurely extinguished and, if Joan, with butts so short as to be scarcely more than filters. Neither woman, it somehow pleased him to observe, ever made more than a gesture toward cleaning up—the bed a wreck, the dishes dirty, each of his three ashtrays (one glass, one pottery and one a tin cookie-jar lid) systematically touched, like the bases in baseball. Emptying them, he would smile, depending, at Ruth's messy morgue or at Joan's nest of filters, discreet as white pebbles in a bowl of narcissi. When he chastised Ruth for stubbing out cigarettes still so long, she pointed

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FORECASTING PLAYBOY'S FUTURE

*america's foremost astrologer reads our stars
for an advance look at the next 25 years*

By SYDNEY OMARR



It's been a good 25 years for PLAYBOY and, naturally, we're looking forward to another good 25. But who knows what fate holds in store? Why, Sydney Omarr, of course. We asked America's Mr. Astrology to read PLAYBOY's chart and give us a forecast for 1979 and a long-range peep at the next quarter century. Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner provided Omarr

with an approximate birth date for PLAYBOY (the day and hour the first magazine appeared on newsstands) and with that birth date—November 8, 1953, 5:30 A.M. in Chicago, Illinois—Omarr drew up the chart you see below. His interpretation follows.

Appropriately, PLAYBOY was born a Scorpio, the sign of sensuousness, passion, innovation and (concluded on page 378)



ILLUSTRATION BY DENNIS MAGOICH



THE PURPOSE OF THE MOON

*if love is a matter of giving,
momma, why is it so hard?*

fiction by

TOM ROBBINS

author of the contemporary classic
"Even Cowgirls Get the Blues"

1

VINCENT VAN GOGH cut off his ear and sent it to Marilyn Monroe.

Marilyn Monroe was so touched that she gave up everything—her career, her swimming pool, her wiggle, her telephone, her suicide, everything—and moved to the south of France to be with Vincent van Gogh.

Did they live happily ever after? No, no one ever does. But they *pretended* to live happily ever after. And since all things become what we pretend they are, fake happiness is as good as the real stuff.

2

Vincent van Gogh cut off his ear and sent it to Marilyn Monroe. When she unwrapped the package and found the ear, Marilyn Monroe dished up her famous cat-that-swallowed-the-banana smile.

Marilyn Monroe put the ear in a rosewood box on her dressing table. Every now and again, she would remove the ear from the box, pet it, blow on it, scratch it and giggle. Once, she hooked the ear on a silver chain and wore it to a party. She always intended to write the ear's original owner a pretty thank-you note, but she never quite got around to it.

Was Vincent van Gogh a fool?

Maybe Marilyn Monroe was the fool. After all, Vincent van Gogh made a grand gesture and Marilyn Monroe received it frivolously.

3

Vincent van Gogh cut off his ear and sent it to Marilyn Monroe. Some weeks later, the package was returned to Vincent van Gogh. It was marked, **ADDRESSEE DECEASED**.

Vincent van Gogh checked into the matter and found that it was true. In his research, he learned that Joe DiMaggio had ordered that fresh red roses be placed on Marilyn Monroe's grave every three days, forever. Not for Joe DiMaggio's lifetime, mind you, not for the duration of Hollywood, its films and its cemeteries, but forever.

Vincent van Gogh leaned against the dizzy crown of an epileptic sunflower. Said he, "After the end of the world, Joe DiMaggio is going to have some money coming back."

4

Vincent van Gogh cut off his ear and sent it to Marilyn Monroe. Whereupon Marilyn Monroe cut off one of her ears and sent it to Vincent van Gogh.

Vincent van Gogh cut off his little toe and sent it to Marilyn Monroe. Marilyn Monroe sent one of her little toes in return. Next, Vincent van Gogh cut off an eyelid and posted it. In the return mail, he received an eyelid from Marilyn Monroe. Their friendship was growing warm.

They exchanged ring fingers, tongues, belly buttons and nipples. One day, Vincent van Gogh cut out his heart and rushed it to Hollywood—but by then Marilyn Monroe had become bored with the whole affair and run off to Tijuana with Warren Beatty.

Vincent van Gogh was (concluded on page 330) 237

"He moved like a water bug, like a skipping stone, upon the glassy tense surface of his new life."

out, of course, with her beautiful unblinking assumption of her own primary worth, how much better it was for her, for her lungs, to kill the cigarette early; and, of course, she was right, better other-destructive than self-destructive. Ruth was love, she was life, that was why he loved her. Yet Joan's compulsive economy, her discreet death wish, was as dearly familiar to him as her tiny repressed handwriting and the tight curls of her pubic hair, so Richard smiled emptying her ashtrays also. His smile was a gesture without an audience. He, who had originated his act among parents and grandparents, siblings and pets, and who had developed it for a public of schoolmates and teachers, and who had carried it to new refinements before an initially rapt audience of his own children, could not in solitude stop performing. He had engendered a companion of sorts, a single grand spectator—the blue skyscraper. He felt it with him all the time.

Blue, it showed greener than the sky. For a time Richard was puzzled, why the clouds reflected in it drifted in the same direction as the clouds behind it. With an effort of spatial imagination he perceived that a mirror does not reverse our motion, though it does transpose our ears, and gives our mouths a tweak, so that the face even of a loved one looks unfamiliar and ugly when seen in a mirror, the way she—queer thought!—always sees it. He saw that a mirror posed in its midst would not affect the motion of an army; and often half a reflected cloud matched the half of another beyond the building's edge, moving as one, pierced by a jet trail as though by Cupid's arrow. The disaster sat light on the city's heart. At night, it showed as a dim row of little lights, as if a slender ship were sailing the sky, and during a rain or fog, it vanished entirely, while the brick chimney pots and ironstone steeples in Richard's foreground swarthy intensified their substance. He tried to analyze the logic of window replacement, as revealed in the patterns of gap and glass. He detected no logic, just the slow-motion labor of invisible workers, emptying and filling cells of glass with the brainlessness of bees. If he watched for many minutes, he might see, like the condensation of a dewdrop, a blank space go glassy, and reflective, and greenish-blue. Days passed before he realized that, on the old glass

near his nose, the wavery panes of his own window, ghostly previous tenants armed with diamonds had scratched initials, names, dates and, cut deepest and whitest of all, the touching, comical vow, incised in two trisyllabic lines:

*With this ring
I thee wed*

What a transparent wealth of previous lives overlay a city's present joy! As he walked the streets, his own happiness surprised him. He had expected to be sad, guilty, bored. Instead, his days were snugly filled with his lists, his quests for food and hardware, his encounters with such problematical wife substitutes as the laundromat, where students pored over Hesse and picked at their chins while their clothes tumbled in eternal circular fall, where young black housewives hummed as they folded white linen. What an unexpected pleasure, walking home in the dark hugging to himself clean clothes hot as fresh bread, past the bow windows of Back Bay glowing like display cases. He felt sober and exhilarated and justified at the hour when, in the suburbs, rumbled from the commute, he would be into his hurried second predinner drink. He liked the bringing home of food, the tautological satisfaction of cooking a meal and then eating it all, as the radio fed Bach or Bechet into his ears and a book gazed open-faced from the reading stand he had bought; he liked the odd orderly game of consuming before food spoiled and drinking before milk soured. He liked the way airplanes roamed the brown night sky, a second, thinner city laid upon this one, and the way police sirens sang, scooping up some disaster not his. It could not last, such happiness. It was an interim, a holiday. But an oddly clean and just one, rectilinear, dignified, though marred by gaps of sudden fear and disorientation. Each hour had to be scheduled, lest he fall through. He moved like a water bug, like a skipping stone, upon the glassy tense surface of his new life. He walked everywhere. Once he walked to the base of the blue skyscraper, his companion and witness. It was hideous. Heavily planked and chicken-wired tunnels, guarded by barking policemen, protected pedestrians from falling glass and the owners of the building, already millions in the hole, from more lawsuits. Trestles and trucks jammed the cacophonous area. The low-

er floors were solid plywood, of a Stygian black; the building, so lovely in air, had tangled mucky roots. Richard avoided walking that way again.

When Ruth visited, they played a game, of washing—scouring, with a Brillo pad—one white square of the Vermeer floor, so eventually it would all appear clean. The black squares they ignored. Naked, scrubbing, Ruth seemed on her knees a plump little steed, long hair swinging, soft breasts swaying in rhythm to her energetic circular strokes. Behind, her pubic hair, uncurly, made a kind of nether mane. So lovably strange, she rarely was allowed to clean more than one square. Time, so careful and regular for him, sped for them, and vanished. There seemed time even to talk only at the end, her hand on the door. She asked, "Isn't that building amazing, with the sunset in it?"

"I love that building. And it loves me."

"No. It's me who loves you."

"Can't you share?"

"No."

She felt possessive about the apartment; when he told her Joan had been there, too, and, just for "fun," had slept with him, her husband, Ruth wailed into the telephone, "In our bed?"

"In my bed," he said, with uncharacteristic firmness.

"In your bed," she conceded, her voice husky as a sleepy child's.

When the conversation finally ended, his mistress sufficiently soothed, he had to go lean his vision against his inanimate, giant friend, dimming to mauve on one side, still cerulean on the other, faintly streaked with reflections of high cirrus. It spoke to him, as the gaze of a dumb beast speaks, of beauty and suffering, of a simplicity that must perish, of loss. Evening would soften its shade to slate; night would envelop its sides. Richard's focus shortened and he read, with irritation, for the hundredth time, that impudent, pious marring, that bit of litany, etched bright by the sun's fading fire.

*With this ring
I thee wed*

Ruth, months ago, had removed her wedding ring. Coming here to embark with him upon an overnight trip, she wore on that naked finger, as a reluctant concession to imposture, an inherited diamond ring. In the hotel, Ruth had been distressed to lose her name in the false assumption of his, though he explained it to her as a mere convenience. "But I like who I am now," she protested. That was, indeed, her central jewel, infrangible and bright: She liked who she was. They had gone separate ways

(continued on page 379)



*"In some ways they're ahead of us and
in some ways they're behind us!"*

A Child's Garden of

humor

By BILL COSBY



(Hormonal) Mysteries

hubert not only had muscles, he had...hair!

SIX YEARS OLD is a very difficult age to be—maybe because you don't have a real body that will defend against anything. Your body is just sort of skinny, and when you're six, there's no sign of that Charles Atlas look.

You know, when you're six years old, you're more of a large put-together jigsaw puzzle of thin bone with some skin over it. Not that you're skinny; it's just that these things are hanging—you know: *arms* and *legs*. The two biggest things are your head and your stomach, which always sticks out, and you can see

it breathing. And the thing about being six is that old people come up to you and want to rub your head all the time and say, "Hi, guy." I don't mean old people 50, 60 or 70. I mean old people in their 20s. When you're six, old people keep rubbing your head. You keep flicking them off. You get the feeling that one day they'll rub and rub and rub and rub and rub and your forehead will be gone and you'll have no hair left, just the eyebrows.

"How did you get that way?"

"People rubbing the top of my head."

When you're six, there are very few people you can beat up. Maybe a four-year-old, that's about it; and if you beat up a four-year-old, people will give you no sympathy. They'll hit you and yell, "Why you beat on that small child?" And when you're six, somebody nine years old can really give you a good going over. A nine-year-old is an old person to a six-year-old. He almost got muscles.

When I was six, I had a friend; his name was Roland and Roland was six, too, and he had a body like mine. Me and Roland (concluded on page 352)



MARLON BRANDO (continued from page 144)

a means of escaping from problems, then the problems are only going to increase. Confrontation of problems is the only manner of solution of problems. Problems don't go away. Drugs are not a solution, they're a temporary relief.

PLAYBOY: A lot of people who can afford it go into analysis to get help with their problems, but those who can't often resort to drugs or alcohol.

BRANDO: It would be nice to say that poor people aren't happy, but rich people are snorting cocaine, that's the rich people's drug. When *all* the kids are smoking, dropping acid, taking cocaine, then you have to say there must be something wrong. In the main cities, when you can't walk out in the streets without getting mugged or being in fear of your life, something's wrong. All the rich people do is move farther and farther away from the areas of trouble.

PLAYBOY: Until you finally come to an island?

BRANDO: Until you finally come to an island.

PLAYBOY: Do you think the rich take cocaine as a means of escape or for pleasure, to enhance sexual activity, as a stimulation, whatever?

BRANDO: If it's a pleasure not to be yourself, not to have doubts about yourself, or to have an exaggerated sense of your own importance, then perhaps it is a pleasure. But it's a questionable one, because you're dealing with an unreal world and eventually you're going to have a rendezvous with a brick wall, and you'll have to return to whatever you are.

PLAYBOY: Well, we all know who you are, at least as an actor and an activist, but who would you have liked to be if you could choose any period in history in which to have lived?

BRANDO: I think I would have liked to be a cave man, a neolithic person. It would have been nice to see what the common denominator of human existence was before it started to be fiddled with.

PLAYBOY: Would you have wanted to be an extraordinary cave man?

BRANDO: I would have been Ralph Kramden. Just your average cave dweller.

PLAYBOY: We think we just spotted another *segue*—at least it makes us think of the mumbling cave man you portrayed in *Streetcar*, which made Method acting a household word. Does being labeled a Method actor mean anything to you?

BRANDO: No.

PLAYBOY: Does it bother you?

BRANDO: B-O-R-E. Bore.

PLAYBOY: Is that what a Method actor does—to bore through to the core of a

character's being?

BRANDO: It bores through and goes beyond the frontiers of endurable anguish of interviews.

PLAYBOY: Well, this painful interview is almost over.

BRANDO: Oh, listen, it hasn't been painful at all. It's been delightful. Although I feel like I got in a rummage sale: Would you want this dress? No, that *shmatte*. How about this corset? Well, we could take the rubber out and make a slingshot out of it. I'm dizzy. We've gone from the shores of Marrakesh to the halls of William O. Douglas.

PLAYBOY: A couple of final questions: Do you believe in God?

BRANDO: I believe there must be some order in the universe. So far as there is order, there is some force in the universe. It's hard for me to conceive it's

*"The most repulsive thing
you could ever imagine
is the inside of a camel's
mouth. That and
watching a girl eat octopus
or squid."*

just happenstance or a confluence of disorder that makes the universe what it is.

PLAYBOY: And are you optimistic or pessimistic about the future of life on this planet?

BRANDO: You can't live a life saying, Well, this is the end, so we might as well get out the banjo and the rowboat and get it on, just go laughing and scratching along until Gabriel blows his horn. Whatever the circumstances are, one has to keep trying to find solutions. Even if it seems impossible. They have never invented a system that worked: Religion didn't do it, philosophy didn't do it, ethics didn't do it, economic systems won't do it. None of the systems that deal with man's problems have ever worked. But to live a life of hopelessness, it's not possible.

PLAYBOY: Are you afraid of death? Do you think about it?

BRANDO: "Of all the wonders I yet have heard, it seems to me most strange that men should fear; seeing that death, a necessary end, will come when it will come." Another wonderful speech on death.

PLAYBOY: Do you remember more of

Shakespeare than of any other author?

BRANDO: He's *worth* remembering. "For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground / And tell sad stories of the death of kings." I can't remember it all. [*Thinks*] "That rounds the mortal temples of a king / Keeps Death his court and there the antic sits, / Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp." "And with a little pin / Bores through his castle wall, and farewell, king!"

PLAYBOY: It was announced in the papers that you had consented to play *King Lear* on Broadway and that Elia Kazan would direct. Yes or no?

BRANDO: No.

PLAYBOY: Here's an offbeat question for you: What are things that repulse you?

BRANDO: The most repulsive thing that you could *ever* imagine is the inside of a camel's mouth. It's so awful! That and watching a girl eat small octopus or squid. I mean, I'm not squeamish about anything, I could make an ocarina out of a petrified turd with no problem, but that. . . . There's a certain frog that carries its eggs on its back and after they are fertilized, these froglings burst forth from the skin. . . . It just makes me sick. I don't like to look at somebody's sticky saliva. These people who laugh—ha, ha, ha—and there's a stringer of saliva from their upper tooth to the bottom lip and it bends every time they go *ha, ha*, it pulsates. Jesus, with one girl, you could take her saliva and walk across the street with it and lay it down on the sidewalk and still be connected. The viscosity of some people's saliva is remarkable.

PLAYBOY: What else offends you?

BRANDO: Bullfighting. I'd like to be the bull but have my brain. First, I'd get the picador. Then I'd chase the matador. No, I'd walk at him until he was shitting in his pants. Then I'd get a horn right up his ass and parade him around the ring. The Spaniards don't think anything more of picking an animal to pieces than the Tahitians do of cutting up a fish.

PLAYBOY: Which brings us, full circle, back to Tahiti. This island of yours is an unbelievably beautiful setting.

BRANDO: Yeah. I could open this up for tourism and make a million dollars, but why spoil it?

PLAYBOY: Do you find it impossible to leave this place once you're here?

BRANDO: It's very hard. But . . . "miles to go before I sleep, and miles to go before I sleep."

PLAYBOY: Didn't Marilyn Monroe write that?

BRANDO: I think Marilyn did, yeah. It was either her or Fatty Arbuckle, I can't remember.

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE REVIEW

a roundup of the past delightful dozen



Take a good close look at this page. It just could be the best collection of neck-snapping, knockout beautiful women we've ever presented. It could also be the last time you'll ever see them all together. Travel fever has gripped these girls, scattering them, literally, to the four corners of the earth. But they'll be back; on TV, in movie theaters and on numerous magazine covers, because talent abounds here and it will not be denied. Our loss is the world's gain, as they say, and we may get a little misty-eyed, but we don't really mind. It's been a year of sheer pleasure for us—and for our readers. Now they belong to their own bright, promising futures.





PHOTOGRAPHY BY
KEN MARCUS

Miss December

When we called December Playmate Janet Quist our "Texas Drifter," we weren't kidding. Janet's harder to find than truffles. We tried Austin, we tried Dallas, we tried California and we were about to notify the Coast Guard when Janet finally found us. She was in San Antonio (why didn't we think of that?) and having a wonderful time spinning records at the Deja Vu Discotheque. She says California is next, but our guess is you Hawaiians had better keep an eye peeled.

Miss August

August Playmate Vicki Witt had just returned from her first trip to California when we tracked her down in her Michigan digs. She reported meeting lots of "really great people" and an occasional clunker. "I don't know if I could be happy in that environment," Vicki said. "People seem to have just one thing on their minds." We didn't bother to ask what that one thing was. Even so, Vicki is giving a lot of thought to the possibilities a move to the cinema capital may have to offer her budding career.





Miss July

The last of the big-time spenders: That's July Playmate Karen Morton, who splurged some of her modeling fee on a fire-engine-red 1971 Volkswagen. The jaunty Volks was promptly and rudely introduced to a passing car. Luckily, only Karen's pride was hurt. The incident was quickly forgotten, however, in the bustle of PLAYBOY promotions that took her to Hawaii, San Francisco, Michigan, Ohio and Seattle. Personal travel hopes include vacation trips to England and Japan.

Miss May

May Playmate Kathy Morrison has been on the road, breaking hearts and stopping traffic in England and Italy. The Italian countryside knocked her out: "They don't change things as much over there. You can still get a sense of history." Now back in the States, Kathy is hard at work fixing up her house and tending to her pets, a Dalmatian and an Irish setter. But her wanderlust is not satisfied. Next stop may be Indonesia: "I'd just like to go someplace completely different."

Miss March

The song that goes "When you're hot, you're hot..." certainly applies to Playmate Christina Smith. Who else do you know who could walk into a Las Vegas casino with \$25 and, after a few rounds of blackjack, walk out with \$600? It brings to mind another old adage, "Them that has gets..." Christina is riding a happy wave that began with her March appearance and has continued unabated. "I still get lots of fan mail," she says, though none, we suspect, from Vegas dealers.





Miss June

Where does a Southern girl go to find happiness? If you're Playmate Gail Stanton, you go all the way to Tehran, Iran. At least that's where she spent the past six months, doing commercials for Iranian television. Apparently, the Persians have an eye for Memphis beauty, since Gail has plans to return—either to open a modeling agency or to start an import business. Till then, she's home in Memphis, mulling over the flood of job offers she's had since her appearance last June.

Miss February

Some girls want fame and fortune. Playmate Janis Schmitt will settle for a moderately wealthy auto mechanic who can keep her Spitfire from sputtering. After seven years as a respiratory therapist, Janis found a new career when she was discovered as a Bunny in the St. Louis Playboy Club. "I guess I'm a late bloomer," says Jan. Her next move will be to L.A., where she hopes to do some comedy acting and some grooving with her 350-album record collection. It's never too late.





Miss April

Don't tell Playmate Pamela Bryant how hard it is to make it in Hollywood. You'll break her streak. Already she has episodes of *Fantasy Island*, *Barnaby Jones* and *Hardy Boys* to her credit. And her *BJ and the Bear* movie for Universal was an October winner on NBC-TV. There's also talk of a screenplay based on her life story. With all that, plus more modeling assignments than she can handle, Pamela still says, "Give me a year and look out." Look out for what—the first female President?

Miss September

If the ratings for Saturday-morning kid shows take an unexpected rise, Playmate Rosanne Katon is the reason. She's starring in several episodes of CBS-TV's *Jason of Star Command*, a sci-fi adventure series for children. We'll bet a lot of adult males tune in, too. Rosanne has also just completed a major advertising campaign for Olympia Beer. Before Rosanne's appearance as Playmate, her mother was a little apprehensive. Now she brags about "my daughter, the Playmate." We're pretty proud of Rosanne, too.

Miss January

You're going to be seeing a lot of Playmate Debra Jensen, who has hit the modeling world with a splash. Four months in Paris convinced her that there's a market out there for her kind of head-turning beauty. Imagine that! At the moment, our Miss January is packing up and heading not for Paris but for New York. Being a Playmate, she has found, makes traveling difficult. Despite trying to disguise herself as "just another girl," she was recognized in airports three times.





Miss October

Playmate Marcy Hanson's acting career is in high gear. When we talked with her, she had just finished a made-for-TVer, *The Sacketts*, for NBC, a *Welcome Back, Kotter*, a *Family* episode and a *Dating Game*. All that while doing promotions for PLAYBOY. Marcy found enthusiasm for Playmates especially high in Houston, where "some guy actually tried to bite me." While we understand the poor fellow's reaction, we're sending a shark cage along on her next promotional tour.

Miss November

Suzanne and Farrah have nothing on November Playmate Monique St. Pierre. Her poster for Lange ski equipment, featured in her Playmate layout, has racked up sales of 1,000,000 copies and the line has already formed for the next one, due out soon at a ski shop near you. Monique has her eye on a condo in Aspen. That'll give her a place to touch down between modeling assignments in New York and movie work in Los Angeles. It's all downhill for this pretty skier.



PLAYMATES' PROGRESS



Frankly, seeing Playmate Marcy Hanson in a nurse's uniform makes us want to play doctor. Alas, it's only make-believe on the set of *Welcome Back, Kotter*, where Marcy was toping a recent episode. The fellow on the left is a moderately successful disco dancer.

Playmate Debra Jensen went from January centerfold to the cover of our March issue. Right now, however, she's not sitting in a Ferrari but in the midst of packing boxes, in preparation for her move to New York. "If you could see this place, you wouldn't believe it," she told us. Life isn't all work for Debra, though; she's also in love.



July Playmate Karen Morton (center) visited Hawaii recently and got together with her cousin Elaine, June 1970 Playmate (left), and June 1972 Playmate Debbie Davis. That's Elaine's daughter Lisa—Miss June of 1993?



Who better to judge a beauty contest than our own December beauty, Playmate Janet Quist? Janet took time out from traveling and Playmate duties to oversee the swimsuit competition of the Luckenbach World's Fair—the event of the year in that tiny Texas hamlet. She's been playing tumbling tumbleweed since her appearance last month, visiting friends in the Lone-Star State.

They sure know how to make a girl feel at home in Foyetteville, North Carolina. When June Playmate Gail Stanton showed up for a promotion at Patrick Ford, she was delighted to find her likeness pointed on the side of a van by local artist Earl Stone. Unfortunately, a concern for traffic safety dictated a slight cover-up. Fact is, though, Gail could prompt fender benders in almost any outfit.



Some girls get Redford, some get Newman. April Playmate Pam Bryant's co-star in her first movie, *BJ and the Bear*, was Som the Chimp. With movies, modeling and a recording contract in the works, Pam's a busy girl.



When we were photographing our Miss November, Monique St. Pierre, for the *Playmate Review*, Hef himself was on hand to make sure we got it right. Of course, with Monique, it's hard to get it wrong. Besides modeling, Monique's into modern dance and skiing in Aspen.



Janis Schmitt, the premier letter getter of the post months' *Playmates*, took a few weeks off to read her mail before packing up for a move from St. Louis to the greener pastures of L.A. All she needs now is a roommate. The line forms, fellas, somewhere in Maine.



Portraying the cheeriest of cheerleaders in the movie *Coach* is *Playmate* Rosanne Katon. Proceeds from her appearance in September have resulted in Rosanne's being flush "for the first time in my life." But she paid a price. While at the Equinox revolving restaurant in San Francisco on a *PLAYBOY* promotion, Rosanne solemnly assured us, she developed motion sickness.



Eschewing the cliché of a gondola ride in Venice, Kothy Morrison and friend David opt for a view from the bridge. Her stop in Venice was part of a European vacation trip.



On her first trip to California, August *Playmate* Vicki Witt tried the hot new sport of roller disco. After an inauspicious beginning, she got those skates rocking-'n'-rolling again.



"I'm so busy having fun, I don't have time to work," says Christino Smith, shown here with sometime beau Maximilian Schell in the Mediterranean Room of the *Playboy* Mansion West. Still, she has managed to wrap up a commercial for Schwinn between promotional tours for *PLAYBOY* and trips from Delaware to Kongsos to see old friends. A London vacation is next.

a garland of lecherous verse



upon the nipples of julia's breast

Have ye beheld (with much delight)
A red rose peeping through the white?
Or else a cherry (double graced)
Within a lily's center placed?
Or ever marked the pretty beam
A strawberry shows, half drowned in cream?
Or seen rich rubies blushing through
A pure smooth pearl, and Orient, too?
So like to this, nay all the rest,
Is each neat niplet of her breast.

—ROBERT HERRICK (1591–1674)

indian summer

Now that my Madelon knows at last
That I am wearing specs and slippers,
She is secretly bidding—fast—
For one of the other skippers.

Well, you could say, the cargo shifts;
But I'm used to such surprises.
Any vessel tosses and drifts
When the mast no longer rises.

—N. BERTHELOT, 1646

king david and king solomon

King David and King Solomon
Led merry, merry lives
With many, many lady friends
And many, many wives.
But when old age crept onward
With all its heavy qualms,
King Solomon wrote the *Proverbs*
And King David wrote the *Psalms*.

—JAMES BALL NAYLOR (1860–1945)

the difficult choice

"Come, come," said Tom's father, "at your time of life,
There's no longer excuse for thus playing the rake.
It is time that you think, boy, of taking a wife."
"Why, so it is, Father. Whose wife shall I take?"

—THOMAS MOORE (1779–1852)

a song with logic

Why, Chloë, thus squander your prime
In debate between fear and temptation?
If adulterous love be a crime,
Why quarrel with plain fornication?

Your beauties with age you may lose;
Then seize the short moment of joy.
If not, then with confidence use
What by using you cannot destroy.

Come, come, bid our raptures begin
Ere we lose both our youth and our leisure.
'Tis better repenting a sin
Than regretting the loss of a pleasure.

—ANONYMOUS, 18th Century

the rude response

"No! No! Spare my virginity!
When I lose that," said Rose, "I'll die!"
"Behind the elms last night," cried Dick,
"Rose, were you not extremely sick?"

—MATTHEW PRIOR (1664–1721)

the rabbit

The rabbit has a charming face;
Its private life is a disgrace.
I really dare not name to you
The awful things that rabbits do;
Things that your paper never prints—
You only mention them in hints.
They have such low, degraded souls
No wonder they inhabit holes;
When such depravity is found
It only can live underground.

—ANONYMOUS, 19th Century

a trick

Nokes went, he thought, to Styles's wife to bed,
Nor knew his own was laid there in her stead.
Civilian, is the child he then begot,
To be allow'd legitimate or not?

—FROM *The Bon Ton Magazine*, 1794





nae hair on't

Yestreen I wed a lady fair,
An wad ye believe me,
On her cunt there grows nae hair;
That's the thing that grieves me.
It vexed me, sair, it plagu'd me, sair,
It put me in a passion,
To think that I had wed a wife,
Whase cunt was out of fashion.

—ANONYMOUS, Scottish, 19th Century

the rejected offer

It is not four years ago
I offered forty crowns
To lie with her a night or so;
She answered me with frowns.
Not two years since, she, meeting me,
Did whisper in my ear
That she would at my service be,
If I contented were.
I told her I was cold as snow
And had no great desire;
But should be well content to go
To twenty, but no higher.
Some three months since, or thereabout,
She that so coy had been,
Bethought herself and found me out,
And was content to sin.
I smiled at that, and told her I
Did think it somewhat late,
And that I'd not repentance buy
At more than half the rate.
This present morning early, she,
Forsooth, came to my bed
And, gratis, there she offered me
Her high-prized maidenhead.
I told her that I thought it then
Far dearer than I did,
When I at first the forty crowns
For one night's lodging bid.

—SIR JOHN SUCKLING (1609–1642)

ophelia's song

Tomorrow is Saint Valentine's day
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window
To be your valentine.
Then up he rose and donn'd his clothes,
And dupp'd the chamber door;
Let in the maid, that out a maid
Never departed more.
By Gis and by Saint Charity,
Alack, and fie for shame!
Young men will do't, if they come to't;
By cock, they are to blame.
Quoth she, before you tumbled me,
You promised me to wed.
So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,
An thou hadst not come to my bed.

—WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (1564–1616)

o western wind

O Western wind, when wilt thou blow
That the small rain down can rain?
Christ! that my love were in my arms!
And I in my bed again!

—ANONYMOUS, 16th Century

my girl

My girl, she's airy, she's buxom and gay,
Her breath is as sweet as the blossoms in May;
A touch of her lips, it ravishes quite;
She's always good natur'd, good humor'd and free;
She dances, she glances, she smiles with a glee;
Her eyes are the lightnings of joy and delight;
Her slender neck, her handsome waist,
Her hair well buckl'd, her stays well laced,
Her taper white leg, with an et, and a C,
For her A, B, E, D, and her C, U, N, T,
And Oh, for the joys of a long winter night!

—ROBERT BURNS (1759–1796)





Chances are you've noticed.

More and more people are enjoying Puerto Rican white rum in place of vodka or gin.

Like the Lugos, they appreciate the incredible smoothness of white rum. It mixes beautifully with tonic or orange juice or soda. And makes a superbly dry, clean-tasting martini.

Puerto Rican white rum is, indeed, smoother than vodka or gin.

You see, every drop of Puerto Rican rum is aged, by law, for at least one full year before it's bottled.

And when it comes to smoothness, aging is the name of the game.

Here's a suggestion.

Instead of mixing your usual vodka or gin and tonic, make it white rum and tonic.

Now, isn't that better?



"The popularity of white rum and tonic is no surprise. We Puerto Ricans knew it was only a matter of time."

Fernando Lugo, architect, and his wife Isabel

Make sure the rum is Puerto Rican.

The name Puerto Rico on the label is your assurance of excellence.

The Puerto Rican people have been making rum for almost five centuries.

Their specialized skills and dedication result in a rum of exceptional taste and purity.

No wonder over 85% of the rum sold in this country comes from Puerto Rico.



PUERTO RICAN RUMS
Aged for smoothness and taste.

For free "Light Rums of Puerto Rico" recipes, write: Puerto Rican Rums, Dept P-1, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, N.Y., N.Y. 10019 © 1978 Commonwealth of Puerto Rico.



THAT WAS THE YEAR THAT WAS

humor **By JUDITH WAX**

The airlines, forced to cut their rates,
When Laker's planes began it,
Would like to give Fred one-way fare
To another planet.

Travolta fans bloomed coast to coast,
They discoed through the night,
And guys who dance like ducks in pants
Were suiting up in white.

When Donny Osmond took a bride,
His fans were up a tree.
They'd planned to share their toothy god
With no one but Marie.



Vanessa capped her Oscar
With an unexpected act,
A verbal Arabesque for which
She soon was Paddy-whacked.

Our President's a man of prayer
At eventide and morn (amen).
Yet after Dr. Peter's gaffe,
He'd rather not get Bourne again.

Manhattan's trials and traumas
Could cause anyone dejection;
At least Ed Koch had one head start:
His hair went pre-election.



Is "Life's more fun if you're a blonde"
The truth or just what's said?
At least for blondes like Cheryl Tiegs,
Life's worth a lot more bread.



Jaws the Second did big biz,
This country loves a thriller,
But Warren Beatty beat the shark
As ranking lady-killer.

When Miss Costanza quit her post,
The White House learned one thing:
A Midge, though quite petite, can still
Deliver quite a sting.

Ron Reagan said that treaty was
The cruelest of shocks.
Perhaps that's why his hair went gray
(They're Panama Canal locks).



As Georgia's verbal Mr. Young
Made speeches round the map,
The great debate continued:
Is he boon or Andycap?

Randy Newman wrote a song
He claimed was just a tease,
But short folks lined up everywhere
To bite him on the knees.

Reports Ham Jordan spit his booze
Had caused him such distress,
It's said he thought the Pyramids
Were down a lady's dress.



Though Rotten (Johnny), Vicious (Sid)
And company conspired
To tour the States and hype huge gates,
The Pistols' shot misfired.



Miss Ronstadt had to leave her home
In very hurried fashion
When tourists flocked. (They hoped to glimpse
UnGovernable passion.)

tongue-in-cheek remembrances of sundry newsmakers who—in word or deed—made the headlines in '78

Though Woody Allen's *Annie Hall*
Won honors by the score,
They should have made the Oscars flat
To shove beneath his door.



Bert Lance became a TV star
And if he's not first-rank
At broadcast news, at least this job
Is money in the bank.

While Pete Rose had a banner year,
His final goal was off. He
Tied the N.L. mark, but who
Can outbrew Mr. Coffee?

Princess Margaret with her Rod
Improved each shining hour,
Despite some Britons, who—by God—
Would send her to the Tower.



Photos of her dazzling grin
Led media's event list.
To see much more of Farrah's teeth,
You'd have to be her dentist.



A test-tube treasure named Louise
Became a headlined laes
When Britain served a brand-new treat:
Baby under glass.

Sadat and Begin's spark of peace
Had gone from bright to dim,
Until they both went off to camp
And bunked with Uncle Jim.

Christina might have had her pick
Of moguls, sheiks or bankers,
But Mice Onassis showed the world
That borsch was in her tankers.



Joe Namath quilt the L.A. Rams,
His grid days at a close.
Let's hope he etashed away the cash
To etay in panty hose.

The Jagers split asunder
And they went their separate ways,
Which wasn't all that different
From their good old married days.

At diplomatic interchange
All may be an amateur,
Still, Brezhnev dug his every word
(Must be the champ's pentameter).



When Phyllis Schlafly sallied forth,
Her fans were lined up by the drove
To see her take on E.R.A.
But who'd she leave to mind the stove?



Frank Collin's little Nazi crew,
Whose business is the hate racket,
Should chenge their uniforms, folks said,
To swastika on strait jacket.



POWER FAILURE

(continued from page 169)

"Moyers had immediately created a true national constituency that needed and valued him."

that. He is intelligent, witty, composed and thoughtful. He went from CBC to NBC, where he did well but, like many of his colleagues, felt extremely frustrated. He eventually went from there to the Public Broadcasting Service, where he did a variety of reporting and anchoring. He finally became the co-host of a program called *The MacNeil/Lehrer Report*, one of the most civilized programs on television. *The MacNeil/Lehrer Report* is unique: It believes that the SALT talks and the future of South Africa and other serious issues of our day cannot be reported and explained in a minute and 30 seconds. So each night, it devotes all of its 30 minutes to one issue. At the heart of this is a belief that many issues are so important and so complicated, that to deal with them in a minute or two, as the networks do ("putting *The New York Times* on a postage stamp," in the immortal words of producer Fred W. Friendly), does not always clarify them. Rather, it may, in fact, confuse viewers. This has long been a problem, this tendency to trivialize the news with such cannibalized reporting, and it bothers some network officials, but not so much that they will put on an hour news show.

The MacNeil/Lehrer Report is special in that it genuinely explains issues and presents an intelligent, balanced view. It makes issues more understandable and, in so doing, it makes the world around us more believable, and more interesting and less frightening. That which we do not understand alternately either frightens us or bores us. That which we can at least partially understand can interest and excite us. On this show, MacNeil, like his colleague Jim Lehrer, has been very good; he is thoughtful and tolerant and interested and he never, as so many network television interviewers do, lapses into hokey, faked interest. Most remarkable of all, he actually seems to be listening to his guests.

Enter now Roone Arledge, he of ABC, a network that overnight has a lot of money and precious little public-affairs tradition. Arledge had been the boy wonder at ABC Sports (he had helped invent something called *NFL Monday Night Football*, the ultimate media event, the essential thesis of which is that which happens in the broadcasting booth is more important than that which is taking place on the field).

Arledge had anchor-person problems and ratings problems. The first generation of anchor people plucked from other networks had not worked out terribly well. Harry Reasoner seemed to lack energy and became petulant when Barbara Walters, a girl, not only was hired to share his anchor but was paid more than he was. Miss Walters, plucked from NBC, where her energy and drive had worked well on the *Today* show, turned out to be a disappointment as an anchor, her talents seriously misused. The ratings did not rise. So Arledge wanted to redo the show. Some people thought the anchor wave of the future was one anchor: Walter Cronkite was one anchor and he worked well. Some thought it was two anchors—either two boys (David and Chet, John and David) or a boy and a girl—but Arledge thought it should be four anchors. One here, one there, one somewhere else, and one more as well. ABC then turned to MacNeil and offered him one fourth of an anchor. He was intrigued, he was flattered: The size of the audience—ten times larger than that of PBS—was attractive and he thought ABC, on the upswing, with all its resources, might be doing some interesting things. But he was also wary. He had played the network game before and he was wary of the potential impotence of being a semianchor. An anchor was not enough. Cronkite was more than just an anchor. MacNeil would come aboard, he said, but he also wanted to be executive editor of the show. That meant that in addition to being an anchor, he would play a major role in determining the show's daily format and context. The negotiations dragged on. A lot of money was mentioned, perhaps three times as much as MacNeil was then making. Finally, ABC refused him even partial control of the show, and he, in turn, turned the network down. He stayed at PBS. We are the better for it.

Which takes us to the case of his colleague at PBS, Bill Moyers. Moyers, the former press secretary to Lyndon Johnson, had published *Newsday* for a time before proving too liberal for Harry Guggenheim. After leaving *Newsday*, he had become a national correspondent for PBS. There he did truly distinguished work; he had intelligence and subtlety and, unlike his colleagues on the networks, he had enough regular air time

for his better qualities to emerge. In addition, he had one special quality that distinguished him: an instinctive sense of history rather than a sense of news, which allowed him to sense what was truly important about American life and thus to concentrate on the larger rather than the peripheral issues confronting his fellow citizens. (Janet Murrow, for one, thought that during Watergate, Moyers was the commentator who most resembled Ed.) But, as Moyers had always been restless in the past, he was restless at PBS. He always seemed to be caught in the powerful forces swirling about him—an intense moral sense and an immense, driving ambition. As such, he was always playing Hamlet, caught between conflicting desires and job offers: What did he really want to be when he grew up? President of the United States? Secretary of State? Cronkite? His television reporting for PBS was quite striking, and he had immediately created a true national constituency that needed and valued him, serious people in thousands of small towns who felt themselves lonely and cut off from knowledge and debate over great issues. Not surprisingly, CBS coveted what it did not have, and it made Moyers an offer to come to work in its documentaries unit. Moyers, intrigued by the difference in platforms and the size of the audiences, and also aware of the dangers ahead, pondered the offer, played Hamlet for a time and accepted it.

His tour at CBS turned out to be surprisingly short. Two years. The platform, as he had suspected, was awesome, but it was also remarkably difficult to attain. Air time was elusive. He found himself working with highly professional people who were also very clearly the stepchildren of the corporation. That which they did they did very well, but it was also clear that no one at the higher reaches of the network cared very much about documentaries. Documentaries had low ratings and caused lots of trouble. Moyers soon found himself far more frustrated at CBS than he had been at PBS: At PBS, the frustrations had been over old and faulty equipment and too little money; at CBS, it was a different problem, one that was almost spiritual, a feeling that the people he worked for thought that what he was doing did not really matter.

Yet the network did care about Moyers himself. Not necessarily Moyers and his documentaries, but Moyers the human asset. He was a star. He was what network-television executives dream about, someone so smart, so intuitive and yet so subtle, his own interior safeguards so sure, that he could deal with the most

(continued on page 322)



THE ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF PLAYBOY

IN WORDS AND PICTURES, A COMPENDIUM OF
HIGHLIGHTS FROM 25 EVENTFUL YEARS



SCULPTURE BY PARVIZ SADIGHIAN

Text by DAVID STANDISH

GOOD FOR US: We're 25 years old. We've never felt better and we couldn't be happier.

Best is that more often than not, it's been *fun*—which has been the idea of it all since we began. But which in 1953 was a slightly *dangerous* notion for a new magazine to be celebrating. It's even difficult for people who lived through them to remember how grim the very early Fifties were—and how rigidly conformist. When Korea was just grinding down to an empty, meaningless impasse; our first dry-fuck war. When number one on *Your Hit Parade* was *Doggie in the Window* by the Rage, Miss Patti Page. And Joseph McCarthy, the Honorable Mad Senator from Wisconsin, began seeing Commies instead of pink elephants, spreading the illness across the country before his own grew to fever before live TV cameras—our first nationally televised real-life soap opera. Kids in grade school twice a week practiced crouching in basement hallways and kissing their asses goodbye, in preparation for the bright day when the mushroom cloud melted downtown; many were issued dog tags, so their charbroiled young remains could be identified by any survivors.

Fun was definitely not "in."

Nor was nonconformity.

In 1952, General Eisenhower, while campaigning for President, stated the national goal as he saw it: "The great problem of America today is to take that straight road down the middle." His crashing landslide over witty "egghead" Adlai Stevenson proved we were already well on our way. Fit in, go along with the team, don't rock the boat.

Stevenson lost so badly in part because he seemed too brainy, wasn't "regular" like Ike, who grinned and waved his wedgie and cheerfully mangled the English language. Most liberal-to-left politicians and journalists—especially while McCarthy was still careening around, waving his hallucinatory lists—chose ducking and hiding in the storm cellars until it blew over. Local patriots were busy ridding their public-library shelves of such Commie trash as *Huckleberry Finn*. It was the flannel-fingered dawn of the age of the Organization Man.

A great time to be alive.

In January 1954, at least one person thought so—27-year-old Hugh M. Hefner, who with not much experience and less money had somehow managed to pull off the impossible. In the midst of this dreariness and repression, he'd become Editor and Publisher of the most daring, talked-about new magazine in recent memory—and it looked like he wouldn't have to turn all his furniture over to the bank, after all.



A provocatively dressed Marilyn Monroe greeted readers from the cover (left) of our first issue, published in December 1953. A provocatively undressed MM greeted first-timers inside. Keeping a close watch on things then, as now, was PLAYBOY Art Director Arthur Paul (right), who designed the premiere issue and our Rabbit.



January, 1954

What do you say when a dream comes true? What words do you use? How can a guy possibly express a thing like this?

I own a magazine — a magazine of my very own. Or, more precisely, I am president of, and hold a majority of the stock in, a corporation that owns a magazine. Of course, we've very little money in the bank, and the road ahead will be a rough one, but, nevertheless, the dream has become a reality — and whether we succeed or fail in the months and years ahead, I'm getting my chance to try.

In the summer of 1953, Hefner wrote the copy for the first issue in his apartment. The item above is the year-end message, dated January 1954, from his personal scrapbook. It was a very good year.

Rib-tickling humor has been a PLAYBOY staple since 1953. Navel-tickling humor came along in 1956 (right), when cartoonist Jack Cole, a PLAYBOY discovery, who died in 1958, used the technique to charm our readers with this memorable work.



At the last minute, the title was changed from *Stag Party* to PLAYBOY, prompting a fortunate change in symbols. Imagine "Bunnies" in hatracks.



Many works originally published in PLAYBOY have become hit movies. Among them was the short story *The Hustler*, by Walter S. Tevis, which ran in our January 1957 issue. A color woodcut (below) by Richard Tyler illustrated the piece.



THE 1959 PLAYBOY JAZZ FESTIVAL YEARBOOK



PLAYBOY's 1959 Jazz Festival was such an all-round success that *Variety*, the show-business bible, effused, "Yes, cats, there is a Santa Claus, and his name is Hugh Hefner."



Hef found the girl next door in the next office when he asked Subscription Manager Janet Pilgrim to be a Playmate. She appeared first in July 1955 and made two more centerfold appearances—which still stands as the all-time record.

Our annual salute to college football, *Playboy's Pigskin Preview*, was introduced in 1957. Francis Wallace of the *Saturday Evening Post* was drafted for the initial roundup. Then, in 1958, our current prognosticator, Anson Mount, took over. Among the early choices for our ideal team were coach Forest Evashevski and a grim Alex Karras. Alex went on to develop a sense of humor.



Since his first cartoon (below) appeared in PLAYBOY in August 1956, Shel Silverstein's humor has delighted readers. He's regaled us with cartoons, ditties, poems, tall tales and songs. The ballad in this issue reveals another talent.



"Well, you can, if you want to..."

Silverstein



World-famous artist LeRoy Neiman's name has long been synonymous with PLAYBOY. The artist's distinctive style was first seen in these pages in 1954 (above), in an evocative illustration for Charles Beaumont's story *Black Country*.

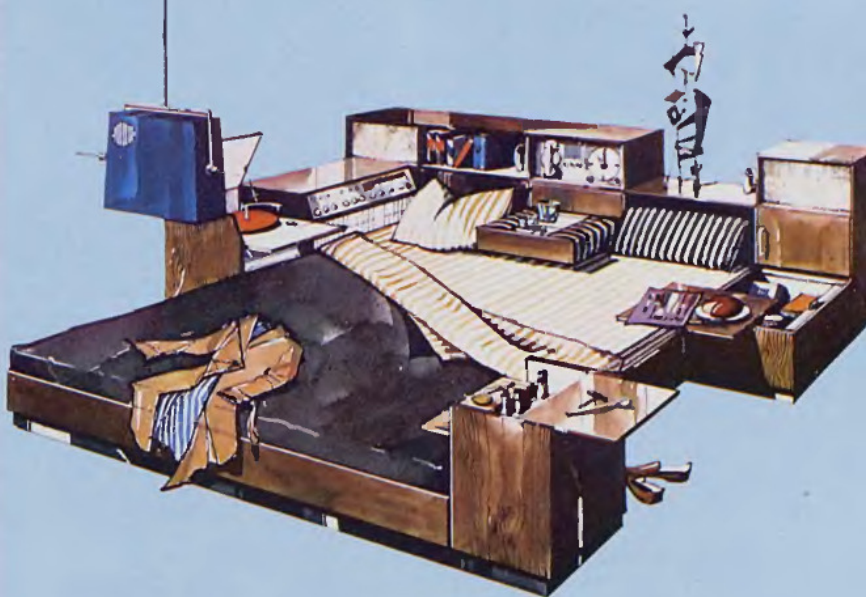


Long before he was a cult figure, Lenny Bruce's humor was a *cause célèbre* in PLAYBOY. The photo at right is from Larry Siegel's 1959 article *Rebel with a Caustic Cause*. Lenny's autobiography, *How to Talk Dirty and Influence People*, debuted in October 1963 and continued on through our March 1964 issue.



The first Playboy Club opened in Chicago on February 29, 1960. Bunnies were an instant hit and multiplied like you know what. There are now 14 Clubs (two in Japan) and four casinos.

In the Beginning Was the Bed: Although Hef's rise to fame and fortune is more closely associated with his legendary round bed, the original Playboy Bed, designed by James E. Tucker, was showcased in the November 1959 issue. One could control everything from the bed—including music, TV, drinks, snacks and a publishing empire. It wasn't bad for sleeping, either.



In the years B.C. (Before Centerfolds), American men had to rely on pinup artists for their inspiration, and Alberto Vargas was (and still is) the master of that genre. The Vargas Girls, who first appeared in the September 1960 PLAYBOY, have found a home here.

Hef will do anything to meet pretty girls, including going on TV. In January 1969, the revived version of Playboy's *Penthouse* went on the air. Called *Playboy After Dark*, it featured old friends, such as Shel Silverstein and Fat Albert's friend Bill.

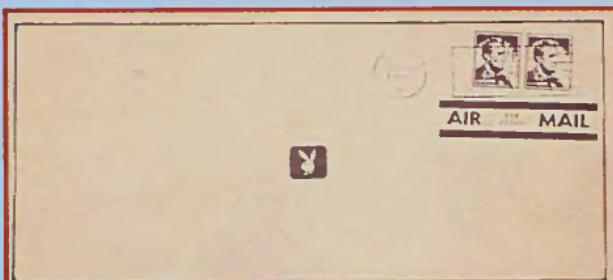


James Bond and PLAYBOY obviously were made for each other. In 1963, we ran Ian Fleming's *On Her Majesty's Secret Service* in three installments. Later, we published *You Only Live Twice* (art by Daniel Schwartz) and *The Man with the Golden Gun*. It was 007 heaven.





Recognize this little lady? LeRoy Neiman's Femlin made her debut on the *Party Jokes* page in July 1956.



"The fact that you are reading this letter indicates your success." Raul DaSilva's message—with the Rabbit symbol as the only "address" on the envelope—arrived at our offices on November 29, 1959.

He wrote in the graphic autobiography he's kept scrupulously since high school:

What do you say when a dream comes true? What words do you use? How can a guy possibly express a thing like this?

I own a magazine—a magazine of my very own. Or, more precisely, I am president of, and hold a majority of the stock in a corporation that owns a magazine. Of course, we've very little money in the bank, and the road ahead will be a rough one, but, nevertheless, the dream has become a reality—and whether we succeed or fail in the months and years ahead, I'm getting my chance to try.

Several factors combined to give him the chance, and one was terrific timing. Prevailing values bland and boring as those of the early Fifties virtually demanded rebellion against them—mostly, as always, among young people. By 1954, it was beginning to show itself. *PLAYBOY* came out of aspects of the same energy that created the beat crowd, the first rock-'n'-rollers, Holden Caulfield, James Dean, *Mad* magazine—and anything else that was interesting by virtue of not eating the prevailing bullshit and being therefore slightly dangerous.

Unlike some of the stories that circulate about its beginning, *PLAYBOY* didn't just drop out of the sky into Hefner's lap the moment after *Esquire* failed to come up with the legendary five-dollar-per-week raise. He'd been working on it a long time, without really knowing it. He had the disease at least since the age of nine, when he'd hand-typed a neighborhood newspaper and hawked it about for a penny a copy. In high school during the early Forties, he wrote and drew cartoons for the paper. Strangely enough, Hefner is in a certain sense a failed cartoonist. What has become his graphic autobiography began in high school as a cartoon series about himself and his friends called *School Daze*. While in the Army, he contributed cartoons to various Service papers, and afterward, at the University of Illinois, edited *Shaft*, the humor magazine—which, naturally, published plenty of cartoons signed "Hef." When he got out into what passes for the real world, his only immediate ambition was to make it as a professional cartoonist—but he couldn't sell a strip or comic-book idea to save his life.

Given his vast energy, it must have been a miserable period for him. He tried—very briefly—graduate school at Northwestern. Then, in 1950, came a job in the personnel department of the Chicago Carton Company, boring, but it paid the bills. He still wanted to be a cartoonist, but no one wanted him. He wrote in the autobiography: "Just when I come out with a good old blood-and-



An appearance at the Chicago Playboy Club in January 1961 launched comedian Dick Gregory's career and opened the door for other black comics nationwide.



What's a nice girl like you doing in a great place like this? Former Bunnies include Sara Lownds (who married and divorced Bob Dylan), supermodel and actress Lauren Hutton, Sue Sullivan (star of TV's *Julie Farr, M.D.*) and feminist-author Gloria Steinem, who donned cottontail as part of a magazine assignment.

Heaven can wait—there's the Playboy Mansion. These Chicago digs were purchased in 1959. After extensive remodeling, Hef moved in. The door plaque, inscribed in Latin ("If you don't swing, don't ring"), was a gift from Associate Publisher A. C. Spector.



For some obscure reason, England's June Wilkinson—whom readers first met in our September 1958 Issue—was known as The Bosom. She did her balancing act on *Playboy's Penthouse*.

thunder, psychological thriller, vice committees are clamping down on crime comics all over the country. Such is life! But just as comic chances are cooling down, I'm getting hot over an idea for a magazine titled *Chi*—a picture publication for and about the people of Chicago."

Luckily for everyone, he never got that one started.

In 1951, he was instead working at the famous low-paying job in the circulation department of *Esquire*. It's impossible to tell how important that was to the creation two years later of *PLAYBOY*. Probably less than has often been claimed, at least in terms of shaping Hefner's ideas about what his magazine should be, but it was crucial in one respect: It taught him how to write good promotional letters. The job that followed at Publisher's Development Corporation had considerably more influence on what *PLAYBOY* was to be and on how it could come to life on one tenth the money everyone told him he'd need to pull it off.

P.D.C. published a handful of small-circulation specialty magazines. One was called *Modern Man*. This was, it is useful to remember, back in the Cro-Magnon period of so-called girlie magazines. The magazines for men were of the outdoorsy, hairy-chested, *Raw Guts* and *Sex Stories Illustrated* variety, grizzlies for breakfast and guns for lunch. Most of the girlie magazines featured tame calendar-style pinups, with nothing else in them. Raciest were the anonymous airbrushed honeys cavorting at volleyball in nudist camps, their pudenda elusive gray smears. *Modern Man* was a modest move beyond these. To the pinups were added a few "men's" articles, in a formula the publisher described as "girls, guns and gears." Hefner had other ideas.

In the graphic autobiography, then still in cartoon-panel form, hand-inked and colored, a long series of panels shows a cheery Hef expounding his ideas in balloons to a friend:

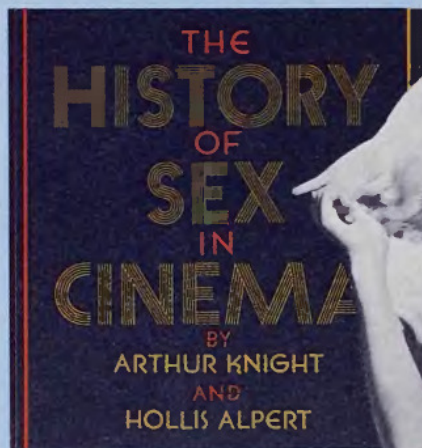
I'd like to produce an entertainment magazine for the city-bred guy—breezy, sophisticated! The girlie features would guarantee the initial sale—but the magazine would have quality, too. Give the reader reprint stories by big-name writers—top art by local artists—cartoons—humor—maybe some pages in full color to give it a really class look.

So he did just that.

Hefner then performed some publishing sleight of hand that involved an infamous bit of calendar art featuring Marilyn Monroe curled nude on red satin, peeking out over her delicious right armpit. Nearly everyone in America had heard of it, but so far most people had only seen a stamp-sized replica



It was not our first pictorial on Jayne Mansfield, nor our last, but this shot of Jayne and co-star Tommy Noonan in the movie *Promises, Promises*, and this caption: "Alas, poor Jayne. As she writhes about seductively, the best she can draw from Noonan are some funny lines," got Hefner busted for obscenity in 1963. The jury never could make up its mind (seven for acquittal, five for conviction) and the case was dismissed.



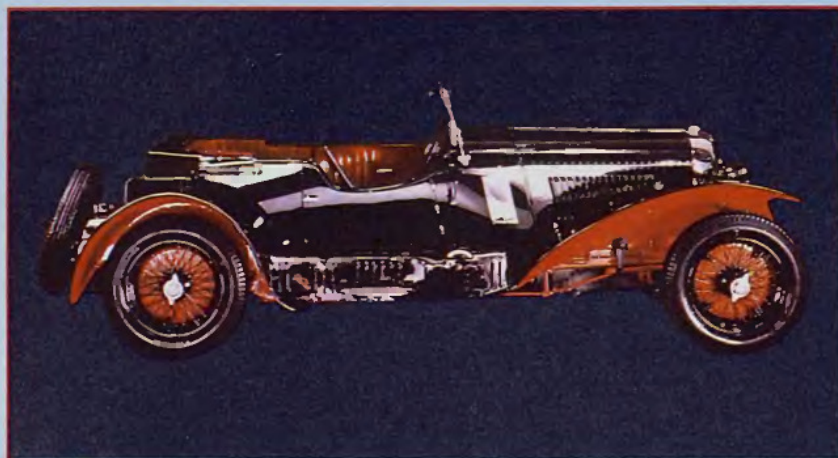
Our yearly tandem *Sex in Cinema* and *Sex Stars* has its roots in 1965 as *PLAYBOY*'s long-running *History of Sex in Cinema*. With text supplied by Arthur Knight and Hollis Alpert, it ranged from silent film through the exploding sexuality in foreign films of the Sixties. In 1969, after 20 installments, we "caught up." (Gable and Harlow, hot stuff in the Thirties, are shown in *Red Dust*.)



Here's Hefner in 1962 about to embark on what was intended to be a "few" installments of *The Playboy Philosophy*. Those few developed into 25 installments—highlights of which appear elsewhere in this issue.



In January 1967, we asked 11 artists to interpret *The Playmate* as *Fine Art* for the magazine. This painting by Ben Johnson was done, he said, "with the feeling of abandon a man has when making love."



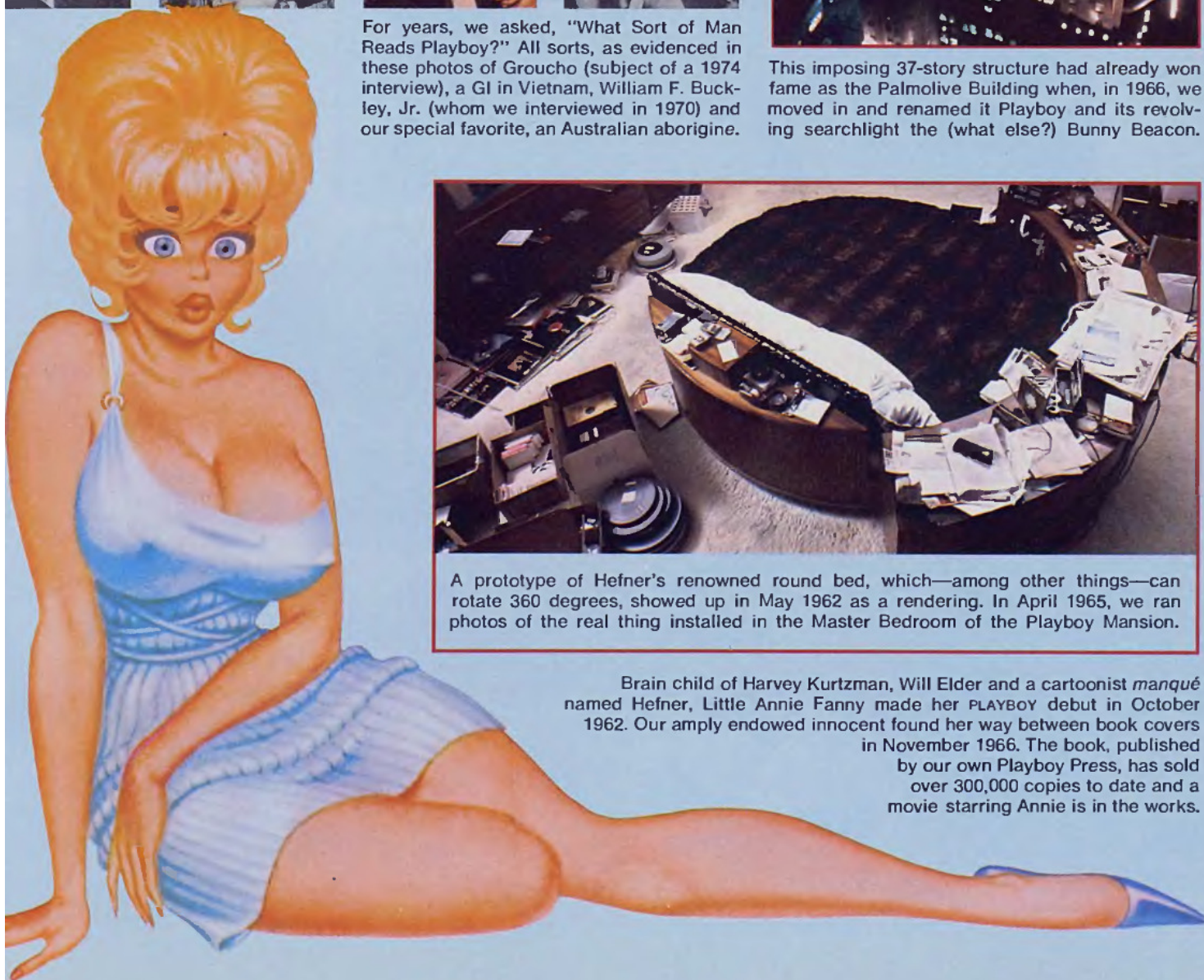
Ken W. Purdy wrote for us for 15 years on a wide range of subjects, but he was best known to our readers for his definitive articles on autos and auto racing. This 1931 Bentley is from May 1969's *Classic-Car Collecting*.



This imposing 37-story structure had already won fame as the Palmolive Building when, in 1966, we moved in and renamed it Playboy and its revolving searchlight the (what else?) Bunny Beacon.



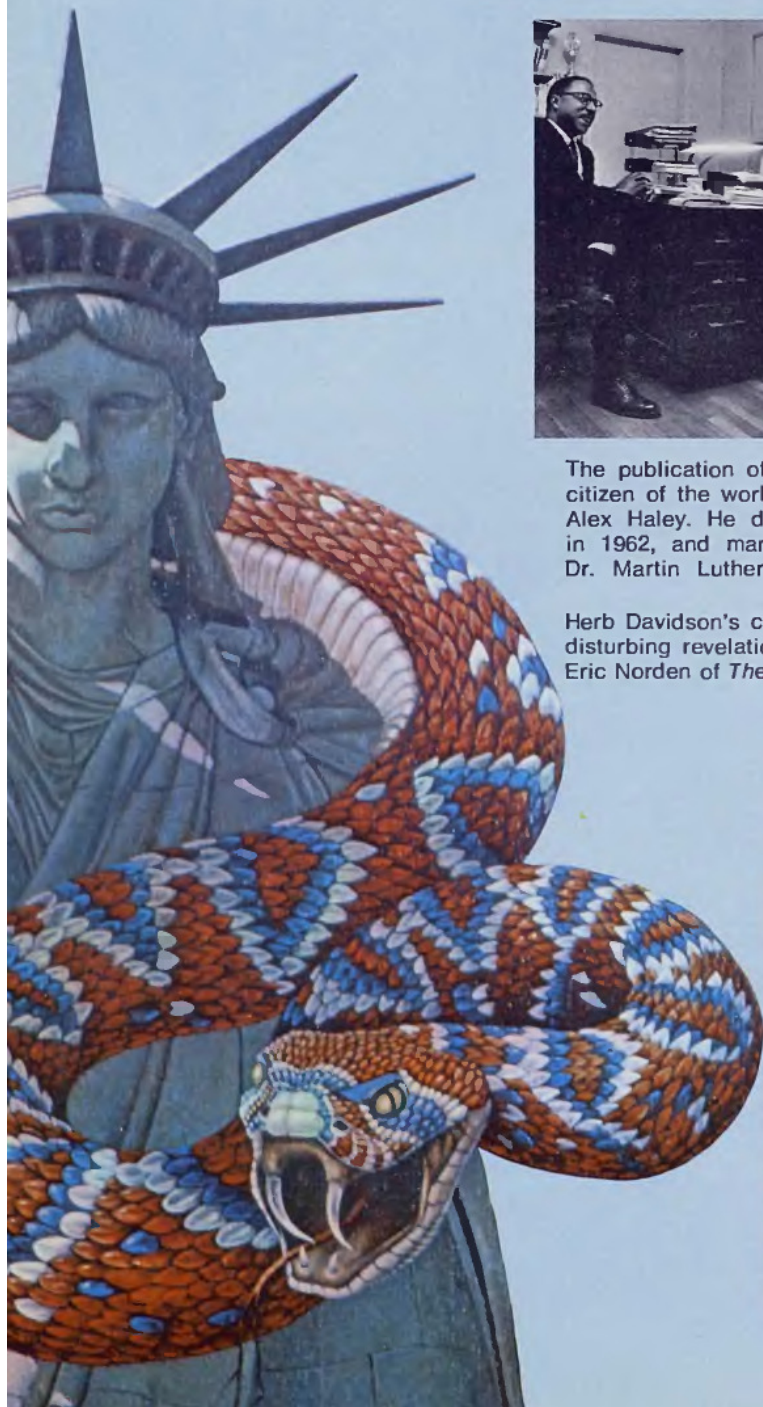
For years, we asked, "What Sort of Man Reads Playboy?" All sorts, as evidenced in these photos of Groucho (subject of a 1974 interview), a GI in Vietnam, William F. Buckley, Jr. (whom we interviewed in 1970) and our special favorite, an Australian aborigine.



A prototype of Hefner's renowned round bed, which—among other things—can rotate 360 degrees, showed up in May 1962 as a rendering. In April 1965, we ran photos of the real thing installed in the Master Bedroom of the Playboy Mansion.

Brain child of Harvey Kurtzman, Will Elder and a cartoonist *manqué* named Hefner, Little Annie Fanny made her PLAYBOY debut in October 1962. Our amply endowed innocent found her way between book covers in November 1966. The book, published by our own Playboy Press, has sold over 300,000 copies to date and a movie starring Annie is in the works.

It was the most prestigious party a magazine ever held; October 6-8, 1971, marked the first Playboy International Writers' Convocation. In his opening remarks to the assembled galaxy, Associate Publisher A. C. Spector called it a "tremendous gang ego trip for all of us," and it was just that. Seventy of our "biggest" contributors—from Alberto Moravia, John Cheever, Arthur C. Clarke and James Dickey to Murray Kempton, Robert Sherrill, Tom Wicker and the Reverend Jesse Jackson—showed up for three days of social interchange (that means having a ball). This extraordinary photo (to check out who's who, see page 284), shot by Alfred Eisenstadt, was a perfect souvenir.



The publication of *Roots* made him an honored citizen of the world, but we think of him as our Alex Haley. He did the first *Playboy* Interview in 1962, and many others, including one with Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., in January 1965.

Herb Davidson's chilling illustration matched the disturbing revelations in a June 1969 exposé by Eric Norden of *The Paramilitary Right in America*.



This March 3, 1967 issue of *Time*, with internationally renowned sculptor Marisol's vision of Hefner on its cover, was the magazine's best-selling issue of the year.

Hefner found this California dream house in 1971. After extensive renovations to the Holmby Hills estate had been completed, Hef bought a pair of sunglasses and moved West. You'll find him there amidst magnificent grounds, tennis court, pool, animals, birds, game house and—oh, yes—girls.





Martin Wanserski's sculpture illustrated our comprehensive drug package in September 1972. That issue was the first to hit the 7,000,000 mark.



Over the years, PLAYBOY has drafted writer Dan Greenburg as its forager on various sexual frontiers. We photographed steely Dan as middleman in 1972's *My First Orgy*.



Hefner's "date" for this 1968 episode of *Laugh-In* was ebullient Ruth Buzzi. As you can see from her expression, a night of wild abandon is not in the cards, nor in their skit.



Buck Brown's cartoons first appeared in 1962, and his on-the-make Granny has become one of our readers' favorite characters. Here, Bunny Granny, drawn especially for the 25th Anniversary issue, obviously is having lots of trouble making ends meet.

What better way to sell a sweater than fitting it to Clint Eastwood? No way. This, from a fashion shooting in 1972.



A major nonfiction coup: previewing Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein's explosive best seller, *All the President's Men*, in May and June 1974. The remarkable illustration for part one was done by Don Ivan Punchatz.

in *Life* magazine that you had to be a jeweler to enjoy. The owner of the rights was an outfit on Chicago's West Side that did sexy calendars for the barber-shop trade. But it hadn't had the nerve or the enterprise to reprint it. To Hefner's slight astonishment, he talked them into letting him have it for his first issue, for just \$500—and they threw in the expensive color separations for free.

The value of that single page proved incalculable. It drew national attention to a thin new 44-page magazine that might otherwise have gone straight down the tubes. So uncertain was Hefner about his chances that he wisely neglected to date the first issue, so it could ride the newsstands as long as possible.

But Marilyn turned that first issue—which looked a lot more like a nervy college humor magazine with nudes than like what you're presently reading—into hot news. The 70,000 copies sold out easily and now fetch as much as \$400 apiece among collectors.

Hefner was, as they say, blown away. He couldn't quite believe it, and even today there's a piece of him that still can't. In January 1954, he wrote in the autobiography: "It is all very, very unreal. The dream has come true too quickly to be fully appreciated."

He was riding the express train and it just kept rolling. Eighteen months later, in the summer of 1955, PLAYBOY's circulation had gone up by bounds to 400,000, nearly six times the initial press run, and was effortlessly zooming past half a million by year's end. By then he could say accurately in the autobiography:

I'm beginning to realize, for the first time, how spectacularly successful this venture has become. PLAYBOY is, I believe, without precedent in the magazine publishing world. It shouldn't have succeeded, but it has. It was started without any real financial backing; had it failed, I would have been in debt for, almost certainly, years. Instead, it appears that I will be able to spend a lifetime doing the work I love best and, in the process, become a very wealthy man. When I dreamed this dream of my own magazine just two short years ago, I didn't realize that it would make me rich, but that's what it's doing. I certainly never thought that it would make me famous, but it's doing that, too.

Almost immediately, PLAYBOY proved to be wired to an undiscovered chunk of the culture that multiplied, ahem, like rabbits. By geometrical increases, the magazine quickly became part of that culture. Just as the younger kids pounced on *Mad* when it first came out, their older brothers couldn't get enough of PLAYBOY. It had tapped a brand-new main vein.

For all his belief in the Uncommon Man, Hefner down deep was normal—at least in terms of the interests and fantasies he presented to his readers in the magazine. He's said often that *PLAYBOY* is a straight-ahead extension of his personality and, as it happened, young men all over the country shared his interests and fantasies—even though many of them were reluctant to admit it to Mom or Sweetie. Like successful editors since Addison and Steele, Hefner had the nerve to say out loud what a lot of people were already thinking privately. No accident that a couple of years into it, a market-research report showed that the readership *was* the Editor-Publisher—the average reader being, like Hefner himself, a 29-year-old college graduate working in some sort of profession.

What had he done?

One thing was to evolve the idea of the girl next door, which was one small step for mankind made by the early *PLAYBOY*. It was the first time a magazine had ever presented a pinup as something other than a porno postcard, the rouge-nipped top of a calendar or those honeys playing volleyball.

For the first year, *PLAYBOY*'s "Unpinned Pinups"—as they were called at first—were standard calendar shots provided by the owners of Marilyn's picture. In the first issue, she was Sweetheart of the Month, but had become the Playmate by the second. The only other change in the first year was to expand the Playmate picture to two pages. At the time, Hefner couldn't afford to do anything else.

But in December 1954, he ran a photo story preceding the actual Playmate shot that was called *Photographing a Playmate*—and the response was considerably greater than to anyone since Marilyn.

It was the July 1955 appearance of Janet Pilgrim, of our own Subscription Department, that really did it: The mail simply would not quit.

After the fact, it was easy to figure out: The shots of a regular-looking, regularly dressed male photographer touching up the back of a smiling and buck-naked Terry Ryan; and the shots of Janet Pilgrim, an engaging blonde who fulfilled subscriptions and bowled on the office team, shown first at work slaving beautifully over her typewriter, and then sitting two pages later wearing mostly diamonds at a fancy dressing table, as if we the lucky viewers are the mirror, while a fuzzy male in a tux leans against a background doorway. The fuzzy male is Hefner.

Janet Pilgrim as Playmate was an instinctive move on Hefner's part toward making the girls in his magazine more human. And the readers loved it. This is still the tight-assed early Fifties we're talking about, when most young men had been taught, as some still are, that

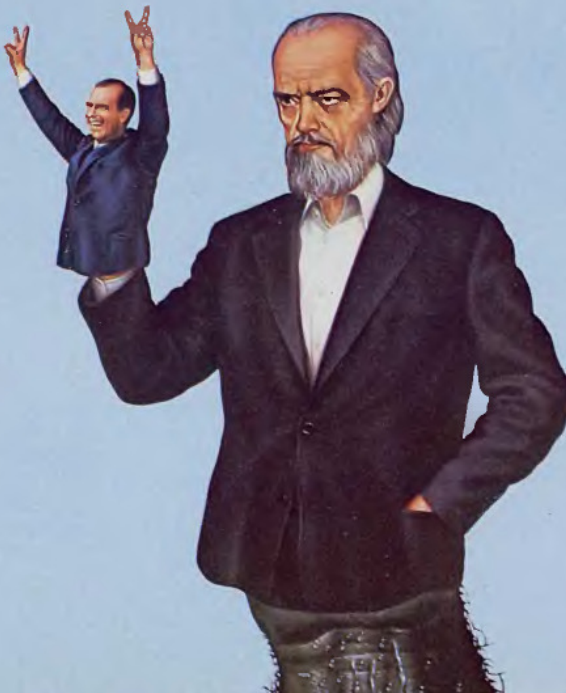


The sun never sets on the *PLAYBOY* publishing empire, with foreign-language editions in Germany, Italy, Japan, France, Brazil and Latin America. Latest additions: publications in Spain and Australia.



Chicago's most eligible shut-in, Hef began globe-hopping in 1970 aboard the Big Bunny. The plane was used to "baby-lift" Vietnam war-orphan refugees to American cities in 1975.

The Puppet and the Puppetmasters (September 1976), an exposé detailing the Howard Hughes-Nixon-Watergate connection, earned Larry DuBois and Laurence Gonzales the prestigious 1976 Sigma Delta Chi Award for outstanding journalism. This striking illustration by Eraldo Carugati accompanied the article.



PLAYBOY'S COVERS

For a quarter century, one of the most popular games among readers of this magazine has been trying to find the Rabbit on the *PLAYBOY* cover. He has been there, in one guise or another, since our second issue. Occasionally, he has appeared as a nattily dressed fur-and-fabric collage. But he has also been elusively presented as the knot on a bikini, the sparkle in a girl's eye and a feather floating through the air. He has shared billing with such stars as Dolly Parton, Barbra Streisand, Jayne Mansfield and the only male ever to appear on a *PLAYBOY* cover, actor Peter Sellers. The original Rabbit symbol was designed in only a few hours by *PLAYBOY* Art Director Arthur Paul in 1953. Since then, he has become one of the most widely recognized corporate symbols in the world. His major use, however, has been on our covers, which over the years have become prime examples of the best of the cover designer's art. Says Paul, "We strive for a masculine look in keeping with the magazine's purpose. We try for boldness, fun and elegance above all and shoot for consistency with surprise over the long haul rather than a sensational look for any one cover." Obviously, those criteria have been met; we think that with *PLAYBOY*, you can judge a book by its cover.



Preparing a *PLAYBOY* cover can be hard work but usually isn't. Associate Art Director Reid Austin draws our lop-eared symbol on the tummy of Cynthia Maddox before she was photographed for our July 1964 cover. Note the concentration.





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PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATES

On the facing foldout are all the Playmates we've ever published, starting with "Sweetheart of the Month" Marilyn Monroe and continuing all the way through to this month's 25th-Anniversary Playmate, Candy Loving. To pinpoint your all-time favorite, just locate the corresponding letter and number on the foldout.

1953

A-1. Marilyn Monroe, December

1954

- A-2. Margie Harrison, January
- A-3. Margaret Scott, February
- A-5. Dolores Del Monte, March
- A-6. Marilyn Waltz, April
- A-7. Joanne Arnold, May
- A-9. Margie Harrison, June
- A-10. Neva Gilbert, July
- A-11. Arline Hunter, August
- A-13. Jackie Rainbow, September
- A-14. Madeline Castle, October
- A-15. Diane Hunter, November
- A-17. Terry Ryan, December

1955

- A-18. Bettie Page, January
- A-19. Jayne Mansfield, February
- A-21. Marilyn Waltz, April
- A-22. Marguerite Empey, May
- A-23. Eve Meyer, June
- A-25. Janet Pilgrim, July
- A-26. Pat Lawler, August
- A-27. Anne Fleming, September
- A-29. Jean Moorehead, October
- A-30. Barbara Cameron, November
- A-31. Janet Pilgrim, December

1956

- A-33. Lynn Turner, January
- A-34. Marguerite Empey, February
- A-35. Marian Stafford, March
- A-37. Rusty Fisher, April
- A-39. Marion Scott, May
- B-1. Gloria Walker, June
- B-3. Alice Denham, July
- B-5. Jonnie Nicely, August
- B-7. Elsa Sorensen, September
- B-9. Janet Pilgrim, October
- B-11. Betty Blue, November
- B-13. Lisa Winters, December

1957

- B-15. June Blair, January
- B-16. Sally Todd, February
- B-18. Sandra Edwards, March
- B-20. Gloria Windsor, April
- B-22. Dawn Richard, May
- B-24. Carrie Radison, June
- B-26. Jean Jani, July
- B-28. Dolores Donlon, August
- B-30. Jacquelyn Prescott, September
- B-32. Colleen Farrington, October
- B-33. Marlene Callahan, November
- B-35. Linda Vargas, December

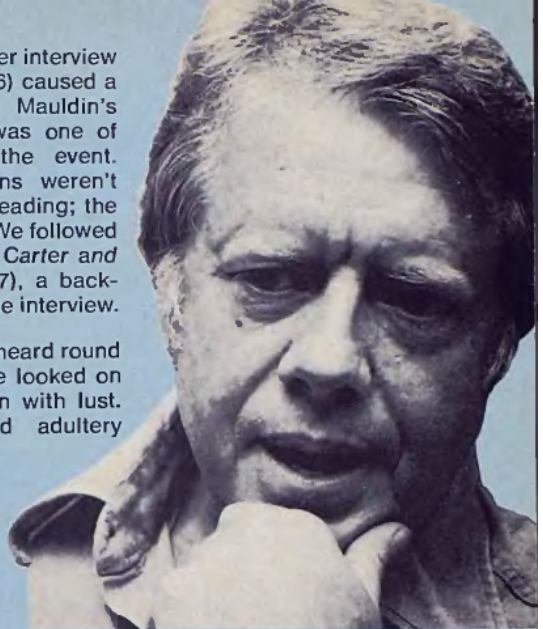
1958

- B-37. Elizabeth Ann Roberts, January
- B-39. Cheryl Kubert, February
- C-1. Zahra Norbo, March
- C-3. Felicia Atkins, April
- C-5. Lari Laine, May
- C-7. Judy Lee Tomerlin, June
- C-9. Linné Nanette Ahlstrand, July
- C-11. Myrna Weber, August
- C-13. Teri Hope, September
- C-14. Mara Corday, October



Our Jimmy Carter interview (November 1976) caused a sensation. Bill Mauldin's cartoon, left, was one of many noting the event. The Republicans weren't the only ones reading; the issue sold out. We followed up with *Jimmy Carter and Us* (March 1977), a backstage look at the interview.

Carter's quote heard round the world: "I've looked on a lot of women with lust. I've committed adultery in my heart many times. This is something God recognizes I will do and God forgives me for it."



And maybe God will forgive the man with the mike at left. That's Hef making his TV singing debut as host of *Saturday Night Live* October 15, 1977. He opened with *Thank Heaven for Little Girls*. The skits ranged from a *Star Trek* spoof to one on Socrates as played by H.M.H.

Long Shot Department: When Hefner left *Esquire* in '53, he never figured he'd show up on its cover. Well, here's Hef (right) doing exactly that for a November 1976 cover story on the men's-book boom.



Yule 1977 found Hef wishing all a Bunny Noel. His Christmas card, right, a *Saturday Night Live* tableau, had him flanked by fledgling Bunnies Gilda Radner, Jane Curtin and Laraine Newman.



The Playboy Foundation has been involved in everything from women's rights to marijuana reform. In March 1978, the Foundation sponsored an E.R.A.-ratification luncheon. Guest speaker was Dr. Benjamin Spock, shown here with Playboy's Christie Hefner.



On May 12, 1977, ABC-TV premiered *Playboy's Playmate Party*. In our December 1977 issue, we published pix of the post-Party party—such as this, of Hef and friends sharing vintage bubbly and bubbling Jacuzzi.

C-16. Pat Sheehan, October
C-17. Joan Staley, November
C-19. Joyce Nizzari, December

1959

C-21. Virginia Gordon, January
C-23. Eleanor Bradley, February
C-25. Audrey Daston, March
C-26. Nancy Crawford, April
C-28. Cindy Fuller, May
C-30. Marilyn Hanold, June
C-32. Yvette Vickers, July
C-34. Clayre Peters, August
C-35. Marianne Gaba, September
C-37. Elaine Reynolds, October
C-39. Donna Lynn, November
D-1. Ellen Stratton, December

1960

D-3. Stella Stevens, January
D-5. Susie Scott, February
D-7. Sally Sarell, March
D-9. Linda Gamble, April
D-11. Ginger Young, May
D-13. Delores Wells, June
D-15. Teddi Smith (Delilah Henry), July
D-16. Elaine Paul, August
D-18. Anne Davis, September
D-20. Kathy Douglas, October
D-22. Joni Mattis, November
D-24. Carol Eden, December

1961

D-26. Connie Cooper, January
D-28. Barbara Ann Lawford, February
D-30. Tonya Crews, March
D-32. Nancy Nielsen, April
D-34. Susan Kelli, May
D-35. Heidi Becker, June
D-37. Sheralee Connors, July
D-39. Karen Thompson, August
E-1. Christa Speck, September
E-3. Jean Cannon, October
E-5. Dianne Danford, November
E-7. Lynn Karrol, December

1962

E-9. Merle Pertile, January
E-11. Kari Knudsen, February
E-13. Pamela Anne Gordon, March
E-15. Roberta Lane, April
E-16. Marya Carter, May
E-18. Merissa Mathes, June
E-20. Unne Terjesen, July
E-22. Jan Roberts, August
E-24. Mickey Winters, September
E-26. Laura Young, October
E-28. Avis Kimble, November
E-30. June Cochran, December

1963

E-32. Judi Monterey, January
E-34. Toni Ann Thomas, February
E-35. Adrienne Moreau, March
E-37. Sandra Settani, April
E-39. Sharon Cintron, May
F-1. Connie Mason, June
F-3. Carrie Enwright, July
F-5. Phyllis Sherwood, August
F-7. Victoria Valentino, September
F-9. Christine Williams, October
F-11. Terre Tucker, November
F-13. Donna Michelle, December

1964

F-15. Sharon Rogers, January
F-16. Nancy Jo Hooper, February
F-18. Nancy Scott, March
F-20. Ashlyn Martin, April
F-22. Terri Kimball, May
F-24. Lori Winston, June
F-26. Melba Ogle, July
F-28. China Lee, August
F-30. Astrid Schulz, September
F-32. Rosemarie Hillcrest, October
F-33. Kai Brendlinger, November
F-35. Jo Collins, December

1965

F-37. Sally Duberson, January
F-39. Jessica St. George, February
G-1. Jennifer Jackson, March
G-3. Sue Williams, April
G-5. Maria McBane, May
G-7. Hedy Scott, June
G-9. Gay Collier, July

G-11. Lannie Balcom, August
G-13. Patti Reynolds, September
G-15. Allison Parks, October
G-16. Pat Russo, November
G-18. Dinah Willis, December

1966

G-20. Judy Tyler, January
G-22. Melinda Windsor, February
G-24. Priscilla Wright, March
G-26. Karla Conway, April
G-28. Dolly Read, May
G-30. Kelly Burke, June
G-31. Tish Howard, July
G-33. Susan Denberg, August
G-35. Dianne Chandler, September
G-37. Linda Moon, October
G-39. Lisa Baker, November
H-1. Sue Bernard, December

1967

H-3. Surrey Marshe, January
H-5. Kim Farber, February
H-7. Fran Gerard, March
H-9. Gwen Wong, April
H-11. Anne Randall, May
H-13. Joey Gibson, June
H-15. Heather Ryan, July
H-16. DeDe Lind, August
H-18. Angela Dorian (Victoria Vetri), September
H-20. Reagan Wilson, October
H-22. Kaya Christian, November
H-24. Lynn Winchell, December

1968

H-26. Connie Kreski, January
H-28. Nancy Harwood, February
H-30. Michelle Hamilton, March
H-31. Gaye Rennie, April
H-33. Elizabeth Jordan, May
H-35. Britt Fredriksen, June
H-37. Melodye Prentiss, July
H-39. Gale Olson, August
I-1. Dru Hart, September
I-3. Majken Haugedal, October
I-5. Paige Young, November
I-7. Cynthia Myers, December

1969

I-9. Leslie Bianchini, January
I-11. Lorrie Menconi, February
I-13. Kathy MacDonald, March
I-15. Lorna Hopper, April
I-16. Sally Sheffield, May
I-18. Helena Antonaccio, June
I-20. Nancy McNeil, July
I-22. Debbie Hooper, August
I-24. Shay Knuth, September
I-26. Jean Bell, October
I-28. Claudia Jennings, November
I-30. Gloria Root, December

1970

I-31. Jill Taylor, January
I-33. Linda Forsythe, February
I-35. Chris Koren, March
I-37. Barbara Hillary, April
I-39. Jennifer Liano, May
J-1. Elaine Morton, June
J-3. Carol Willis, July
J-5. Sharon Clark, August
J-7. Debbie Ellison, September
J-9. Mary & Madeleine Collinson, October
J-11. Avis Miller, November
J-13. Carol Imhof, December

1971

J-15. Liv Lindeland, January
J-16. Willy Rey, February
J-18. Cynthia Hall, March
J-20. Chris Cranston, April
J-22. Janice Pennington, May
J-24. Lieko English, June
J-26. Heather Van Every, July
J-28. Cathy Rowland, August
J-30. Crystal Smith, September
J-31. Claire Rambeau, October
J-33. Danielle de Vabre, November
J-35. Karen Christy, December

1972

J-37. Marilyn Cole, January
J-39. P. J. Lansing, February
K-1. Ellen Michaels, March
K-3. Vicki Peters, April
K-5. Deanna Baker, May
K-7. Debbie Davis, June

K-9. Carol O'Neal, July
K-11. Linda Summers, August
K-13. Susan Miller, September
K-15. Sharon Johansen, October
K-16. Lenna Sjöblom, November
K-18. Mercy Rooney, December

1973

K-20. Miki Garcia, January
K-22. Cyndi Wood, February
K-24. Bonnie Large, March
K-26. Julie Woodson, April
K-28. Anulka Dziubinska, May
K-30. Ruthy Ross, June
K-31. Martha Smith, July
K-33. Phyllis Coleman, August
K-35. Geri Glass, September
K-37. Valerie Lane, October
K-39. Monica Tidwell, November
L-1. Christine Maddox, December

1974

L-3. Nancy Cameron, January
L-5. Nancy Cameron, January
L-7. Francine Parks, February
L-9. Pamela Zinszer, March
L-11. Marlene Morrow, April
L-13. Marilyn Lange, May
L-15. Sandy Johnson, June
L-16. Carol Vitale, July
L-18. Jean Manson, August
L-20. Kristine Hanson, September
L-22. Ester Cordet, October
L-24. Bebe Buell, November
L-26. Janice Raymond, December

1975

L-28. Lynnda Kimball, January
L-30. Laura Misch, February
L-31. Ingeborg Sorensen, March
L-33. Victoria Cunningham, April
L-35. Bridgett Rollins, May
L-37. Azizi Johari, June
L-39. Lynn Schiller, July
M-1. Lillian Müller, August
M-3. Mesina Miller, September
M-5. Jill De Vries, October
M-7. Janet Lupo, November
M-9. Nancie Li Brandi, December

1976

M-11. Daina House, January
M-13. Laura Lyons, February
M-15. Ann Pennington, March
M-16. Denise Michele, April
M-18. Patricia Margot McClain, May
M-20. Debra Peterson, June
M-22. Deborah Borkman, July
M-24. Linda Beatty, August
M-26. Whitney Kaine, September
M-28. Hope Olson, October
M-30. Patti McGuire, November
M-31. Karen Hafter, December

1977

M-33. Susan Lynn Kiger, January
M-35. Star Stowe, February
M-37. Nicki Thomas, March
M-39. Lisa Sohm, April
N-1. Sheila Mullen, May
N-3. Virve Reid, June
N-5. Sondra Theodore, July
N-7. Julia Lyndon, August
N-9. Debra Jo Fondren, September
N-11. Kristine Winder, October
N-13. Rita Lee, November
N-15. Ashley Cox, December

1978

N-16. Debra Jensen, January
N-18. Janis Schmitt, February
N-20. Christina Smith, March
N-22. Pamela Jean Bryant, April
N-24. Kathryn Morrison, May
N-26. Gail Stanton, June
N-28. Karen Morton, July
N-30. Vicki Witt, August
N-31. Rosanne Katon, September
N-33. Marcy Hanson, October
N-35. Monique St. Pierre, November
N-37. Janet Quist, December

1979

N-39. Candy Loving, January

sex is dirty and to be avoided, and that only cheap tramps engage in "it" before marriage. At the time, the idea that a "nice" girl would appear in the four-color altogether was shocking! . . . outrageous! And incredibly reassuring to men who hoped sex didn't have to be as sordid or as guilt-ridden as they had been told.

Suddenly, here were girls, a girl, Janet Pilgrim, who looked like a good, decent human being and worked in an actual office—as the Playmate of the Month. Revolutionary. What a great leap it allowed our fantasies to take: not some distant bored bimbo with her clothes off but, perhaps, if God were in a good mood, she might one month be that girl you see on the bus every day who's making your heart melt.

Easily as important to PLAYBOY's success was its editorial attitude, which has remained pretty much true to its school. In the introduction to issue number one, Hefner made it clear that PLAYBOY wasn't going to be a magazine for Aunt Effie or Junior, and that in spite of the gray Cold War skies all around, it was going to emphasize entertainment—fun, on several levels. He wrote in the number-one intro: "Affairs of state will be out of our province. We don't expect to solve any world problems or prove any great moral truths. If we are able to give the American male a few extra laughs and a little diversion from the anxieties of the Atomic Age, we'll feel we've justified our existence."

But Hefner also has his serious side, abundantly documented a few years later in the epic *Playboy Philosophy*. He was a better publisher than prophet, and the lingering psychology major in him must have prompted him to run as the first-ever article in his magazine one titled *Miss Goldigger of 1953*, a head-on attack on the inequities of divorce, particularly alimony. Not exactly World War Three, but not exactly escapist fluff, either.

In issue number four—a year after a national book purge, provoked by a State Department directive regarding Commie filth in our libraries—PLAYBOY began serializing Ray Bradbury's *Fahrenheit 451*, a powerful sci-fi indictment of censorship set in a dark future where all books are rabidly put to the torch. Prelude to a long series of heavyweight censorship bouts PLAYBOY would fight in its first 25 years, it also revealed where the magazine stood. PLAYBOY made a lot of people nervous—something we think has always been one of the best things about it. It has consistently kept naming names that weren't supposed to be there, from *The Pious Pornographers* to *All the President's Men* to its award-winning revelations about the Hughes empire.

Such a stance has naturally given the magazine its share of flak—legal, religious, economic, you name it. One early



It's that time of year when a special gift is especially welcome. Why does Lord Calvert stand out as a gift? Super lightness, superb taste. If you'd like to give something special, move on up to Lord Calvert Canadian.

Gift Givers reach for the Canadian Superstar.



antagonist was the Post Office—which instead of simply delivering the mail, tried to deny PLAYBOY second-class mailing privileges, on the grounds that the lights at the P.O. found it too racy for their taste. Rather than back down and clean up the act to suit them, as other magazines, including *Esquire*, had done, Hefner late in 1955 took the P.O. to court—and came away with second-class privileges as well as an injunction restraining the P.O. from further interference with the magazine.

Advertisers in the Fifties, even more than now, were a cautious, high-strung bunch. Didn't want their name associated with anything that smelled even remotely controversial. Despite its circulation success, PLAYBOY had to do without advertising for almost two years, and then the first were only small record-rack and jodhpur and auto-seat-cover ads trickling into the back. All along there had been offers to advertise from an array of greasy sleazoid entrepreneurs, but Hefner's policy was to do without rather than let them into his pages—and he was selling enough copies to do so, with a press run that just kept jumping.

You could measure the growth in buildings: From Hefner's small apartment in Hyde Park to one floor of a narrow old building at 11 East Superior (smack across the street from Holy Name Cathedral, a face-off that was harbinger of things to come); then all four floors of that one, plus a few offices scattered nearby; to signing a \$500,000 lease on a building at 232 East Ohio Street, a huge

loft area completely redone to suit the magazine's needs and tastes, including a lavish on-the-premises apartment for the boss. All in three years.

Or you could measure it using a favorite unit of Hefner's in those days: the size of the office Christmas party. He wrote in the autobiography at the end of 1955: "Nothing illustrated the growth of the company more clearly than the Christmas Dinner. A year ago, we were able to group our half-dozen employees around a small table in a local sandwich shop; this December, the more than 30 working for the HMM Publishing Company filled two giant banquet tables at Younkers Restaurant." A year later, he wrote: "On this, our Third Anniversary, the growth is still more phenomenal: The company has over 100 employees and Christmas parties are planned at both the new Playboy building here in Chicago and our advertising and editorial offices in New York."

One significant addition in 1956 was A. C. Spector as Assistant to the Publisher. His arrival marked a visible upward turn in the quality of the magazine. Ray Russell, the first editor Hefner hired in 1954, has said with some accuracy that until the arrival of Spec, the magazine had been put out by "a bunch of amateurs." Hefner's experience had been spotty in many areas, Art Director Arthur Paul (the other half of the staff at first) had been a free-lance artist, not a magazine designer; and Russell was an aspiring novelist writing ad brochures for Walgreen's when he was hired. Given

their credentials, they were doing all right, but as Russell remembers it, Spec heralded the magazine's entry into the big leagues.

Spec brought with him the *elán* of New York, a precious commodity then. He was author of a recent, biting witty best seller, *The Exurbanites*, had an extensive and tasteful background in magazines and newspapers and was senior editor on NBC-TV's *Home* show when Hefner lured him away. Much more than Hefner ever could or would want to be, Spec was the embodiment of the sophisticated urbane male PLAYBOY was aiming for. Also, he had terrific connections.

In 1956, PLAYBOY stopped publishing reprints and began buying original work from the best writers and artists around, paying \$2000 and up for a lead story. By the end of the year, the magazine had bought fiction from Ray Bradbury, Budd Schulberg, Evelyn Waugh, Philip Wylie, Wolcott Gibbs, John Steinbeck, Max Shulman, P. G. Wodehouse and Alberto Moravia. At 800,000 and rising, PLAYBOY passed *Esquire* as the best-selling men's magazine (duly noted in the autobiography), and some genuine big-time advertisers had begun to nibble; among them, Winston, Budweiser, Marlboro and Hiram Walker.

Everything was coming up money, in a continuing gusher, or so it seemed. And Hefner had never gotten over his love affair with cartooning and humor. PLAYBOY was already making cartoonists such as Shel Silverstein and Jack Cole famous; and a thematic thread among the articles was the developing of a "new humor," in reviews and profiles of comedians such as Lenny Bruce, Mort Sahl, Jonathan Winters, Shelly Berman, Don Adams, Bob Newhart, et al. Because of Hefner's abiding fascination with humor, PLAYBOY was right there on the crest of that new wave.

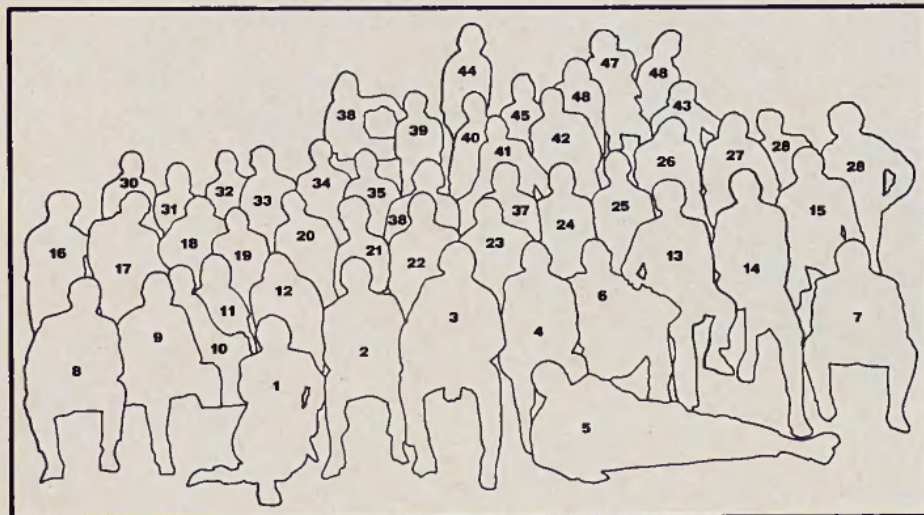
It is an axiom of guerrilla warfare that when you begin to feel comfortable, you're about to be dead. Nineteen fifty-seven was to be that kind of year.

Circulation figures showed that PLAYBOY's fall newsstand sales had slumped badly; in the spring of 1957, internal upheaval among magazine distributors sent all newsstand sales into chaos, and the May PLAYBOY got creamed by it, dropping below the level guaranteed to advertisers. During the first months of 1957, HMM was losing approximately \$50,000 per.

All sorts of cuts were instituted. Hefner quit taking a salary and chopped one quarter off the top from his executives. It wasn't enough. By July, it was clear he'd need a \$250,000 loan if he wanted to keep PLAYBOY afloat until the profitable autumn months. And to get it, he

(continued on page 288)

PLAYBOY'S 1971 WRITERS' CONVOCATION



- | | | | |
|----------------------------|----------------------------|-------------------------|------------------------|
| 1. Gay Talese | 13. Ken W. Purdy | 25. Morton Hunt | 37. Michael Arlen |
| 2. A. C. Spector | 14. John Kenneth Galbraith | 26. Larry L. King | 38. LeRoy Neiman |
| 3. Hugh M. Hefner | 15. Dan Greenburg | 27. Larry DuBois | 39. Harvey Kurtzman |
| 4. Arthur C. Clarke | 16. Herbert Gold | 28. Garry Wills | 40. Bruce Jay Friedman |
| 5. Art Buchwald | 17. Sean O'Faolain | 29. William Simon | 41. Hollis Alpert |
| 6. Shel Silverstein | 18. Nicholas Von Hoffman | 30. Carl B. Stokes | 42. Arthur Knight |
| 7. Marvin Kitman | 19. Hal Bennett | 31. Stanley Booth | 43. Brock Yates |
| 8. John Cheever | 20. George Axelrod | 32. Warner Law | 44. Stephen Yafa |
| 9. Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. | 21. Mary Calderone | 33. John Clellon Holmes | 45. Robert Sheckley |
| 10. Kenneth Tynan | 22. Joel Fort | 34. Jules Feiffer | 46. Alan Watts |
| 11. Saul Braun | 23. Jean Shepherd | 35. V. S. Pritchett | 47. Michael Crichton |
| 12. Richard Warren Lewis | 24. Calvin Trillin | 36. David Halberstam | 48. Donn Pearce |

THE ELEVENTH-HOUR SANTA

rest ye merry, gentlemen procrastinators. playboy once again comes up with a sleighful of last-minute yuletide goodies

1 For those who do their shaving with a safety or straight razor, there's a carved, water-resistant wood bowl with soap and a wooden-handled extra-soft natural-bristle shaving brush, by Scannon, \$29.50. The soap bowl with soap alone is priced at \$21.

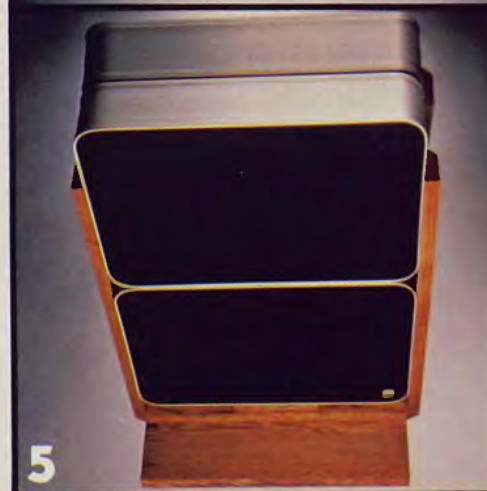
2 Vivitar's Model 35EM is a compact 35mm camera that measures only about 4" x 3" x 1½" yet offers automatic exposure control and shutter speeds up to 1/1000th; a handy retractable pop-out front lens makes it ideal for someone on the go, \$169.95.

3 The Memo/Chime is a stainless-steel watch that has a readout for hours, minutes and seconds, plus two separate 24-hour alarms, a beeper chime that sounds the hour, an elapsed-time indicator and a 12-hour stop watch, \$225, with matching band.

4 Bird watchers, opera buffs and theatergoers can easily pocket these ultraclear 6x18 power binoculars that measure a diminutive 3.7" x 2.9" and weigh only about 8.2 ozs., by Nikon, \$124.50, including two lens caps, neck strap and carrying pouch.

5 The music goes round and round in a D190w sound module that measures only 40½" x 26" x 3¼", but when it comes out, the notes you hear are very low in distortion, thanks to the unit's radiated surface, which is equal to 13 15" drivers, by B.E.S., \$599 each.

6 This velvet-covered jewelry box that's designed by Pierre Cardin comes in three color combinations—black with gray interior, brown with tan interior and tan with brown interior; there's a lift-out tray for cuff links, collar stays, etc., by Swank, \$60.



THE ELEVENTH-HOUR SANTA

7 Perrier-water freaks will definitely dig a three-piece silver set (gift wrapped in a handsome presentation box) that includes a bottle opener and a pair of caps specifically designed to fit Perrier's green bottles and preserve the carbonation, by Cartier, \$45.

7

8

8 As a good-looking alternative to the ubiquitous ice bucket, there's this smoked-Lucite ice chest with two individual Lucite containers, individual clear-Lucite covers and stainless-steel side handles, for easy toting, by Edgar Watkins for H. J. Stotter, \$150.

9 Simon is a challenging game that tests one's eye, hand and memory skills; a small computer housed in the saucer-shaped unit generates sequences of lights and sounds that the player must repeat exactly as given, by Milton Bradley, about \$40.

9

10

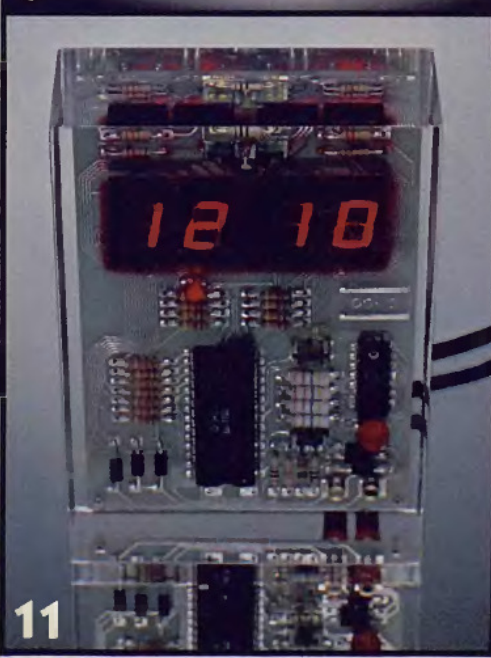
10 The Sunbeam Groomer Razor 8000 delivers ultraclose shaves as it operates at 8000 strokes per minute and features an adjustable superthin grooming head that lets you cut sideburns and groom and trim a mustache and beard, \$54.95.

11 The see-through batteryless Bomartan Acrylic Touch Clock, measuring $4\frac{1}{2}$ " x $3\frac{1}{4}$ ", doubles as a minisculpture or paperweight; one touch activates the hours and minutes—then just touch it again and the seconds begin to flash, by Latama, \$200.

11

12

12 You can't go wrong with champagne and caviar—especially when the bubbly is Dom Ruinart, from retailers at \$13 to \$20 a bottle; and the caviar is Romanoff's "Affordable" line of lumpfish, salmon and whitefish roe, about \$1.30 to \$4.



13 This lightweight battery-powered letter opener is both safe and easy to use; all you do is direct the envelope into the cutting guide and the unit takes over, opening envelopes as fast as you can feed them, by Panasonic, \$29.95.



13

14 Merlin, an electronic computerized opponent, challenges you with six games of skill, chance, memory and logic, including ticktacktoe, music machine, echo, blackjack 13, magic square and mindbender, by Parker Brothers, about \$33.



14

15 You'll flip over The Eggory, a nifty appliance with twin Teflon-coated cooking surfaces that turns out perfect omelets, eggs over easy, hamburgers, sandwiches, French toast, even upside-down cake, with a flick of the wrist, by Mirro, \$24.95.



15

16 Easy-to-clean Model 2002 electronic food processor has a microprocessor control that offers 16 speeds, plus a one-to-60-second timer; the control panel provides a digital display of speed and time selections, by Hamilton Beach, about \$130.



16

17 The Micromite 130 portable recorder is the smallest microcassette machine available with Q-alert indexing, which allows one to record signals on the tape to indicate the number, location and length of what's dictated, by Dictaphone, \$259.



17

18 Black Box, a game of hide-and-seek, can be played solitaire or against an opponent; one player hides up to five locations within a grid and the other tries to find them—but the clues are trickier than they seem, by Parker Brothers, \$7.



18

"The Big Event in PLAYBOY's life during 1959 was a three-day Jazz Festival in early August."

finally had to do something that must have made him crazy: hand over 25 percent of PLAYBOY's stock to Empire News in exchange for the money.

In July 1957, Hefner observed in the autobiography: "I have learned a lesson I hope will never leave me: When things are brightest and all is at its very best, that's the time to be thinking about tomorrow, and making sure that enough is being put away to cover the days when all may not be quite as it should be. It wasn't easy—giving up a part of what I've worked so hard for—but more important, I haven't lost control of the publication—and so the dream remains intact."

The following year began with its own kind of storm.

Enter pretty Elizabeth Ann Roberts, the January 1958 Playmate. At sweet 16, according to Illinois law, she appeared to be just two years too young to pose semi-nude. Hefner, who took the picture, had been told by her mother that she was 18, and you'd never guess otherwise from looking at the Playmate shot, which was, incidentally, innocent and healthy—almost tame—even by 1958 standards: Elizabeth Ann being a *developed* brunette, almost zaftig, who's standing naked in heels, turned three quarters away from the camera, so she's mostly flank and firm derrière, not a breast or a pubis in sight. But a local columnist ran a ts-ksk item on it—despite the fact that Elizabeth Ann was an honor student who planned to become a model and that she had her mother's full approval—and the indignant citizens were off. Soon Hefner and the girl's mother had a warrant issued against them for leading to the delinquency of a minor.

The trial was jurisprudence at its finest. Everyone was in court because of a law designed to protect minors. The judge ended up dismissing charges against Hefner and the girl's mother, while slapping Elizabeth Ann, who was the theoretical protectee, with a 15-day sentence for refusing to testify. Then, a few days later, he issued a second verdict. Charges were dropped against Elizabeth Ann, and Hefner and her mother were now not guilty.

By the end of 1958, PLAYBOY had scrambled out of the financial hole of the previous year. Circulation was moving inexorably toward and beyond the magic 1,000,000 mark, and the advertising dam was broken, prestige accounts

came flowing in. At year's end, Hefner wrote:

This labor of love has turned into the most spectacular magazine success of our generation, has brought me in five years more recognition and wealth and purpose than I ever dreamed of having in an entire lifetime. I am—I think—one of the luckiest men in all the world. If life ended tomorrow, I would have had more of a real taste of it than most can ever hope to have. I am supremely happy. Happy beyond words to express it.

One casualty in this high flight was his marriage, which early in 1959 ended in divorce after prolonged separation. Ever since moving into the office on Superior Street, Hefner had essentially lived and breathed the magazine. He turned part of that tiny first office into an apartment, and it would sometimes be two weeks between visits to his other apartment and family on the South Side—about six miles away. From the first, PLAYBOY consumed him and, truth be told, try as he might, he could never bring himself to be Dagwood. He has since remarked that the divorce left him free for the first time, that until then he'd always been trying, often without success, to behave in ways pleasing to someone else. You can feel the conviction in the section of *The Playboy Philosophy* in which he advises young men to strenuously avoid such foreign entanglements until at least ten years after they've left school, that it's a time for goofing and checking things out, not raising babies. Hefner is a loving father to his daughter, Christie, and son, David, but there's a real wistfulness when he writes about what he missed. It also suggests part of why Hefner has so vigorously been making up for lost time ever since.

The Big Event in PLAYBOY's life during 1959 was a three-day bash and Jazz Festival sponsored by the magazine early in August. Hefner's devotion to jazz and big-band swing goes back almost as far as his fascination with publishing. In high school, he reviewed current Sinatra and Artie Shaw platters for the paper; and from then intermittently through college, he fronted his own band, at times called Hef and the Hep Cats. Sinatra was god and model and, according to some reports, the Editor-Publisher wasn't bad. But jazz crooner is another of Hefner's failed careers, like cartooning, and thus

in 1959, PLAYBOY's bash emerged as the biggest and best jazz festival to date. Critic Leonard Feather called it "the greatest weekend in the 60-year history of jazz!"

But because PLAYBOY was still regarded as dangerous in some circles, it almost didn't come off. Originally to be part of the Pan-American Games celebration in Chicago that summer, it had been slated for three days in the south bowl of Soldier Field. After sinking almost \$70,000 into the project, and booking nearly every jazz great you could think of, PLAYBOY was informed by the city that it couldn't have Soldier Field, after all—something about possible damage to an expensive new cinder track, which would presumably remain pristine during the All-Star football game and the Chicagoland Music Festival that were still scheduled there. Closer to the truth was that there had been heavy pressure from Chicago's powerful Catholic machine, speaking through the editor of the *Roman Catholic New World*, who wrote to the park district questioning PLAYBOY's fitness to participate in the Pan-American Games celebration.

The Jazz Festival was out on the streets.

But not for long. Luckily, Chicago Stadium was open for those dates, and PLAYBOY quickly signed up. The stadium held 22,000 people, several thousand fewer than Soldier Field, but it was air-conditioned, which never hurts in Chicago in August.

With Count Basie, Big Joe Williams, Miles Davis, Dave Brubeck, Dizzy Gillespie, Sammy Davis Jr., Louis Armstrong and Ella Fitzgerald as headliners, it was the biggest one-time event jazz lovers had seen in the Fifties. At the end, a beaming Hefner stood on the stage and said to the cheering sea of people, "This is certainly the greatest moment in my young life!" In the autobiography, he describes it like the fan he is:

Every performance was emotion charged, topped by the moment near the Festival's end, when Miss Ella Fitzgerald, the first lady of jazz, came into view on the turning stage. The roar was greater, the Chicago Stadium managers swore, than any they'd ever heard at a championship fight or any of the other great sports events for which the Stadium is famous. More than 18,000 jazz fans packed each of the three performances, but far from the unruly rock 'n' rollers expected by police, these were serious music buffs who quieted down to theater-style stillness to catch the careful phrasing of Ahmad Jamal and Miles Davis.

Another dream come true. The music freak's fantasy of bringing together every band and performer who sends chills up your spine, and then sitting there digging

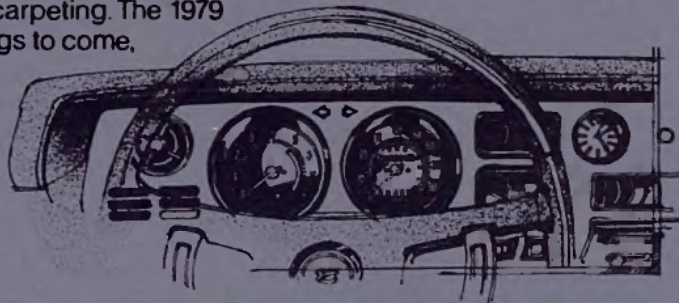
THE CAR OF THE 80'S IS STILL THE CAR OF THE 80'S.

The Toyota Celica. We introduced it last year as the car of the 80's. Since then the Celica has been praised, bought and, it seems, even copied. If you want your money's worth and more in a Grand Touring machine, see the car of the 80's. The Toyota Celica. It's a car you can live with for a long time.



A GT for the years to come. Not only is the Celica designed to carry you into tomorrow, it's built to last the trip. Welded unitized body construction helps keep it tight and practically rattle free. Extensive rust inhibiting processes help preserve body integrity. And the MacPherson strut front suspension, power assisted front disc brakes, and 5-speed overdrive transmission will make the trip to the future fun.

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YOU GOT IT.



THE CELICA GT LIFTBACK **TOYOTA**

it all in bliss. It is characteristic that Hefner had the focus and energy to make it happen. To stand there with people who'd been icons in your high school pantheon, to be accepted as a peer by people who created part of you: What a rush.

As you may have noticed by now, Hefner doesn't mind a challenge. Most people would have been happy to have started what by 1959 was the biggest men's magazine ever—and which on a per-issue basis was outselling *Life* and *Look* as well. Not Hefner. In retrospect, there's a hint of regret in his reaction to PLAYBOY's swift initial success, quoted earlier: "The dream has come true too quickly to be fully appreciated."

While he's never abandoned his interest in the magazine, as soon as it was again sailing along on its own, all sorts of other things started popping. He needed something to do. This in under two years:

- Not one week after the Jazz Festival, a television show called *Playboy's Penthouse* was announced and it went on the air in late October.

- About the same time, Playboy bought a classic late-Victorian brick mansion at 1340 North State Parkway and began an extensive renovation that included an indoor pool, an underwater bar and a duplex suite. Hefner himself supervised the plans.

- On February 29, 1960, the first Playboy Club opened for business to keyholders only in Chicago. Two of the largest attractions belonged to Bunny June "The Bosom" Wilkinson, who merited her nickname if ever anyone did, the very same who made television history on *Playboy's Penthouse* by balancing two champagne glasses above the neckline of her low-cut dress while an extra posing as a waiter poured. The Club was such an immediate hit that plans were made to open 50 around the country. And in December 1960, a fourth floor—the Penthouse—was added to the Chicago Club as a showcase for top talent, a night club for keyholders inside the Club.

- In December 1960, too, Hefner announced that a new magazine called *Show Business Illustrated* would be forthcoming.

- And by early 1961, Playboy Tours and the Playboy Model Agency were about to be added; at least they were being worked on.

Ray Russell, who left to write novels about that time, has called Hefner a "battery pack," a seemingly endless energy source, and that seems pretty accurate. While there's always too much to do, there's never enough, either.

He could spend so much time on other projects because PLAYBOY's circulation and ad revenue just kept climbing. By

late 1960, circulation had hit 1,300,000 and was going up so fast that PLAYBOY found itself in the odd position of getting *too far ahead* of the competition. So it did something interesting: raised the cover price. Hefner says in the autobiography:

With the September issue, PLAYBOY increased its cover price from 50 cents to 60 cents per copy, not because we needed the additional revenue but because we are climbing too quickly away from our advertising competition (*Esquire*, *Sports Illustrated*, *Holiday*), all with circulations below the 1,000,000 mark. The new price will give us the same or greater revenue while holding the circulation somewhat in check and presumably increasing its quality by eliminating borderline readers.

In this same year-end wrap-up, he quoted a fat significant statistic: The postwar baby boom would begin actually to boom during the Sixties and PLAYBOY's potential audience was due to increase by 72 percent in the next ten years. We were all into a new game.

The Cold War hit a record-low chill factor as the Sixties arrived. In a black international chess game, Castro had taken Cuba, the U.S. bungled into the Bay of Pigs and Khrushchev's ships full of missiles, bound for Cuba, put the world briefly on Doomsday Alert. In that respect, the dread Fifties were still very much with us, and getting worse. We soon began sending "advisors" to Vietnam.

But also in 1960, in London, Mary Quant introduced the miniskirt. At Harvard, Tim Leary and Richard Alpert were messing around with psychedelic Mexican mushrooms, Sandoz LSD-25 and other mind-expanding goodies. In a smoky basement club in Hamburg, a teenage rock group then known as the Silver Beatles was working on the act. Change was blowin' in the wind.

Handsome prime symbol of the coming shift was John F. Kennedy in the White House—not to mention pretty Jackie, with her great toothy smile and pillbox hats. You can be sure that if Nixon had won in 1960, he never would have invited Hefner to the Inauguration. Kennedy did, and Hefner went, taking Playmate and longtime sometime girlfriend Joyce Nizzari as his date. A big moment among many for Hefner, certainly, but, better, a *Playmate* at the Inauguration.

The invitation said much about what a part of the culture PLAYBOY had become since 1953, but it suggested as well how much the culture had changed in that time. Many of the ideas and values that PLAYBOY had taken so much shit for

in the Fifties were on their way to becoming mainstream. Camelot had arrived, and it looked as if the young were going to inherit the earth.

Among those out in the water first to catch that changing wave, PLAYBOY was riding it right in the pipeline. And, as a result, experienced in those first years of the Sixties an initially subtle but profound shift of its own: By fits and starts, it was changing from a magazine to an empire.

The most obvious indicators were the Playboy Clubs. Late in 1961, Hefner wrote in the autobiography:

With just three Playboy Clubs in operation, Playboy Clubs International will earn about as big a profit this year as the publishing side of the Playboy empire, and it will very soon be a matter of the tail wagging the dog, as far as profits from this latest Playboy offshoot are concerned.

Beyond the novelty of a chain of private night clubs offering food, entertainment and pretty waitresses wearing stylized rabbit ears and cleavage, the Clubs were and are a tangible physical extension of the magazine. That made them a focusing point for an increasing fascination in America with Playboy. The opening of a new saloon isn't usually thought of as hot news, but when a Baltimore Club was announced as in the works, every newspaper in town went into a tizzy of front-page coverage. The Clubs set off a surge of national and international publicity about Playboy that even Hefner himself hadn't expected.

In 1961, the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation did an hourlong radio documentary on the Playboy empire; in its "Show Business" section, *Time* ran a major story on Hefner called "Boss of Taste City"; Paul Krassner interviewed him in *The Realist*; on the day the New Orleans Club opened, Hefner was greeted at the airport by officialdom and given a key to the city; *The Saturday Evening Post* prepared a long profile; and more. In the present jargon, Playboy was *happening*.

Confident and yet in continuing wonder at the path of his life, Hefner wrote at the end of the year:

We've received more publicity overall in the last 12 months than in the first seven years combined and, like a snowball, this is probably just the beginning, too. . . . The Playboy empire and its prexy have grown in fame and stature over the last 12 months to a degree that could never have been imagined a year or so ago. . . . It's difficult to bring into perspective and fully appreciate, but we are truly becoming, in our own time, a legend. And what does it feel

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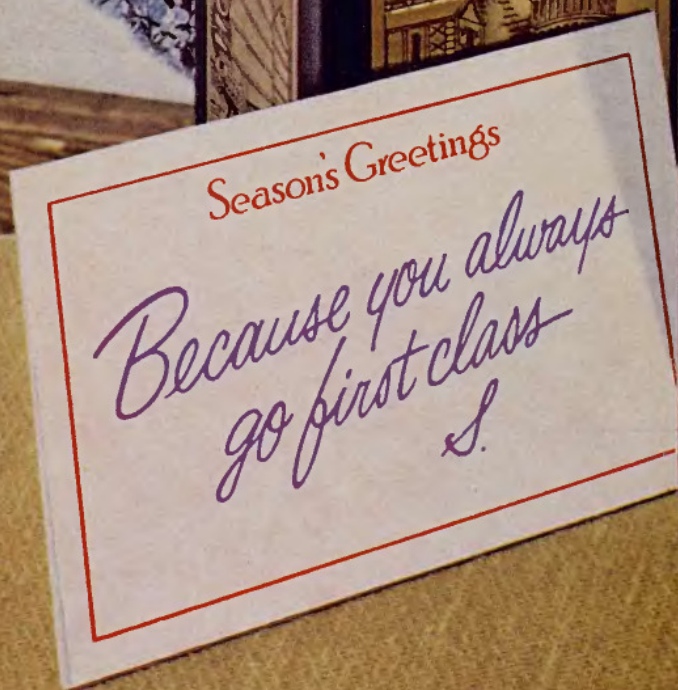
But, the best reason for buying a Nikon F2A now is the inexpressible feeling of satisfaction that comes when you possess what is unquestionably the finest 35mm camera ever created.

Your Nikon dealer will be glad to demonstrate the distinguished Nikon F2A and its even more sophisticated F2AS version. You will find him in the Yellow Pages. Or, write for details to Nikon Inc., Dept. N-38, Garden City, New York 11530. Subsidiary of Ehrenreich Photo-Optical Industries, Inc. In Canada: Nikon Div. Anglophoto Ltd., P.Q.

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like, being a living legend? Well, it feels just great!

One thing wasn't so great: *Show Business Illustrated*. From the first issue in September 1961, Hefner had been unhappy about the editorial product, created initially by a sleek fleet of editors imported from New York. Practically everyone involved has a different version of what went wrong, but what came out was just another magazine, lacking real personality, and it mainly sat there on the newsstands. A few issues into it, Hefner replaced the sleek fleet with his ace PLAYBOY troops—chiefly Spector and Paul—and began pouring more and more time into it himself. The figures began to turn around and head upward, but not at a rate that justified the effort or the investment—\$2,000,000 as of January 1962. Hefner reluctantly sold it to Huntington Hartford for \$250,000 and *SBI* was devoured by Hartford's *Show* magazine, which he'd started, apparently, as a hobby—about the same time *SBI* came out. *Show*—at least that version of it—didn't last much longer.

PLAYBOY's progress through 1962 was such that the red ink from *SBI* was almost completely eradicated by the end of the year. It was a big year inside the magazine. In September, partly as an outgrowth of the *Candid Conversations* that had been running in *SBI*, the first *Playboy Interview*, featuring Miles Davis (and conducted by a free-lance writer named Alex Haley), was published. Mainly through the efforts and strong hand of Editor Murray Fisher, PLAYBOY raised the art of the magazine interview several levels. In October, Little Annie Fanny—a creation of Hef's in collaboration with former *Mad* cartoon wizards Harvey Kurtzman and Will Elder—put in her first appearance, grinning and blinking and jiggling. And in December commenced the first installment of a series that would finally stretch to 25 parts: *The Playboy Philosophy*.

It, too, was a result of the tremendous publicity rush PLAYBOY had experienced in the past year or so. All the attention and hoopla meant that Hefner was being constantly asked all sorts of questions about his magazine and budding empire—many of them regarding its values, or supposed lack of them. Since the beginning, he'd tried his best to show people that PLAYBOY wasn't intended as just another girlie magazine, that it was more, a way of life. The TV show, *Playboy's Penthouse*, had been an early attempt to reach nonreaders (who were usually those with the lowest opinion of PLAYBOY) and let them see this; in regular segments, it featured serious discussions among Hefner, Spector and various current intellectual heavyweights regarding the meaning and impact of PLAYBOY in American society. But except

for a single short editorial against nuclear proliferation, the magazine had never run a straight-ahead statement of policy. The idea until then had been more indirect, to let the contents represent its values. By 1962, however, it seemed time to lay it out.

The original plan was to do the *Philosophy* in two modest parts for the holiday issues, blam blam. Several things happened to change that. One was that the first installment in December 1962 created an inundation of mail and response, much of it of the *go go go* variety. But equally important, Hefner really got into writing it. He remarked frequently while working on it that it was by far the most satisfying project he'd taken on in a long time, maybe since beginning the magazine. The ideas just came pouring out.

Hefner readily acknowledges that it isn't a philosophy in the strictest sense, since it's not a systematic body of thought and doesn't entirely hang together in that respect. It was written on Dickensian deadlines, often only a few jumps ahead of a printer whose overtime meter was running—which didn't permit graceful order. Several times he announced that at the end it would be unscrambled and put into more structurally coherent form, but other projects apparently intervened and it never happened.

The *Philosophy* is really more what it was called in the subhead: a credo, a statement of Hefner's beliefs. Sometimes repetitious, sometimes given to long elliptical excursions away from the ostensible main path, it is, nevertheless, a fascinating document. Elsewhere in this issue, you'll find *The Playboy Philosophy*, a sampler of the ideas Hefner has brought home. Just as interesting in the original are the flashes of real life scattered through it, especially Hefner's passionate defense of Lenny Bruce during his sad, pointless troubles with Chicago's bluenoses and men in blue. In doing so, Hefner took on some very big guys, indeed—particularly his old friendly enemies, Chicago's Catholic establishment.

The Lenny Bruce installments of the *Philosophy* were published in the April and May 1963 issues. By some strange coincidence, the June issue was declared obscene by the office in charge of enforcing Chicago's obscenity laws. Four cops and a CBS-TV crew showed up at the Chicago Mansion at night to roust Hefner and take him down to South State Street to book and fingerprint and mugshot him. The charge, after all the smoke cleared away, was violation of a Chicago city ordinance.

A bust for a bust: The alleged obscenity occurred in an eight-page pictorial featuring Jayne Mansfield on the set of her latest movie, *Promises, Promises*. The

particular offending sequence showed Jayne re-creating a scene from the movie. Lying nude not nearly beneath sheets on a bed, she tries without success to seduce her husband (played by Tommy Noonan), who's sitting in a suit on the edge of the bed, reading a book, indifferent to her. Or, as one also offending caption put it, "Alas, poor Jayne. As she writhes about seductively, the best she can draw from Noonan are some funny lines." Hot stuff, eh?

Never mind that Supreme Court decisions then and now don't require pictures to be "art" to avoid being obscene; or that just two weeks earlier at a Loop theater, a French film starring newcomer Elke Sommer had been shown that included a scene—passed by the Chicago Censor Board—in which she's lying as nude as Jayne on the deck of a boat, but additionally in the passionate embrace of a man. Didn't matter.

With the trial set for November, Hefner devoted large chunks of two upcoming *Philosophy* installments to the brouhaha, demonstrating in detail that by no present definition of the word was the June issue obscene. Better, as a service to Lenny Bruce fans everywhere, and a fine editorial thumb in the nose at all the Bruce baiters in Chicago and elsewhere, PLAYBOY began in the October issue to serialize Bruce's autobiography—edited, incidentally, by Paul Krassner.

The trial had its moments. Star prosecution witness was one Dr. Busby, a psychiatrist from Des Plaines, Illinois. He testified, according to the *Sun-Times*, "that the content constituted an attack on society's values and that the nude photos of movie queen Jayne Mansfield were sexually stimulating." He added that the June installment of the *Philosophy* revealed Hefner to be "beset by feelings of inferiority and guilt."

Under cross-examination, Dr. Busby admitted that he had no psychoanalytic training.

Asked if he had ever read Freud's essay on *Wild Psychoanalysis*, he responded that he hadn't.

The defense lawyer, wrote the *Sun-Times*, "read to the court excerpts from the essay in which the founder of psychoanalysis touched on the dangers of laymen and even physicians making psychoanalytic judgments without thorough training. . . . The psychiatrist was asked how he personally reacted to the spread on Miss Mansfield. 'As a person, I was stimulated, but as a doctor who is used to these things, I was not,' he replied."

The defense lawyer remarked that making such fine distinctions must be difficult.

It went on like that, ending two weeks later in a mistrial. A hung jury, seven for acquittal, five for conviction, deadlocked.

(continued on page 298) 293

DAVID STEINBERG'S GUIDE TO DISCO ETIQUETTE

A man in a white suit and a woman in a purple dress are dancing in a disco. The man is wearing a white suit with a black collar and a necklace. The woman is wearing a purple strapless dress and a long pearl necklace. They are both smiling and looking at each other. In the background, there are other people dancing and a sign that says "on's".

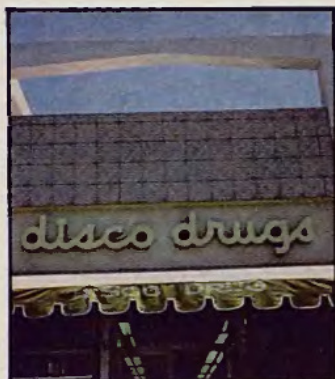
*a few basic pointers
to help you keep your
cool on the dance floor*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GARY HEERY
PRODUCED BY MICHAEL BERRY
AND JOHN BLUMENTHAL

HOW TO IDENTIFY A DISCO



People often mistake synagogues for discos. How can you tell the difference? For one thing, the women are sexier in a synagogue. I myself have been luckier there.



The word disco can be misleading. This is a drugstore. Also watch out for Disco Hospital, Disco Kennels, Disco College, Disco Cleaners and Disco Theological Seminary.



Yes, this is your basic disco. (What else could it be—an odyssey store?) If people go in cool and come out sweaty, it's probably a disco...or an IRS audit bureau.

DISCO ACCESSORIES



Merkin

Coke Spoon

Name Tag

YOUR BASIC ENSEMBLE

OK, so the coke spoon's a bit big, but girls at discos are into big, right? No problem—put a few grams of detergent or some baby laxative in a foil wrapper and go to the bathroom 12 times every hour. On your name tag, use something provocative like ACCOUNTANT, OR HUNG, or just wear a doctor's beeper on your belt and furrow your brow when it beeps.

PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT



Whom you choose as your practice partner can be very, very important. Any old airhead won't do. (I met my partner, Loretta, at a disco, and when I held her in my arms for the first time, I was amazed—she seemed lighter than air!) What I like most about Loretta is that she's not writing "the woman's novel," nor has she ever said, "What I really want to do is direct." We have a great rapport and our practice sessions move along quickly. And, frankly, I never feel used when she asks if I know anyone who could get her a job as an anchorperson.

DAVE'S FAVORITE DANCE STEPS

A lot of guys ask me, "Dave, what's the right dance for me?" My advice is to choose a dance that says the most about what kind of person you are—most of my students start with the jerk and work up to the monkey. Dancing is easy. It's all in the eyes. Never look at your partner, except to check if she's still there. And never, never smile—only schmucks smile while they're dancing.



The Aztec Two-Step



The Bump



The American Hustle



The Doggie Doodoo



AT THE DISCO

STAND BY THE LADIES' ROOM



NEVER WEAR SUNGLASSES INSIDE



Let's face it, guys, once you're in the disco, the object is to check out the available females, while at the same time making yourself as visible as possible. My statistics indicate that the female of the species visits the ladies' room on the average of four times in any given hour. You can tell a lot about a girl by the number of times she visits—if it's only once every hour, she's probably not a big drinker. If it's eight or more times an hour, she's probably just gotten back from Mexico. If several attractive girls go in together and nobody comes out for over an hour or so, it's perfectly all right to go on in and investigate—there's probably something very kinky happening and no one will mind your intrusion.

Since most discos are dark, you're better off not wearing your sunglasses, even though this lessens your cool by a few grams. Discos that feature mirrored walls can also lead to some confusion if you wear your sunglasses. A friend once spent an entire evening putting the make on his reflection—asked himself to dance, took himself out for a nightcap and brought himself back to his place before he realized his error. This can be a waste of time. Even if you're not wearing shades, those mirrored walls can be tricky. I've noticed that walking head on into a wall can tend to lower your cool at a disco. My advice is to ask someone not wearing shades where the walls are early in the evening.



HOW TO ASK HER TO DANCE

First Make Eye Contact

I've always been a great believer in the subtle approach, but if that fails, go right for the buffoon approach. Notice how I've managed to amuse her? She's fighting it, trying to look disgusted, but I can see right through that.

Don't Let Her Know You're Desperate

As you can tell, she's practically begging me to take her for a spin on the dance floor, but I'm being very, very casual about it. I've got her wrapped around my little finger, so to speak. It's quite obvious that she's crazy about me.

Be Cool if She Turns You Down

So she doesn't want to dance with me, so what? It's her loss, right? Hey, I'm a mature adult, I can handle a little rejection—I've been shot down before. Right about now, she's probably impressed by my nonchalant attitude.



HOW TO CLEAR A CROWDED DANCE FLOOR

Most people think that in order to clear a crowded dance floor, you have to make a nuisance of yourself. Not true—if you've followed my instructions to the letter, you won't need to push and shove, because after the first five minutes the other dancers will voluntarily clear a space for you and stand in a semicircle, totally enchanted by your display of grace and artistry. (If they don't do this voluntarily, then make a nuisance of yourself.) I don't think it's being immodest to point out that I've captured everybody's imagination, including that of my partner, who is nauseous with admiration. The crowd is going wild! (If you get them *really* excited, you can actually hear them hissing with delight!) And the disco's managers are pleased, because while dancing, I am also cleaning the dance floor with my jacket. This crowd loves me. See how they egg me on toward my big finale.



"Playboy had outgrown its offices on Ohio Street, sprawling into several other buildings."

There were newspaper stories afterward about a new trial, but evidently no one had the energy for it, because there never was one.

In January 1964, PLAYBOY turned ten years old. Circulation was up to 2,000,000; nine Clubs were in operation; Playboy Products of all sorts—including Bunny Chocolate—were selling like, well, Rabbit-embossed ankle bracelets; a major real-estate empire was beginning to accumulate; and the number of employees had grown from the original seven to nearly 2000.

This period also marked for Hefner the beginning in earnest of *The Years Indoors*. They were prefigured by the statement in the very first issue that "we plan to spend most of our time inside. We like our apartment." Now that the apartment had become the Playboy Mansion, there was no reason to leave. As Tom Wolfe exclaimed: "Hugh Hefner is at the center of the world. He is deep down inside his house—at the center of his bed. The center of the world!"

And as Norman Mailer described the Mansion during a party there: "Timeless, spaceless, it was outward bound. One was in an ocean liner which traveled at the bottom of the sea, or on a spaceship wandering down the galaxy along a night whose duration was a year."

Judging from the numbers, Hefner really didn't have to step out too often. Between January 1964 and January 1968, PLAYBOY's circulation went from 2,000,000, which was remarkable already, to over 5,000,000, which was a genuine magazine-business miracle. During that time, the Clubs also expanded in new, ambitious directions, with a Resort Hotel in Jamaica, a year-round Resort at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, and a ten-story Club with a casino in London's posh Park Lane. As a service to keyholders, *VIP* magazine began in 1964; and in the same year, the old Surf Theater on Chicago's Near North Side became the Playboy Theater.

As always, new projects abounded. One from that time that would have increasing significance was the establishment of the Playboy Foundation. The very first grant was \$1000 toward court costs for a man involved in a Florida heterosexual-sodomy case. The case eventually reached the Supreme Court. The second grant, for \$6000, went toward legal help for a West Virginia ex-disc jockey doing one to ten for "submitting to a crime against nature"—heterosexual

fellatio. Just as the *Forum* section in the magazine had grown naturally out of the considerable response to the *Philosophy*, the Foundation quickly became the action arm of the *Forum*, taking sides on the issues discussed there in the form of cold cash.

Also in 1965, Hefner did something from the depths of his fur-lined submarine that must have been yet another great kick. Playboy had outgrown the offices on Ohio Street, sprawling once more into several other buildings around the neighborhood. At the time and still, the deco jewel of North Michigan Avenue was indisputably the Palmolive Building. Its 37 floors then towered above everything nearby on the so-called Magnificent Mile. The soaring black crossed girders of the Hancock Building, the world's first high-rise oil rig, hadn't yet put it in shadow, nor put a blink in the famous Lindbergh Beacon rising from the top. The Palmolive Building was and remains a Chicago landmark. Better, it was the very same in which Hefner had toiled in a cubicle for *Esquire*. And, you guessed it, sweet revenge on a super scale, he bought the building. For all practical purposes, anyway, since the lease doesn't terminate until 2028. He renamed it Playboy and put the magazine's name across the top.

Hefner had leased the building without setting foot inside it again, signed away his money without even seeing for himself if the basement leaked. By early 1967, when architect Ron Dirsmitz was completing the lavish futurist renovations (much white stucco in organic shapes and forms, executive desks with travertine-marble tops, *carpeted* fire stairs) and the first departments were moving from Ohio Street, Hefner had become such a celebrated recluse that it made "Kup's Column" one morning when he actually *went outside*, to a party in the suburbs for Arnie Morton, then head of the Clubs and an old friend.

But that period was coming to an end. One sleek black signal was announced in July 1967: the purchase at \$4,500,000 of an airplane, a DC-9. It was to be done over in typical Playboy fashion (there would be a shower in the boss's suite, etc.), painted shiny black and christened the Big Bunny. Evidently, Hefner was getting ready to leave heaven on occasion.

Several factors prompted it, personal and otherwise.

Until 1968, Hefner couldn't bring him-

self to delegate one tenth the authority he should have, given the startling growth and increased complexity the corporation had experienced. He stayed home all the time because he worked all the time, except for regular therapeutic parties. His weight dropped from 175 to 135; in news pictures, he looked gaunt and burned. But not burned out. Bright enough to see the end of that path, he realized that he'd better change quickly. By the summer of 1968, he was working out and eating, building his weight back up.

Beyond staying alive, there was a secondary reason to let up, get in shape and get out more. It was an intriguing image, the young recluse Howard Hughes with a harem, but it was hardly accurate and had begun to bother Hefner, who dislikes being misunderstood. He decided to revive the television show in a new, improved format. It would be called *Playboy After Dark* and he would be host. Scheduled for a January premiere, the show began taping in Los Angeles in late July 1968. Hefner had gotten healthy again and traded his terrycloth bathrobe and slippers in on \$15,000 worth of snappy Edwardian suits.

Two much-publicized things happened to Hefner in August.

First and more pleasant was meeting, on the set of *P.A.D.*, an 18-year-old extra named Barbara Klein, an ex-Miss Teenage Sacramento. Within a year, she'd become Barbi Benton and Hefner was flat-out in love.

The second was less fun and more sign of the times. One night during the Democratic Convention, Hefner and friends, including Max Lerner, went out for a walk, to see what was happening in Lincoln Park. They wandered by accident into a police riot against protesters near the park: bloody long-hairs ducking and running, polished oak night sticks flashing, thin gray clouds of tear gas dappling the grass like ground fog. As Lerner described it in his newspaper column, "We got tangled in a group of spectators and stragglers from an earlier 'hippie' demonstration, were chased down a side street by a police car, were threatened by a small phalanx of guns held by cops who jumped out of the car, and barely managed to get away without serious trouble except for an injury to Hefner by a police club."

Some of the subsequent press made more of the incident than it merited, coming up with a cartoon version that went: The whack on the ass had radicalized Hefner and his magazine. It was, in fact, neither so sudden nor quite radical, but the image brought focus on something that was very definitely going on in the pages of PLAYBOY—and had been for some time. The bloody Chicago

(continued on page 392)

It tastes like real apricot. Naturally. Because it's Leroux.

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The Leroux Apricot Sour.

Mix $\frac{1}{4}$ oz. lemon or lime juice, $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz. Leroux Apricot Flavored Brandy, 1 tsp. sugar, 1 oz. fresh orange juice. Shake, strain, garnish with orange slice and cherry.



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PLAYBOY'S ANNUAL AWARDS

announcing the prize-winning authors, artists, photographers and cartoonists whose contributions were judged to be the year's most outstanding—plus special awards to some contributors whose works have added significantly to the success of this magazine over the past quarter century

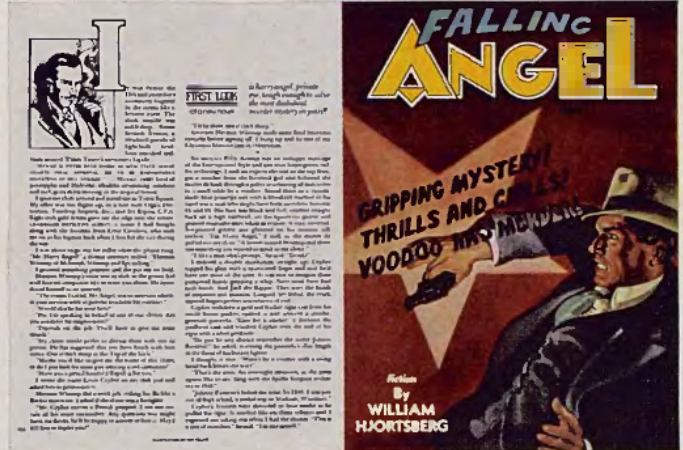
WRITING

SPECIAL AWARD



IRWIN SHAW has been—since May 1955, when we published *The Eighty Yard Run*, which was tied to college football—one of PLAYBOY's most prolific contributors. Coincidentally, his most recent contribution, *Full Many a Flower* (January 1978), also involved football. In the intervening years, PLAYBOY readers have been entertained by a broad spectrum of short stories and sneak previews of his novels *Rich Man, Poor Man* (subsequently translated into one of television's most successful miniseries) and *Beggarmen, Thief*. Expatriate Shaw, who has lived in England, France and Germany, presently makes his home in Klosters, Switzerland, where he is finishing work on his tenth novel.

Best Major Work: Fiction



WILLIAM HJORTSBERG's two-part mystery thriller in October and November, *Falling Angel*, leads private eye Harry Angel through a voodoo maze. This award is not Hjortsberg's first from PLAYBOY. He was named Best New Fiction Contributor in 1971. **Graham Greene** is runner-up with February's *The Human Factor*, from his novel.

Best Short Story



JOHN UPDIKE wins for *The Faint* (May), a story of an expiring love that is salvaged at the eleventh hour by the lady doing what harassed genteel ladies are said to do. Runner-up is **Kingsley Amis** for *The Darkwater Hall Mystery* (May), a deadpan Sherlock Holmes spoof in which, for once, long-suffering second banana Dr. Watson takes charge.

Best New Contributor



TREVANIAN, whose blank portrait indicates a passion for privacy that rivals Thomas Pynchon's, picks up first prize for *Switching* (December), an acerbic look at the singles-bar milieu. **Arthur Rosch** places second for *Sex and the Triple Znar-Fichi* (September), his biofantasy exploring life on a planet whose humanoids come in six sexes.

ILLUSTRATION

SPECIAL AWARD



LEROY NEIMAN is arguably the best-known artist in America—and if you don't believe us, just ask him. Turn on the tube to almost any major athletic event and it's even money that the flamboyantly mustachioed Neiman—who gained fame on ABC's *Wide World of Sports*—will be there with pen in hand and cigar in mouth, rendering on paper whatever field of play he's covering. Neiman has been associated with *PLAYBOY* almost from its inception (he illustrated a Charles Beaumont short story for our September 1954 issue). His contributions over the years have ranged from creating our *Party Jokes Femlin* to the famous *Man of His Leisure* series, which took *PLAYBOY* readers to such exotic spots as Monaco, Morocco and Las Vegas: In fact, there aren't many subjects or places that Neiman hasn't painted. That's our boy, LeRoy!

Best Fiction Illustration



FRANK GALLO wins for his epoxy relief created for John Updike's *The Faint (Moy)*, thus making *The Faint* a double winner (Updike took our Best Short Story Award). The relief was acquired recently by the Illinois State Museum. Gallo, a professor of sculpture at the University of Illinois, has developed a unique tinted-epoxy material for his work, which is noted for the soft translucency of its human forms. The recipient of countless prizes, Gallo has his work in many art museums, including New York's Whitney Museum and Museum of Modern Art. His latest creations are being shown at Chicago's Gilman Galleries.

Best Nonfiction Illustration



HERB DAVIDSON is honored for his oil portrait of Telly Savalas for *Telly Loves Ya* (June). The Chicago realist has had one-man shows around the country and has exhibited in Europe. His "warts and all" pointing is remarkable for its accuracy, right down to the disfigured index finger. The only thing missing from artist Davidson's illustration is the lollipop.

Honorable Mention



FRANK FRAZZETTA, whose oil painting illustrated *Arthur Rex* (September), is famous for the physical vitality and high drama of his work. Frazetta, who has achieved cult-hero status in the sci-fi and fantasy fields, used to work as a comic-book illustrator (*Conan the Barbarian* and *Buck Rogers*). And he once created female figures for *Little Annie Fanny*.

PHOTOGRAPHY

SPECIAL AWARDS



POMPEO POSAR, now a PLAYBOY Staff Photographer, was snapping promotion stills for a Chicago TV show in 1960. One day, he ambled over to the adjacent *Playboy's* Penthouse set and took some photos, gratis. The rest, as they say, is history. Posar is known for his talent at spotting Playmate possibilities. Among his discoveries: 1977 Playmate of the Year Patti McGuire. His photos grace 39 PLAYBOY covers.



MARIO CASILLI's studio is the former public library of Altadena, California. But don't expect to find many librarians there. Since his first Playmate shooting in September 1957, Casilli's PLAYBOY assignments have been in the hundreds. His projects have included such stellar attractions as Mamie Van Doren (June 1964) and, probably his biggest attention getter to date, an October 1977 cover lensing of Barbra Streisand.

Best Pictorial Essay



BILL ARSENAULT wins for his February feature *Close Encounters of the Fourth Kind*, on extraterrestrial romp where boy meets space girl for out-of-this-world sex. Arsenault, a 14-year PLAYBOY veteran, pulled it off with a few simple props, silver grease paint and a latex mask. Managing Art Director Kerig Pope conceived and helped produce it.

Best Playmate Pictorial



KEN MARCUS takes the prize for his February shooting of Janis Schmitt, a Bunny in our St. Louis Club. The layout includes a bicycle, satin sheets and strawberry frozen yogurt. But Marcus says the credit belongs to Schmitt, whom he describes as one of the most cooperative Playmates ever. For more of Marcus' work, see *Playboy's* Playmate Review.

Best Service Pictorial



DON AZUMA's prize-winning *Christmas Gift Guide* was a rough assignment. He had to shoot all those great gifts—and then return them. Contributing Photographer Azuma's hallmarks are simplicity, a flair for dramatic lighting, a strong sense of design and meticulous attention to detail (he built a black-tile "bathroom" to showcase the Jacuzzi).

Best Pictorial Reportage



ROBERT SCOTT HOOPER has made it two in a row as an award winner. He photographed the Best Playmate Pictorial in 1977. This year, with assistant Thereso Holmes, Hooper invaded three New York sex clubs, cameras at the ready, for May's *Public-Sex Breakthrough*. The photo team had one problem—the subjects were "rather uncontrollable."

CARTOONING

SPECIAL AWARD



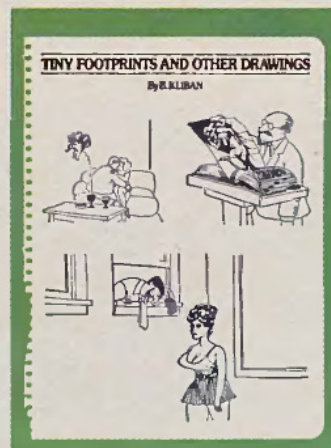
GAHAN WILSON's association with *PLAYBOY* dates back to December 1957, when one of his black-and-white cartoons first ran in the magazine. While his usually ghoulish cartoons can be found in other publications, including *The New Yorker* and *The New York Times*, Wilson has been most closely associated with *PLAYBOY* over the years, contributing something nearly every month (see opposite page). Wilson and *PLAYBOY* found each other almost by accident. He had come to Chicago to show his drawings to another magazine but discovered its offices were in New York. Meanwhile, he'd heard that a fellow named Hef was looking for him, so he dropped in on us. And that, dear readers, turned out to be what's known as kismet. All you Wilson fans out there, take note: our master of the macabre is planning a novel.

Best Comic Strip



HARVEY KURTZMAN and **WILL ELDER** are co-winners for their October installment of *Little Annie Fanny*, which set our wide-eyed innocent loose in a Hollywood special-effects department. Kurtzman and Elder, who worked together at *Mad* magazine, have been chronicling Annie's misadventures on *PLAYBOY's* pages since October 1962.

Best Cartoon Series



B. KLIBAN wins for *Tiny Footprints and Other Drawings*, which appeared in our May issue. The feature was excerpted from his book of the same title published by Warkman. Kliban, the man whom cat lovers and poster lovers love, first appeared here in 1962. He says if he weren't a successful cartoonist, he'd most like to be a plastic surgeon. No kidding.

Best Black-and-White Cartoon



J. B. HANDELSMAN is *numero uno* for his May cartoon captioned "Read your policy. Mindless vandalism by disadvantaged sociopaths comes under the company's definition of acts of God." Handelsman, whose crisp drawings and witty observations come to us from Surrey, England, first made an appearance in *PLAYBOY* in September 1965.

Best Color Cartoon



ELDON DEDINI wins for this cartoon captioned, "Priscilla, the orchestra's playing our song" (June). California cartoonist Dedini has been appearing on our pages since December 1960. Many of his most notable cartoons feature randy satyrs and pneumatic nymphs rendered in his lush Rubenesque style. Here, he takes on old line and gives it a wry twist.



"I just don't know what we'd have done without our subscription these past twenty-five years."

BRITISH DRAG

(continued from page 151)

"Little did I dream that 'Picture of Innocence' was to attract the sort of fish I suspected swam in my pond."

and when I am becalmed or capsize, I have only to step from the boat and wade ashore. Enough of metaphors; the problem that faces me these days is to find a role for a septuagenarian who isn't either a mad scientist or a heartbroken academician or even a gin-soused old circus clown. Nor am I attracted to the part of an octogenarian butler who dies mysteriously in act one.

I have a lifelong friend who directs meaningful plays by little-known Bulgarians. He descends on me whenever I am out of work, bearing a play he is about to direct for some worthy but obscure provincial festival with the serious intention of transferring it later to Shaftesbury Avenue, when all the contracts can be renegotiated. "It is not the sort of part you usually play," he informs me, "but it has one wonderful scene where you are under a motorcar trying to change a tire. We never see your face, but it would be a splendid chance to act with your feet. To really act, you understand. I know you could do it, if only you would give yourself a chance."

"I like to show my face," I tell him. "Furthermore, I like it to be seen right through the play and I like to be standing upright or, better still, sitting down center stage."

"Oh, well," he tells me as he drives off after luncheon, "at least I've tried to get you to act properly. But if you won't, you won't."

"I won't," I shout after him as he turns out of the drive, "and I never will!"

But after one of his visits this past spring, just as I began thinking that perhaps acting with one's feet couldn't be all that bad, a man named John Wells, a fellow contributor to *Punch* and once a master at Eton College, arrived at my home with clean paper and carbons and his own typewriter, insisting that I sit in my armchair while he pound away at my desk. In four days, he captured three acts of a play that had been flitting aimlessly in my head for months.

Little did I dream when we finished *Picture of Innocence* that it was to attract the sort of fish I always suspected swam in my pond but hitherto had lurked in the darker waters of despondency.

The play is about transvestism; the tale of three fairly happily married men, two of whom have kept their wives in ignorance of their compulsive hobby. My characters' determination that all should share their secret leads to complications—and a fairly disastrous tea party.

A play about transvestites does not necessarily attract transvestites to pay to come and see it. It is the greatest theatrical fallacy to assume that because the world is mad about football, you have only to construct a third act in the goal mouth to have the theater filled with hearty kickers.

Imagine my delight, therefore, when even before the rehearsals started, we were contacted by one of the founding members of the Beaumont Society, an organization that exists to see that any transvestite who joins shall continue to be a happy transvestite and not despair of his hobby, dress himself up for the last time in his wife's petticoat and await her return hanging from the banister. Because you are a transvestite, there is no need for drastic action, the society informs its members. And it is a mistake to wear your wife's petticoat, anyway, as you will inevitably stretch it.

While *Picture of Innocence* was still turning over in my mind, I had visited my younger son in Australia. He is a theatrical impresario who recently coproduced a play titled *The Elocution of Benjamin Franklin*, which deals with an elocution teacher who brings down the wrath of Melbourne, or just possibly Sydney, on his head by venturing forth in drag and being wrongly accused of child molestation. Transvestites, as far as I know, never molest anyone, and the play, as all good plays should, sends the audience home to ponder man's inhumanity to man.

In the course of rehearsals, my son had had the benefit of advice from the Sea Horse Club, a world-wide organization with roughly the same high purpose as the Beaumont Society, and it was arranged that I should entertain the club's secretary at dinner. He called herself Petrina and she came, of course, *en femme*. My initial reaction was one of embarrassment. For one thing, I felt she was not wearing the right wig. For another, I had qualms about venturing into the hotel restaurant with a lady who so patently was not quite what she seemed.

Petrina, I found, had no real desire to be mistaken for a woman. "Does the waiter suspect?" I asked her when he had retired after serving the smoked salmon.

"He'd be a fool if he didn't," she replied. "I talk like a man."

"Then what on earth is the object of it all?" I asked.

"I am not sure there is an object," she told me. "It's just that dressed as women,

we all feel more relaxed, more comfortable than we do in business suits."

Petrina, or Peter, as she is called by day, belongs to the dreaded profession of business efficiency experts who follow executives around their offices with a stop watch, noting their potentiality for wasting time. "As a rule," she remarked, "we are a ruthless crowd; try to avoid doing business with us, for we usually get the better of you."

Petrina was unusually frank about Peter's ability to suggest to employers where they were overstaffed. Did it worry her that Peter's recommendations sometimes led to dismissals?

"Not particularly; it's what I'm paid for."

As Petrina, however, she seemed to have a heart of gold and cared deeply for the plight of those who felt themselves cut off and lonely.

"Some men," she told me, "will take a room at a hotel for the night and just dress themselves up and sit alone, staring into a mirror, not daring to telephone room service. Then, in the morning, they will pack up their dresses and make-up and throw them out of the car or hand them over to the Red Cross, vowing never again to give in to their other personality. Of course, it never works. A month later, they are shopping around frantically for a new frock. In time, they learn economy, if not courage."

"Can you learn courage?" I asked.

"If you belong to the Sea Horse Club, we try to give you courage. We insist, for example, that new members attend in costume and not sneak in and try to change on the premises. To go out *en femme* is the supreme release."

"When they arrive, do you compliment them on their dress?"

"No, not often. We might criticize one another if we discuss one another at all, but usually we are more interested in asking the new ones how *we* look."

"Do you wish to attract men?"

She found that a difficult question to answer. "I am not a homosexual, but I like men to think how well I wear my clothes. It's really people I know who afford me the most satisfaction. If I'm in the supermarket, I'm delighted if one of my neighbors who knows me as both Peter and Petrina tells me how nice I look. The neighbors matter to me."

"What about your children?"

"They still call me Father. I would like them to call me Petrina, like my wife does, when I am dressed, but they never remember. I don't think children should be nagged."

"The other day," Petrina went on, "I thought it would be nice to open a separate bank account that I could charge my clothes to. A lot of the stores have special departments for our lot. I went

(continued on page 384)

CHEERS THROUGH THE YEARS



Compiled by EMANUEL GREENBERG

*we celebrate our silver anniversary with a roundup of
25 innovative drinks published by us during the past quarter century*

WHAT'S THE MOST felicitous way to toast PLAYBOY's silver anniversary? With a PLAYBOY drink, of course. To make the occasion even more enjoyable, we've rounded up 25 outstanding examples from the myriad that have appeared in these pages, the best of the breed! They run

the gamut from summer coolers to holiday bowls, tangy appetite whetters to after-dinner sips. You'll find them an imaginative, piquant and occasionally inspired collection—each one a distinguished representation of the barman's art. You may not endorse every choice—*de*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PETER ELLIOT

gustibus and all that—but chances are many of your personal favorites are included here, plus a few that may have slipped by you the first time around. To do them justice, you should assemble a panel of convivial quaffers to sample the drinks meditatively, then cast ballots for the quarter-century champion—the drink of the PLAYBOY era.

March 1954

ANGEL'S TIT

This, appropriately, is the first drink ever concocted by PLAYBOY.

$\frac{2}{3}$ maraschino liqueur
 $\frac{1}{3}$ heavy cream

Pour liqueur into pony glass. Then pour cream in carefully, on edge of glass, so that it floats and does not mix with liqueur. Top cream with maraschino cherry.

June 1955

CAFE BRULOT

This is the glamorous show-off coffee prepared in a chafing dish. A special coffee maker designed for the brew is called a *brûlot* dish, but it is rarely used for this exotic form of spiced coffee laced with cognac.

In heated chafing dish, put 4 lumps sugar, 4 whole cloves, 2 pieces twisted lemon peel, 2 pieces twisted orange peel (peel about 2 ins. long), 2 sticks cinnamon bark about 1 in. long and 2 jiggers cognac. Let cognac heat until quite warm. Stir gently. Hold match to cognac until it turns into little lake of blue flames. Let burn for 30 seconds. Add 4 demitasse cups fresh strong black coffee. Stir well. Ladle *café brûlot* into demitasse cups.

September 1961

BLENDED COMFORT

2 ozs. blended whiskey
 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. Southern Comfort
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup frozen peaches, thawed
 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. dry vermouth
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ ozs. lemon juice
1 oz. orange juice
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup crushed ice
1 slice lemon
1 slice cocktail orange in syrup

Put whiskey, Southern Comfort, peaches, vermouth, lemon juice, orange juice and crushed ice into blender. Blend 10–15 seconds. Pour into tall 14-oz. glass. Add ice to fill glass. Garnish with lemon and orange slices.

December 1962

PINK LIME PUNCH
(Serves 24)

1 quart plus 1 pint vodka
1 pint cherry liqueur

1 pint lime juice
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar
20-oz. jar pitted, brandied red cherries
1 quart plus 8 ozs. carbonated water
24 thin slices lime

In punch bowl, combine vodka, cherry liqueur, lime juice and sugar. Stir well until sugar is dissolved. Place block of ice in bowl. Add cherries, with their juice. Just before serving, pour carbonated water into bowl. Float lime slices on top.

March 1963

BRANDY MELBA

$1\frac{1}{2}$ ozs. brandy
 $\frac{1}{4}$ oz. peach liqueur
 $\frac{1}{4}$ oz. raspberry liqueur
 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. lemon juice
2 dashes orange bitters
1 slice brandied peach

Shake brandy, peach liqueur, raspberry liqueur, lemon juice and bitters well with ice. Strain into brandy snifter. Add peach slice. If raspberry liqueur isn't available, raspberry syrup may be substituted.

July 1963

PINEAPPLE RUM FRAPPE

1 large chilled pineapple
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup pineapple sherbet
6 ozs. light rum
3 ozs. orange juice
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ ozs. lime juice
 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. maraschino liqueur

The pineapple should measure at least 7 ins. from base to top of fruit, not including stem. Cut cap off pineapple about $\frac{1}{2}$ in. from top and remove meat. Cut deep circle around edge of pineapple about $\frac{1}{2}$ in. from rim, leaving large cylinder of fruit, which must then be gouged out. Very sharp boning knife is good for job. Cut wedges of fruit loose by slicing diagonally toward rim of fruit. Use grapefruit knife to remove small pieces of fruit. Cavity of pineapple should be large enough to hold 2 measuring cups liquid. Test it for size. Cut away hard core of fruit and discard it. Cut enough tender pineapple meat to make $\frac{1}{2}$ cup fruit in small dice. Into well of electric blender put the $\frac{1}{2}$ cup diced pineapple and all remaining ingredients. Blend 5 seconds. Pour into pineapple. Place pineapple in champagne bucket surrounded by finely shaved ice. Place 2 or 4 colored straws in drink, allowing for 2 double or 4 single drinks.

January 1964

ROB ROY, HOLIDAY STYLE

$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon Scotch-based liqueur
2 ozs. Scotch
 $\frac{1}{4}$ oz. dry vermouth

$\frac{1}{4}$ oz. sweet vermouth
1 maraschino or brandied cherry

Pour Scotch-based liqueur into pre-chilled cocktail glass and swirl it around to coat bottom and sides of glass. Stir Scotch and both kinds of vermouth well with ice. Strain into glass. Add cherry.

May 1965

SCOTCH SOLACE

$2\frac{1}{2}$ ozs. Scotch
 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. honey
 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. triple sec
4 ozs. milk
1 oz. cream
 $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon freshly grated orange rind
Pour Scotch, honey and triple sec into 14-oz. glass. Stir until honey is thoroughly blended. Add milk, cream and orange rind. Add ice cubes to fill glass; stir.

July 1965

BARBADOS BOWL
(Serves 24)

8 medium-size ripe bananas
1 cup lime juice
1 cup sugar
8 ozs. 151-proof rum
1 fifth light rum
46-oz. can pineapple juice
12 ozs. mango nectar
2 limes, sliced

Chill all ingredients except bananas. Cut 6 bananas into thin slices and place in electric blender with lime juice and sugar. Blend until smooth. Pour over block of ice in punch bowl. Add both kinds of rum, pineapple juice and mango nectar. Stir well. Let mixture ripen in refrigerator 1 hour before serving. Cut remaining 2 bananas into thin slices and float with lime slices on punch.

January 1966

ROMAN FRULLATI

3 ozs. gin
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup diced Delicious apple, with skin
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup diced ripe pear, with skin
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup frozen sliced peaches, thawed
1 oz. maraschino liqueur
1 oz. orzata or orgeat
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup crushed ice

Put all ingredients into blender. Blend at high speed 20 seconds. Pour into tall 14-oz. glass. Add ice to rim.

May 1969

FRAMBOISE SOUR

$\frac{3}{4}$ oz. framboise
 $\frac{3}{4}$ oz. fresh lime juice
2 level teaspoons sugar
Few dashes bar foam
1 wedge cocktail orange
1 frozen or fresh raspberry

(continued on page 372)

WISH SOMEONE SMOOTH SAILING ON THE YULETIDE.

As your friends embark on this holiday season, make them a gift of Cutty Sark Scots Whisky. It will assure them the smoothest possible journey.



CUTTY SARK

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THE DEVIL & BILLY MARKHAM

By Shel Silverstein

The Devil walked into Linebaugh's on a rainy Nashville night
While the lost souls sat and sipped their soup
in the sickly yellow neon light.
And the Devil, he looked around the room, then got
down on his knees.
He says, "Is there one among you scum who'll roll the
dice with me?"
Red, he just strums his guitar, pretending not to hear.
And Eddie, he just looks away and takes another sip of
beer.
Vince, he says, "Not me, I'll pass, I've had my share of
hell,"
And kept scribbling on a napkin, some song he was sure
would sell.
Ronnie just kept whisperin' low to the snuff queen who
clutched at his sleeve,
And somebody coughed—and the Devil scoffed—and
turned on his heel to leave.
"Hold on," says a voice from the back of the room, "'fore
you walk out that door.
If you're lookin' for some action, friend, well, I've rolled
some dice before."
And there stood Billy Markham, he'd been on the scene
for years,
Singin' all them raunchy songs that the town didn't
want to hear.
He'd been cut and bled a thousand times, and his eyes
were wise and sad,
And all his songs were the songs of the street, and all
his luck was bad.
"I know you," says Billy Markham, "from many a dark
and funky place,
But you always spoke in a different voice and wore a
different face.
While me, I've gambled here on Music Row with hus-
tlers and with whores,
And, hell, I ain't afraid to roll them devilish dice of
yours."

"Well, then, get down," says the Devil, "just as if you
was gonna pray,
And take these dice in your luckless hand and I'll tell
you how this game is played.
You get one roll—and you bet your soul—and if you roll
thirteen you win,
And all the joys of flesh and gold are yours to touch
and spend.
But if that thirteen *don't* come up, then kiss your ass
goodbye
And will your useless bones to God, 'cause your god-
damn soul is *mine*!"
"Thirteen?" says Billy Markham. "Hell, I've played in
tougher games.
I've loved ambitious women and I've rode on wheel-
less trains.
So gimme room, you stinkin' fiend, and let it all unwind
Nobody's ever rolled a thirteen yet, but this just might
be the time."
Then Billy Markham, he takes the dice, and the dice
feel as heavy as stones.
"They should, they should," the Devil says, "'cause
they're carved from Jesus' bones."
And Billy Markham turns the dice and the dice, they
have no spots.
"I'm sorry," says the Devil, "but they're the only dice I
got."
"Well, shit," says Billy Markham. "Now, I really don't
mean to bitch,
But I never thought I'd stake my roll in a sucker's game
like this."
"Well, then, walk off," says the Devil. "Nobody's tied
you down."
"Walk off where?" says Billy Markham. "It's the only
game in town.
But I just wanna say 'fore I make my play, that if I
should chance to lose,
I will this guitar to some would-be star who'll play
some honest blues,
Who ain't afraid to sing the words like damn or shit or
fuck

And who ain't afraid to put his ass on the stage where he makes his bucks.
 But if he plays this guitar *safe*, and sings some sugary lies,
 I'll haunt him till we meet in hell—now, *gimme them fuckin' dice.*"

And Billy Markham shakes the dice and yells, "Come on, thirteen!"

And the dice, they roll—and they come up *blank*. "You lose!" the Devil screams.

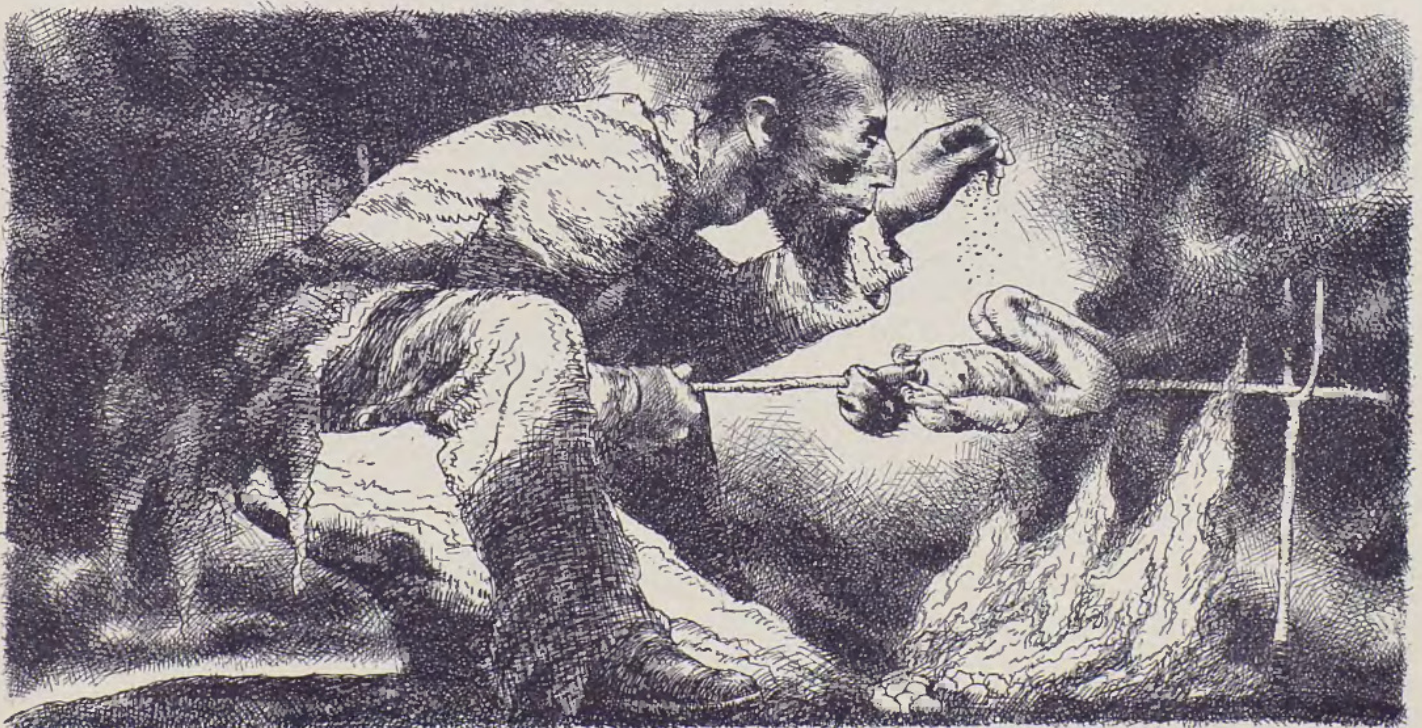
"But I really must say 'fore we go our way that I really do like your style.
 Of all the fools I've played and beat, you're the first one who lost with a smile."
 "Well, I'll tell *you* somethin'," Billy Markham says.
 "Those odds weren't too damn bad.
 In fourteen years on Music Row, that's the best damn chance I've had."

Then, arm in arm, Billy Markham and the Devil walk out through Linebaugh's door,
 Leavin' Billy's old beat-up guitar there on the floor.
 And if you go into Linebaugh's now, you can see it there today
 Hangin' from a nail on that wall of peelin' gray
 Billy Markham's old guitar . . .
 That nobody *dares* to play.

Billy Markham and The Fly

Billy Markham slowly turns on a white-hot steel spit, And his skin, it crackles like roasting pig, and his flesh is seared and split,
 And sulphur fills his nostrils and he's fed on slime and mud,
 By a hairy imp with a pointed stick who bastes him in spider's blood,
 And his eyeballs boil up inside his skull and his throat's too charred to scream,
 So he sleeps the sleep of the burning dead and he dreams unspeakable dreams.

Then in walks the Devil in a big yellow hat as Bill hears the hell gates clanging
 And the Devil wipes off his bloody hands and says,
 "Hey, Bill, how're they hanging?
 I'm sorry we couldn't give you a pit with a view, but right now this' the best we got,
 But as soon as we're done with Attila the Hun, we'll move you right into his spot.
 Have you met your neighbors, have you heard 'em scream? Do they keep you awake in the fire?
 Hey, a little more brimstone for number nine—and stoke up the heat a bit higher.
 Ah, you just can't get good help these days, and there ain't much profit in hell.
 No—turn that adulteress upside down—do I have to do everything myself?
 I tell you, Bill, it's a full-time job, tending these white-hot coals,
 So damn busy with paperwork, I hardly got time for collecting new souls.
 Which brings me to the subject of my little visit. Now, you're one of them natural-born gamblin' men,
 And I'll bet you'd give most anything just to get them dice in your hands again.
 So instead of swimming in this muck and slime and burnin' crisp as toast . . .
 I'll trade you one roll of the dice for the soul of the one who loves you most."
 "Trade the soul of the one who loves me most? Not a chance in hell I will!"
 "Spoken like a hero," the Devil says. "Hey, a little more fire for Bill."
 "You can burn me, roast me or bake me," says Billy.
 "Go have your fiendish fun.
 A coward dies a thousand times—a brave man checks out once."
 "Hey, Billy, that's poetic," the Devil says, "but life ain't like no rhyme,
 And I know ways to make a brave man die a million times."
 "Then do it, motherfucker!" Billy Markham screams.
 "But I won't trade love away."
 "That's what they all say," the Devil laughs, "but when I turn up the fire, they play."



And the flame burns white and Bill's flesh burns black
and he smells his roasting stink,
And the hell rats nibble upon his nose . . . and Billy
begins to think.
He thinks of his childhood sweetheart who loved him
through his crazy days. . . .
He thinks of his gray-haired momma, hell, she's gettin'
old anyway.
He thinks of his baby daughter—he wrote her a card
last fall. . . .
Then the Devil does somethin' even I won't describe . . .
and Billy screams, "Take 'em all!"
And—Zap!—again he's back at Linebaugh's, kneeling
on that same old floor,
And across from him the Devil kneels, ready to play
once more.
And Bill gently feels the Linebaugh's tile littered with
grit and grime
And he sees his friends in the booths all around as they
chew their nails and rhyme their rhymes.
And he hears the jukebox blaring loud, and smells the
perfume and the piss,
And he breathes in deep of the smoke-filled air, and he
thinks, "How sweet it is."
"Well, are you ready to shoot some craps?" he hears the
Devil cry,
"Or you gonna sit all night and stroke that floor like you
stroke a young girl's thigh?"
And as Billy takes the dice, he knows that if he wins,
Then Hades will have been a *dream*, and his soul will
be his again.
"I guess my point is still thirteen?" Billy Markham asks.
"The point's the same," the Devil sneers, "and the stakes
are still your ass."
"Well, one never knows," Billy Markham says, "when
luck's gonna smile on a man,
And if a charcoal corpse from hell can't roll thirteen,
then who the hell can?"
And Billy Markham shakes the dice and whispers,
"Please, thirteen."
And the dice roll out a six . . . and a six . . . and then, as
if in a dream . . .
A buzzing fly from a plate nearby, like a messenger
sent from heaven,
Shits—right in the middle of one of them sixes—
and turns it into a seven.
"Thirteen!" yells Billy Markham. "I have beat the Devil's
play."
"The hell you have," the Devil says, and . . . *whoosh* . . .
he blows that speck away.
"Which goes to prove," the Devil says, "that hell's too
big to buck,
And when you're gambling for your ass, don't count on
flyshit luck."
"Well, that's life," sighs Billy Markham, "and it never
lasts for long,
But y' know that fly shittin' on that die would have made
one hell of a song."
"You're a songwriting fool," the Devil laughs. "There
ain't no doubt about it.
As soon as you go lose one damn game, you wanna
write a song about it.
But there's a whole lot more to life and death than the
words and tunes you give 'em.
And any fool can *sing* the blues, let's see if you can
live 'em."
Then—Zap!—Billy wakes up back in hell, turning on
that same steel spit,
And again his skin crackles like roasting pork, and his
flesh is seared and split,

And his mouth is filled with molten lead and his ass
with red-hot coals,
And next to him the Devil squats—and laughs—and
wipes his ass with Billy Markham's soul.
And he hears the screams of his momma as she turns in
the purple flame,



And he hears the cries of his baby girl as she pays the
price of his game.
He hears the voice of his own true love laugh like a
child at play,
As she sucks the Devil's brains out in her own sweet
lovin' way.
And buzzin' 'cross Bill's burnin' bones and landing on
his starin' eye
And nibblin' on his roastin' flesh
Is that grinnin' Linebaugh's fly.

Billy Markham's Last Roll

Good morning, Billy Markham, it's time to rise and
shine."
The Devil's words come grindin' into Billy's burnin'
mind.
And he opens up one bloodshot eye to that world of
living death,
And he feels the Devil's bony claw and he smells the
Devil's rotten breath.
"Wake up, Sunshine!" the Devil laughs. "I'm giving
you another turn."
"I'm turning now," Billy Markham growls. "Go away
and let me burn."
"But you're Gamblin' Billy Markham," says the Devil,
"and you wouldn't let a chance go past."
"Another chance to roll thirteen?" says Billy.
"Hey, shove it up your ass."

I've rolled your dice, I've rolled 'em twice. Now I hear my loved ones cry,
 And before I play that game again, I'll stay here in hell and fry."

"You sure are a grouch when you wake up," says the Devil, "but don't take it out on me.
 In the misty worlds of heaven and hell, Bill, everything's done in threes."

"Well, you can take three kisses of my burning bum," says Billy, layin' back and closing his eyes,
 "And I'll piss on your shoe, if ever you come near me again with them flyshit dice."

"Dice? Dice?" says the Devil. "Who said dice? Anybody hear me say dice?"

Hey, imp, pour my buddy here a cool glass of water, and throw in a nice big chunk of ice."

"And since when," says Billy, raisin' up, "do you go around handing out gifts,
 Except pokes from your burning pitchfork or mouthfuls of boiling shit?"

"Well, it's Christmas," says the Devil, "and all of us down here below,
 We sort of celebrate in our own sweet way, and this year *you're* the star of the show.
 Why, just last night I was up on earth and I seen that lovers' moon,
 And I said to myself, 'Hey, I bet old Billy could use a little bit of poon.'"

"Poon?" says Billy Markham. "Last thing I need is poon. Talk about gettin' my ashes hauled, hell, I'll be *all* ashes soon."

"Damn, damn!" the Devil screams. "He's been too long on the fire.
 I told you imps to *fry him slow*, now you gone and burned out his *desire*.
 You gotta leave 'em some hope, leave 'em some dreams, so they know what hell is for,
 'Cause when a man forgets how sweet love is, well, hell ain't hell no more.



So just to refresh your memory, Billy, we're gonna send you back to earth
 And I'll throw in a little Christmas blessin' to remind you what life is worth.
 For exactly thirteen hours you can screw who you wanna screw
 And there ain't no creature on God's green earth who's gonna say no to you.
 While me and all these burning souls and all my imps and fiends,
 We're gonna sit down here and watch you on that big twenty-four-inch color screen.
 And we'll see each hump you're humping, and we'll hear each grunt you groan,
 And we'll laugh at the look upon your face when it's time to come back *home*."

"Well, you're much too kind," Billy Markham says. "And you treat me much too well.
 You gonna give me somethin' just to take it back—you sure know how to run a hell.
 Well, a game is a game," Billy Markham says, risin' off his bed of coals.
 "But what if one *won't* ball me, what if one I want says no?"

"No?" says the Devil. "What if one says no? Ain't nobody gonna say no.
 Nobody quits or calls in sick when the Devil calls the show.
 Not *man* nor *woman* nor *beast*!" screams the Devil, "and no *laters* or *maybes* or *buts*,
 And before one soul says no to you, I'll see these hell gates rust.
 But *if* anyone refuses you, I say, anyone you name,
 Then you'll be free to stay on earth.
Now get out and play the game!"

Then a flash of light and a thunderclap and Billy's back on earth once more
 And the asphalt sings beneath his feet as he weaves toward Music Row.
 First he stops at the Exit Inn to seduce the blonde on the door,
 Then the RCA receptionist he takes on the office floor.
 He nails the waitress down at Mack's, the one with the pear-shaped breasts,
 And four of the girls from B.M.I. right on Frances Preston's desk.
 He screws his way from M.C.A. to Vanderbilt's ivy walls.
 And he pokes everything that giggles or sings or whimpers or wiggles or crawls.
 First Debbie, then Polly, then Dotty, then Dolly, then Jeannie, and Jessie, and Jan,
 Then Marshall and Sal and that redheaded gal who takes the tickets at Opryland.
 Then Hazel and Carla and an ex-wife of Harlan's, then Melva and Marge and Marie,
 And three *fat* Gospel singers who all came together in perfect three-part harmony.
 And Brenda and Sammy and Sharon and Sandy, Loretta and Buffy and Mae,
 And Terri and Lynne at the Holiday Inn and Captain Midnight's fiancée.
 Then Sherry and Rita, Diane and Anita, Olivia, Emmy and Jean,
 And Donna and Kay down at Elliston Place—right there in the pinto beans.
 He crashes a session in Studio B, where he humps both Janet and June
 On John Gimble's fiddle, right in the middle of a Porter Wagoner tune.

From Connie to Bonnie to Caroline, to Tracy, to Stacy,
to Jo,
He gives 'em a glance and they drop their pants and
nobody dares say no.
He is humpin' the Queen of country music, when he
hears the Devil moan,
"Make it sweet, Billy Markham, but make it short,
you've got just thirty seconds to go.
And all of us here, we're applauding your show and
we'd say you done right well,
And we just can't wait to hear you moan when you're
fuckless forever in hell."
"Hold on!" says Billy with one last thrust. "If I got
thirty seconds mo',
Then I got the right to one last hump before it's time
to go."
"Well, make your choice," the Devil says, "and you'd
better be quick and strong,
And make it a come to remember, Bill—it's gotta last
you *eternity* long."
"So who will it be, Billy Markham?" they scream. "Who's
gonna be the one?
Starlet or harlot or housewife or hippie or grandma or
schoolgirl or nun?
Or fresh-scented virgin or dope-smoking groupie or
sweet ever-smilin' stew?"
And Billy Markham, he stops . . . and he squints at the
Devil . . . and says . . . "Sucker . . . I'll take *you*."
"Foul!" cries the Devil. "Foul, no fair! The rules don't
hold for me."
"You said man or woman or beast," says Bill, "and I
guess you're all of the three."
And a roar goes up from the demons of hell and it
shakes the earth across,
And the imps all squeal and the demons scream, "He's
gonna fuck the boss!"
"Why, you filthy scum," the Devil snarls, blushing a
fiery red,
"I give you a chance to live again and you bust me in
front of my friends."
"Hey, play or pay," Billy Markham says. "So set me free
at last,
Or raise your tail and hear all hell wail when I bugger
your devilish ass."
"You got me," spits the Devil. "Go on and stay on your
precious earth,
And plod along and plug your songs, but carry this life-
long curse.
You shall lust for a million women, and not one's gonna
come your way,
And you shall write ten million songs and not one's ever
gonna get played.
And your momma and daughter and your own true
love, they gonna stay down here with me,
And you'll carry the guilt like a movable hell, wherever
the hell you be."
"Ah, well," says Billy Markham, "they never were mine
to lose,
No family, no pussy and no records, hell, I'm used to
them kind of dues."
So back on the streets goes Billy again, eatin' them
Linebaugh's beans,
Pickin' his songs while nobody listens and tellin' his
story that no one believes,
And he gets no women and he gets no hits, but he says
just what he thinks.
Hey, buy him a round . . . it won't cost much . . .
ice water's all he drinks.
But notice the burns upon his wrist as he raises his
tremblin' glass,



While he tells how the Devil once burned his soul—
While *he* singed the Devil's ass.

Billy, Scuzzy, and God

It's the Nashville Country Corner, all the low are
getting high.
And Billy tells his tale again to anyone who'll buy.
With waving arms and rolling eyes, he screams to the
drunken throng,
"I've whipped the Devil and lived through hell, now
who's gonna sing my song?"
Then from the shadows comes an oily voice, "Hey, kid,
I like your moves."
And out of the back slides a little wizened cat
with brown-and-white perforated wing-tip shoes.
"Sleezo's the name," the little man says, "but I'm Scuzzy
to my friends.
And I think I got a little business proposition you just
might be interested in."
"Scuzzy Sleezo himself," Billy Markham says. "Man,
you're a legend in these woods.
You never cut the Devil down, but you done damn near
as good.
Why, since I been old enough to jack, I been hearin'
your greasy name.
It's an honor to meet an all-star Scuzz. Just where you
settin' up your game?"
"No more games for me," says Scuzzy. "I'm too old and
too slow for the pace,
So I'm the world's greatest hustler's agent now and,
Billy, I been studyin' your case.



I seen your first match with the Devil," says Scuzz, "it was a Volkswagen/Mack truck collision, And your second shot, well, you showed me a lot, but you got burned by a hometown decision. And I says to myself, 'He can go all the way, with the proper guidance, of course. He's got the heart, and with a few more smarts, he'd be an irresistible force.'

Yeah, I can teach you the tricks and show you the shticks, just like a hustler's training camp.

And I'll bring you on slow—then a prelim or so—then—Powee!—a shot at the Champ."

"The Champ?" says Billy Markham. "Now, who in God's name is that?"

"Why, God Himself," says Scuzzy Sleezo. "You know anybody more champ than that?"

"Hey, a match with God?" Billy Markham gasps. "And what would be the purse?"

"Why, a place in heaven, of course," says Scuzz, "'stead of livin' this Nashville curse.

But I'll drive you like a wagon, son, and I'll sweat you like a Turk,

All for fifty percent of the take—now, shake, and let's get to work."

Now the scene shifts to the funky pool hall known as the Crystal Cue

And the time is three months later, and the smoke is thick and blue,

And the emerald cloth is stained with tears and blood and ketchup spots,

As a fat old man with a dirty white beard stands practicin' three-cushion shots.

"Hey, what are we doin' here?" says Billy to Scuzz. "I been taught and I been trained,

And I don't need no more prelims, I am primed for the Big, Big Game."

"Well, son," says the old man, sinkin' the four, "why don't you pick yourself out a cue, and. . ."

"Hey, Santa Claus," Billy Markham snaps back, "wasn't nobody talkin' to you."

"Um . . . if you look close," whispers Scuzzy to Bill, "you'll see his cue is a lightnin' rod,

And he ain't no Santa, and he ain't Fat Daddy . . . you just showed your ass to God."

"Well, hey, excuse me, Lord," says Bill, "I didn't mean to be uncool,

But it sure can shake a fellah's faith to find God hustling pool."

"Well, where you expect to find me," says God, "on a throne with cherubs round?

Well, I do that five days and nights a week, and on the sixth night . . . I get down."

"And on the seventh night I suppose you rest?" says Billy Markham with a grin.

"Never you mind about the seventh night," says God.

"Besides, that lady's just a friend.

Anyway, you didn't come here just to drag my image down."

"You're right 'bout that, Lord," Billy says. "I come to take your crown."

"Beg pardon, Lord," says Scuzzy Sleezo, "I don't mean no disrespect,

But when you're dealing with my boy, don't speak to him direct.

I'm his agent and consultant, Scuzzy Sleezo is the name, Premier Promotional Artist's Representative of the whole street-hustlin' game.

Cardsharps, loan sharks, pimps, punks and car parks, I've handled the best of the lot,

And my new boy here, he just whipped the Devil—now we're lookin' for a title shot."

"Beat the Devil, you say?" laughs God. "Well, I take my hat off to him.

Let him hang up his mouth and pick out a cue and he'll get the shot that's due him.

Any game he names—any table he's able—any price he can afford."

"Straight pool for heaven," says Billy Markham.

"Straight pool it is," says the Lord.

Crack! Billy Markham wins the break and busts 'em cool and clean.

The five ball falls, he sinks the seven, and then drops the 13.

He makes the nine, comes off the cushion and puts the six away,

Bags the three and the eight on a triple combination and wins the first game on a smooth massé.

He takes the next game, the next and the next, and when he does finally miss,

He dusts the blue off his hands, and his game score stands at 1376.

"Well, my turn at last," says the Lord, chalkin' up. "Son, you sure shoot a wicked stick. I'll need some luck to beat a run like that; that is, without resorting to miracles or tricks."

"Hey, trick and be damned," Billy Markham laughs. "Tonight I'm as hot as flame."

So I laugh at your tricks—and I sneer at your stick—and I take your name in vain."

"Oooh," goes the crowd that's been gathering around. "Oooh," goes the rack boy in wonder.

"Oooh," says Scuzzy Sleezo, "I think you just made a slight tactical blunder."

"Oooh," says God, "you shouldn't have said that, son, you shouldn't have said that at all!"

And his cue cracks out like a thunderbolt spittin' a flamin' ball.

It sinks everything on the table, then it zooms up off the green,

Through the dirty window with a crash of glass and into the wind like a woman's scream,

Out of the pool hall, up through the skies, the cue ball flames and swirls,

Bustin' in and out of every pool game in the world.

It strikes on every table, it crashes every rack, And every pool ball in creation comes rebounding back! Back through the window they tumble and crash, down through the ceiling they spin.

A million balls rain down on the table and every one goes in.

"Now, there," says Scuzzy Sleezo, "is a shot you don't see every day.

Lord, you should have an agent to handle your press and build up the class of your play.

My partnership with this sucker here has come to a termination.

But God and Scuzzy Sleezo? Hey, that *would* be a combination."

Meanwhile, the cue ball flyin' back last, like a sputterin' fizzlin' rocket,

Goes weaving dizzily down the cushion and—plunk!—falls right in the pocket.

"Scratch!" says Billy Markham. "And you said you could shoot!"

"Scratch!" screams Scuzzy Sleezo. "I told you my boy'd come through."

"Scratch!" murmurs the crowd of hangers and hustlers. "At last we have seen it all."

"Scratch!" mutters the Lord. "I guess I put a little too much English on the ball,

Just another imperfection, I never get it quite on the button.

Tell you what, son, I'll spot you three million balls and play you one more double or nothin'."

"Double what?" says Billy Markham. "I already whipped you like a child,

And I won my seat in heaven, now I'm gonna set in it awhile."

"Hit-and-run—chickenshit," sneers God. "You said you was the best.

Turns out you're just a get-lucky-play-it-safe pussy like all the rest."

"Whoa-whoa," says Billy. "There's somethin' in that voice I know quite well."

And he reaches out and yanks off God's white beard—and there stands the Devil himself!

"You said you was God," Billy Markham cries. "You conned me and hustled me, too!"

"I am God—sometimes—and sometimes I'm the Devil, good and bad, just like you.

I'm everything and everyone in perfect combination, And everybody but you knows that there ain't no separation.

But go ahead," sighs God, scribbling something down. "Give this note to the angel on the wall, And you sit up there 'n' plunk your harp. Hey, anybody want to shoot some eight ball?"

And cold and wet and tremblin', Billy walks out into the night,

Where a golden staircase stretches all the way to paradise.

And he grips the glitterin' balustrade and begins his grand ascent.

"Just a minute, good buddy," yells Scuzzy Sleezo. "How about my fifty percent?

I helped you win the champeenship—and you wouldn't do ol' Scuzzy wrong,

And since the purse is a seat in heaven, you just gotta take me along."

"Just one minute," says Billy Markham. "There's something weird going on in this game.

All the voices that I'm hearin' start to soundin' just the same."

And he rips off Scuzzy Sleezo's face and the Devil's standing there.

"Good God," yells Billy Markham, "are you—are you everywhere?"

"Yes, I am," the Devil says. "And don't look so damn surprised.

I thought you could smuggle me into heaven wearing my Sleepy disguise.

'Course, I could've walked in as Jehovah, but it just wouldn't have been the same,

But you and your corny Dick Tracy bit—you had to go ruin my fantasy game.

Go on, climb up your golden stairs, enjoy your paradise, But don't rip off your own face, Bill—or you might get a shockin' surprise."

Then up, up the golden stairway Billy Markham dizzily winds his way,

And high, high above him, he can hear his own songs bein' played,

And down, down below, hear Scuzzy Sleezo curse his name,

To the click-click-click of the pool balls

As God hustles another game.



Billy Markham's Descent

Billy Markham sits on an unwashed cloud, his hair is matted and mussed,
His dusty wings have been cast aside and his harp strings have gone to rust.
There's dirt beneath his fingernails and a glazed look in his eyes
As he sits like a burned-out acid freak and stares across the skies.
They had bathed his body in milk and myrrh; they had robed him in silver gowns;
They had straightened the warp in his guitar neck, and gave him a golden crown;
They had set him a place at the table of joy and the fountain of knowledge, as well,
But he searches the heavens with haunted eyes—for his mind still walks through hell.
His thoughts are down in that nether world, in that burning fiery rain.
His thoughts are with his momma, how he longs to soothe her pain.
His thoughts are with his little girl, how he'd love to ease her cryin'.
His thoughts are with his own true love, how he'd love to bust her spine.
So late that night, while the heavenly harps play *In the Sweet Bye and Bye*,
Billy Markham reaches the silken rope that hangs down from the sky.
He has stripped himself of his crown and robes; he has clutched the silken cord;
He has swung him down without a sound, so's not to wake the Lord.
And down he winds through the perfumed air, down through the marshmallow clouds,
And he hangs for a while o'er the rooftops of earth, lookin' down at the scurrying crowds.
Then down through a manhole still clutching the rope, to a stench that he knows quite well.
'Neath the sewers of the street, till he feels his feet touch the shit-mucked shores of hell.
He has scaled the crusted, rusted gates, he has thrown a bone to the Hounds.
He has floated the putrid river Styx, still down and further down.
Down past the gluttons, the dealers and pimps, down past the murderer's cage,
Down past the rock stars searching in vain for their names on the *Cashbox* page.
Down past the door of the Merchants of War, past the Puritan's slop-filled bin.
Past the Bigot's hive, till at last he arrives, at the pit marked **BLAMELESS SINS**.
He has found the vat where his momma boils; he has lifted her gently from the deep.
He has found the grate where his little girl burns; he has raised her and soothed her and rocked her to sleep.
He has found the pit where his sweetheart sleeps; he has spit on the fire where she lay.
He has cursed her as a whore of hell; he has cursed and turned away.
"From this day," says Billy, "I place my faith only in mother and child,
And never again will I look for love in a bitch's cum-stained smile."

Then up, back up the rope he climbs, up through the sufferin' swarms,
Past the clutching hands and the pitiful screams with his two precious loves in his arms.
Just one more pull—just one more pull—then free forever from hell,
Just one more pull then—"Hello, Billy!"—and there stands the Devil himself!
And now he wears his crimson robes and his horns are buffered bright,
And blood oozes through his white-linen gloves and his skin glows red in the night.
And his tail coils tight like an oily snake and the hell-fires flash from his eyes,
On those craggy rocks, he stands and blocks the way to paradise.
"Well, what have we here," the Devil says, "in my domain of sin?
In all my years as Prince of the Dark, it's the first case of somebody breakin' in.
And of all the daredevil darin' dudes, well, who should the hero be?
But my old friend Billy Markham—who once made a punk out of me.
I heard you was in heaven, Billy, fuckin' angels all day long,
What's a matter—wouldn't that heavenly choir sing none of your raunchy songs?
Or maybe it's the thought of the loves you sold and you couldn't live with the shame.
Or maybe, like every other loser, you just can't stay 'way from the game.
You write your songs about standin' strong, you sing about bein' free,
But like a pussy-whipped fool who keeps on bitchin' 'bout his lover, you keep bitchin' but comin' back to me.
You made me the laughingstock of hell and the whole world laughed with you,
Now here you come crashin' my party again; now tell me, just who's devilin' who?
Now, I didn't invite you down here, Bill, and nobody twisted your arm,
But you're back down here on my turf now, down here where it's cozy and warm.
So no more dice and no more games and no more jive stories to tell,
Just the Devil and a man with some souls in his hand hangin' 'tween heaven and hell.
But what is this?" the Devil says. "Only two souls you've set free?
You seem to forgot and left one behind; now, who could that one be?
Could it be your own true love, the one with the angel's smile?
The one you curse with each bitter breath 'cause she played with the Devil awhile?
You call yourself free?" the Devil laughs. "Why, you prudish, uptight schmuck,
You'd leave your sweet love burn in hell for one harmless little suck.
What would you rather she had done, leaped in the boiling manure...
So's you could keep your fantasy of someone sweet and pure?
She saved her ass—and so would you—but still you curse her name.
Shit, you'd suck a million dicks to escape one childbirth pain."

"Hey, it's easy to talk of savin' ass," says Billy, "forgiveness is easy to say,
But when the shame burns worse than Hades' fires—
how do you talk *that* away?"
"Shame?" laughs the Devil. "She's only a woman—
she did what she had to do,
And right or wrong, she needs no curse from a hypocrite lame like you. . . .
She shall rule with me in this Kingdom of Flame, she shall sit next to me on my throne,
While you live with the truth—that the Devil's heart has more pity than your own."
"Hey, wait a minute," says Billy Markham. "I can't believe what you just said,
You givin' me this whole philosophy shit just 'cause you like the way she gave you head.
Why, you poor closet romantic, that chick was suckin' for her life.
Just wait see what kinda head you get *after* you make her your wife."

Or is it the sound of the wedding feast that the demons below have begun?
As the Devil, he sits with his betrothed and they pledge their love in the steam,
While halfway up the silken cord,
Billy Markham screams!

Billy Markham's Wedding

The trumpets of hell have sounded the word like a screeching clarion call.
The trumpets of hell have sounded the word and the word has been heard by all.
The trumpets of hell have sounded the word and it reaches the heavenly skies,



"In Hell," shouts the Devil, "that's blasphemy! I should burn you to dust where you stand,
But the venom you're carryin' in your heart, that's torture enough for any man.
So get your ass up that silken rope, climb back to your promised land,
And hold your illusions of momma and daughter tight in your sweatin' hand.
But you'll see that they're just bitches like she, and you'll scream when you find it's true,
But stay up there and scream to God—Hell's gates are closed to you."
And Billy Markham, clutching his loves, climbs upward toward the skies,
And is it the sharp night wind that brings the tears to Billy's eyes?
Or is it the swirling sulphur smoke or the bright glare of the sun?

Come angels, come demons, come half-breeds, too, the Devil is taking a bride.
And out of the Pearly Gates they come in a file two by two,
For when the Devil takes a bride, there's none that dares refuse.
And Jesus himself, he leads the way down through the starless night,
With Virgin Mary at his left side and Joseph on his right.
And then comes Adam and then comes Eve and the saints move close behind
And all the gentle and all the good, in an endless column they wind.
Down, down to the pits of hell, down from the heavens they sift
Like fallen stars to a blood-red sea, each bearing the Devil a gift.

The strong and the brave, the halt and the lame, the
 deaf and the blind and the dumb,
 And last of all comes Billy Markham, cursing the night
 as he comes.
 Hell's halls are decked with ribbons of red, the feast has
 been prepared,
 And Devil and bride sit side by side in skull-and-cross-
 bone chairs,
 And the Devil grins as his guests file in, for *he* is master
 now,
 And one by one they enter his realm—and one by one
 they bow,
 And the Devil whispers, "Thank the Lord," and swells
 his chest with pride
 As they mouth their blessings and place their gifts at
 the feet of the Devil's bride.
 Lucrezia Borgia has made the punch of strychnine,
 wine and gin,
 And Judas has set the supper table on hallowed, bloody
 linen.
 The feast is a human barbecue and the sauce is beri-
 beri
 Flavored with gore from the burning hordes and cooked
 by Typhoid Mary.
 And everyone drinks of the bubblin' brew and off come
 the masks of virtue and sin,
 And the Devil beams proud on the well-mixed crowd
 and cries, "Let the revels begin!"
 And the walls that separate heaven and hell crack and
 crumble away,
 And the Devil laughs and waves his tail and Hell's band
 begins to play.
 There is Nero, madly fiddlin' his fiddle and Gabriel
 on horn,
 And the Black Bitch of Buchenwald beating her drum,
 and Arthur Rank bangin' his gong,
 And Marie Laveau, she plays her bones and Yorick, he
 plays his,
 And Hank plays guitar with three strings broke, and
 that's what hell *really* is.
 And Janis and Elvis and Jimi and Cass, they're up there
 singin' the blues,
 And Adolf Hitler and Joan of Arc start doin' the boog-
 aloo.
 Then Carry Nation, she starts to strip and everyone
 applauds,
 Except Lady Macbeth, who's givin' some head to Leo-
 nardo da Vinci and Santa Claus.
 And the Marquis de Sade does a promenade, laughing
 and cracking his whips,
 And Marilyn Monroe does a coochie show and Eve
 starts shaking her hips.
 And Sarah Bernhardt and Jessie James, they're taking
 dirty photos,
 While out in the foyer, Richard the Third is comparing
 his hump with Quasimodo's.
 And bare-ass naked on the balustrade sits Edgar Allan
 Poe
 Posing for a two-dollar caricature by Michelangelo.
 And Gypsy Rose Lee jumps on Francis Scott Key, and
 does a quick trick with her fan,
 While Ivan the Terrible's trying to get into Virgin Mary's
 pants.
 Henry the Eighth, he screams, "More food, more music,
 more wine, more wives,"
 While Lizzie Borden and Jack the Ripper, they're out on
 the terrace comparing knives.
 Lenny Bruce, he moons the crowd while swinging from
 the ceiling,

And Jesus and Judas have one more drink just to show
 there's no hard feelings.
 Then Catherine the Great, she's givin' her number to
 the horse of Paul Revere,
 While Don Juan's whisperin' love and lust into Helen
 Keller's ear.
 And General Grant, he's playing backgammon in the
 corner with Robert E. Lee,
 While Freud and Rasputin are arguing pussy with
 Attila the Hun and Socrates.
 And John Wilkes Booth, he's havin' a toot, and J. Edgar
 Hoover's in drag,
 While Amelia Earhart is talkin' to Lindbergh, 'bout
 splittin' a five-cent bag,
 And Mary Baker Eddy's drunk and tellin' dirty jokes,
 And Fatty Arbuckle's shoutin', "Hey, anybody got an-
 other coke?"
 And Alice Toklas and Gertrude Stein are gigglin' behind
 the door,
 While the Daughters of Lot are yellin', "Hey, Pop, let's
 do it just once more."
 And Florence Nightingale's offerin' a beer to the Man
 in the Iron Mask,
 While Plato's shovin' cashew nuts up Marco Polo's ass,
 And Billy Sunday and Mary Magdalene announce
 they're goin' steady,
 And Abel and Cain form a daisy chain with Jeanette
 MacDonald and Nelson Eddy.
 Then Doctor Faust snorts too much coke and punches
 out Errol Flynn
 Over some 13-year-old girl that they're both interested in.
 And Nero's laughin' as he sets fire to Mata Hari's hair,
 While Oscar Wilde says to Billy the Kid, "Hey, Kid, let
 me show you round upstairs."
 And the Devil, he drinks his boiling blood and glances
 side to side,
 From the eyes of Billy Markham to the eyes of his own
 sweet bride.
 Then the music comes to a screechin' halt and the
 revelers freeze where they stand
 As Billy Markham approaches the throne and says,
 "May I have this dance?"
 "Can this be Billy Markham," sneers the Devil, "who
 loves only the chaste and the pure?"
 No, Billy wouldn't bow and kiss the hand of a woman
 he once called whore.
 But whoever this poor, lonely wretch may be, it is my
 wedding whim,
 That no man be refused this day—step down, darlin',
 and dance with him."
 The Devil grins and waves his hand, the music starts
 gentle and warm,
 As the lady nervously steps from her throne into Billy
 Markham's arms.
 And the guests all snicker and snigger and wait, and
 they watch the dancers' eyes,
 As round and round the floor they swirl 'tween hell and
 paradise.
 "Oh, baby doll," whispers Billy Markham, "I have done
 you an awful wrong,
 And to show how rotten low I feel, I even wrote about
 it in a song.
 I never should've called you a scuzzy whore—I never
 should've spit on your bed,
 And I never should've left you to burn here in hell just
 'cause you give the Devil some head.
 But if there's any hellish or heavenly way that I can
 make it right,

If it costs my balls, over Hades' walls, I'll get you away tonight."
And the lady smiles a wanton smile, as round and round the room they swing,
And she whispers low in Billy's ear . . . "There is one little thing. . ."

Now the hall is empty, the guests are gone, and there on the rusted throne,
Hand in hand in golden bands, the Devil and bride sit alone.

And the Devil stretches and yawns and grins, "It has been quite a day.

Now I guess it's time to seal our love in the usual mortal way."

And the Devil strips off his crimson cloak, and he casts his pitchfork aside,

And he frees his oily two-pronged tail, and waits to take his bride.

And his true love lifts her wedding dress up over her angel's head

And hand in hand they make their way to the Devil's fiery bed.

And her upturned breasts glow warm in the fire

And her legs are shapely and slim

And for the very first time since time began, the Devil feels passion in him.

"Now for the moment of truth," he whispers. "My love, my queen, my choice."

"I love you, too, motherfucker," she laughs—in Billy Markham's voice.

And the Devil leaps up and howls so loud that the fires of hell blow cold.

"Ain't no big deal," says Billy's voice. "While we was dancing, we swapped souls.

Now she's up in heaven singin' my songs and wearin' my body, too,

Safe forever in the arms of the Lord, while I'm down here in the arms of you."

"Why, you crawlin' crud," the Devil cries, "I'll teach you to fuck with my brain.

I'll give you a child who weighs ninety-five pounds, you talk about *screamin' pain!*"

"Hold on," says Billy Markham, "I will be your wife only in name—

You come near me with that double-pronged dick and I'll rip it right off your frame."

"Not so loud," the Devil whispers. "If hell learns what's been done,

They'll laugh me off this golden throne and damn me to kingdom come.

And you—you've given me my true love's body with a hustler's soul inside.

You know more of torture than I've ever dreamed—you're fit to be my bride."

"Well, don't take it so hard," Billy Markham says. "You know things could be lots worse.

Havin' *her* soul in *my* body—now, that *would* be a curse.

But you and me, we got lots in common, we both like to shoot the shit,

And we both like to joke and we both like to smoke and we both like to gamble a bit,

And that could be the makin's for a happy marriage, and since neither of us ever gonna die,
Well, we might as well start the honeymoon—you wanna cut the cards or should I?"

Now, the wedding night is a hundred years past and their garments have rotted to rags.

But face to face they sit in the flames, dealing five-card stud and one-eyed jacks.

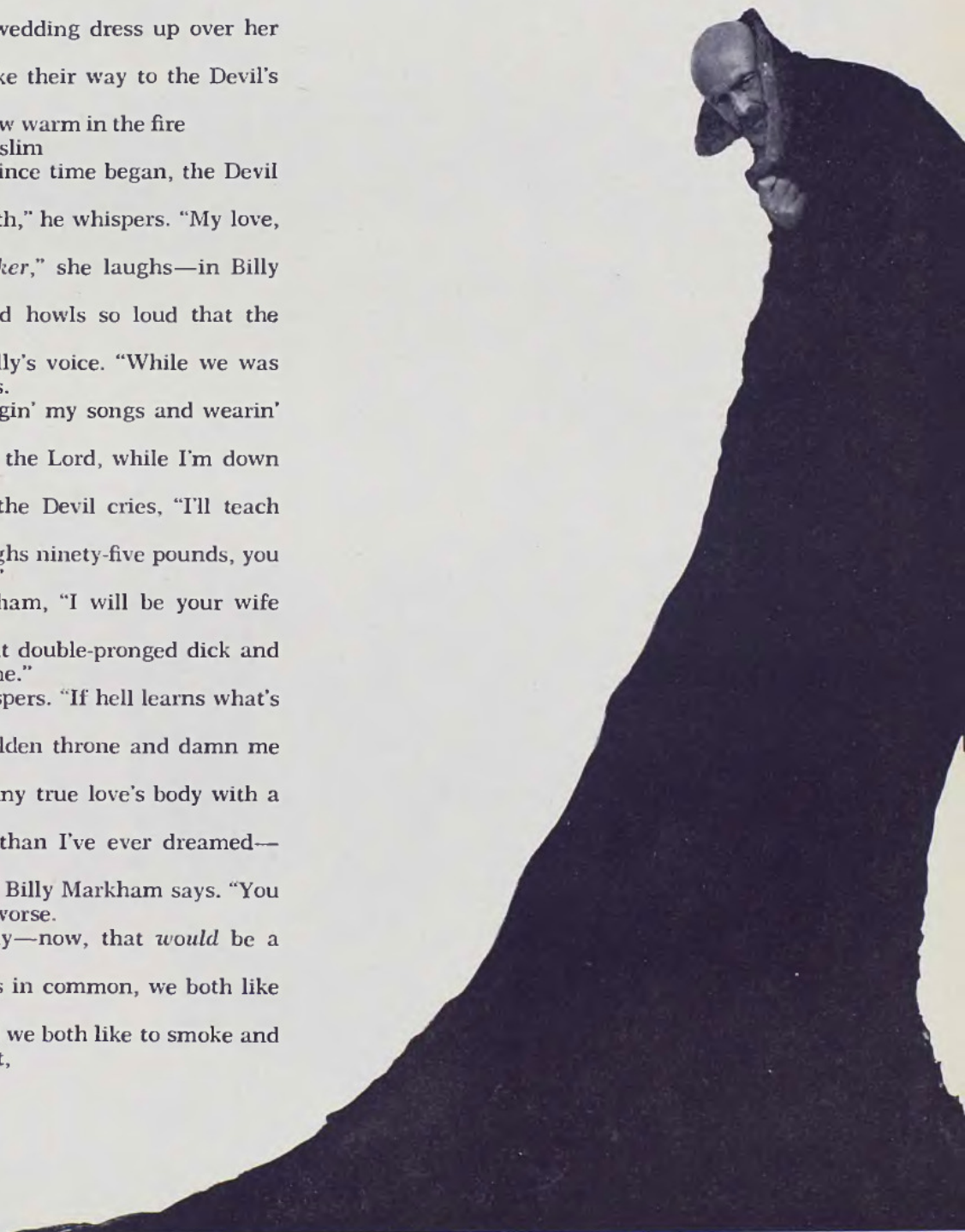
And sometimes they play pinochle, sometimes they play gin,

And sometimes the Devil rakes in the pots, and sometimes the lady wins,

And sometimes they just sit and reminisce of the night when they first were wed.

From dawn to dawn the game goes on . . .

They *never* go to bed.



POWER FAILURE (continued from page 262)

"In truth, nothing restricts the public's right to know so severely as the networks themselves."

explosive and emotional of subjects without tearing the place apart and causing financial ruin to the company. Bill Moyers had charmed older men in the past, and now William Paley quickly became enamored of him. Paley liked and admired his work and knew that Moyers was the CBS type because he was so naturally classy. But, sadly, none of that kept Moyers from being restless and unhappy at CBS and he soon began to think fondly of the grubby days at PBS when there was never enough money but there was always enough care and passion and air time. Soon he was in touch with PBS again. The executives of CBS, including Paley, were appalled. No one whom CBS wanted had ever left for PBS. If people had left in the past, they were people whom CBS was finished with. The word went out to hold Moyers at all costs. They promised him everything they could think of. He could be the next Eric Severeid when Eric soon retired. He did not want to be the next Eric Severeid. Perhaps he did not even want to be the first Eric Severeid. There was talk of Richard Salant's job as president of the news division when Salant soon retired. There was talk of money,

large sums of money, perhaps even \$1,000,000. There was even a quick mention of Cronkite's job someday in the future.

But Moyers did not bend. He liked the people at CBS and the talent he worked with; he had just finished a documentary on the CIA's policy in Cuba that was probably the best public-affairs program of recent years, but finally he did not like the system. He felt that his audience could no longer find him, could not count on knowing where he was. His appearances were too irregular. Yet the CBS offers kept coming. There was one last meeting with Paley. The chairman was at his most persuasive and charming, which is very persuasive and charming, indeed, and he talked about the future of the company and its crucial role in a free society and how badly it needed someone like Moyers for the future. Finally, Paley asked what it would take to keep Moyers there.

"A regular prime-time show," answered Moyers, who had learned very quickly. "Much like Murrow had, on a regular schedule, with a set prime-time hour."

Now, CBS has scores of talented public-relations people, all of them smart

and all of them highly paid, a large part of whose job it is to point out that things are better than ever at CBS and that there is more freedom and more access to air time than ever before. But that day, they weren't around. So Paley looked at Moyers and shook his head. "I'm sorry," Paley said. "I can't do it anymore. The minute is worth too much now." So it was that Moyers went back to PBS. We are the better for it.

One of the big stories of the new season that was not a story was the non-arrival of the one-hour news broadcast.

The position of the networks on the hour news show is an interesting one. They have the resources and the talent, they are almost criminally rich, they know it should be done and they argue regularly in defending their other, less attractive actions and interests about the First Amendment and the public's right to know. Yet they do nothing about it. They are like a newspaper publisher who prints one page of news and nine pages of advertising and summons the First Amendment whenever his policies are questioned by critics.

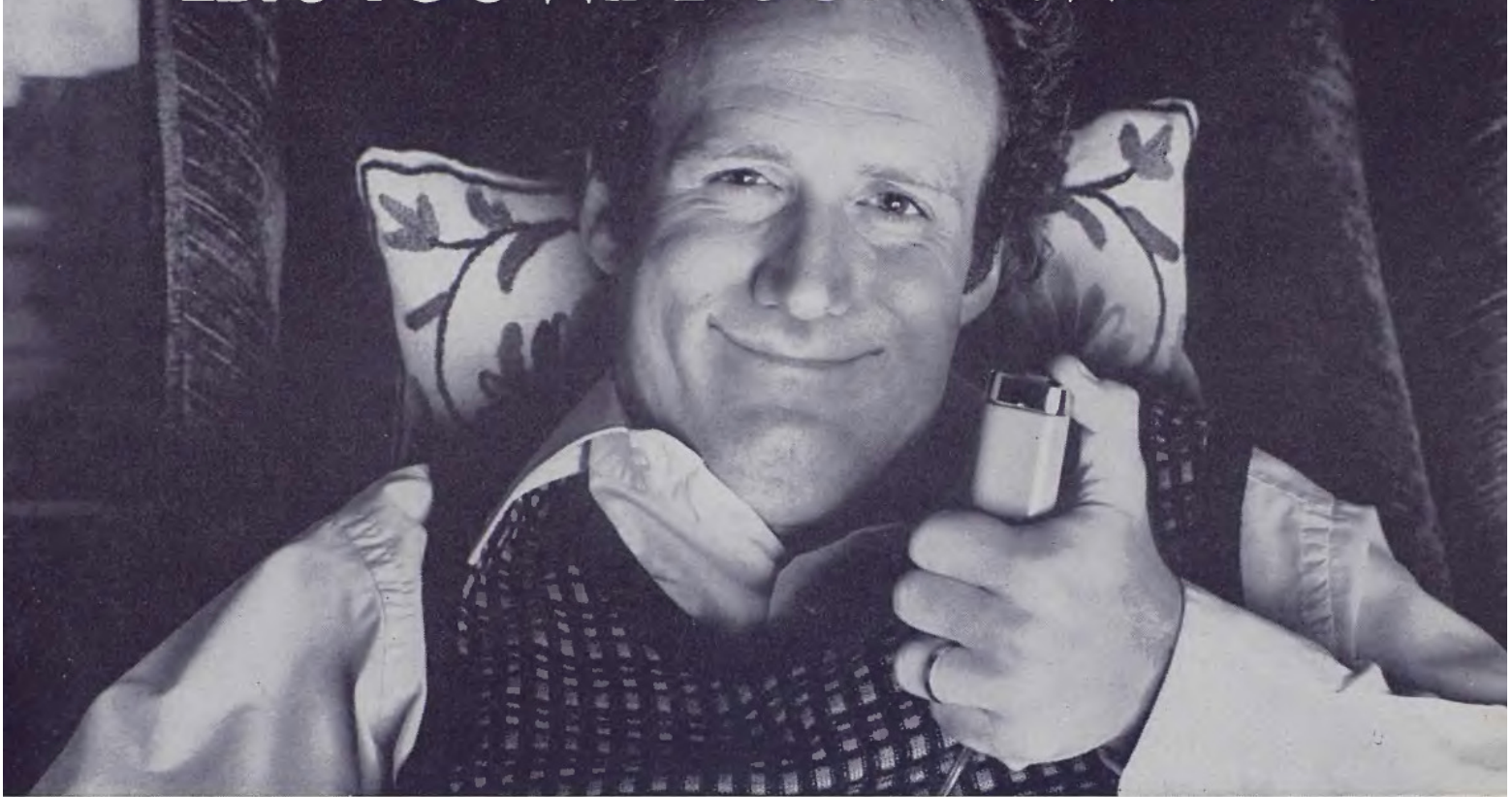
For the networks are against Government restriction. They are against the Congress' being closed off to television coverage. The executive reaches of all network presidents abound with writers skilled at writing freedom-of-the-press, public's-right-to-know speeches. Yet, in truth, nothing restricts the public's right to know so severely as the networks themselves in keeping to the half-hour news show. It brutalizes and trivializes most issues, it means that the best reporters on the networks have to report in a new language, a kind of networkese or newspeak, and it means that all subtlety and nuance are dropped from stories. In particular, it means that reporting is infinitely less intelligent than it might be if there were time. The networks periodically claim that they are interested in the hour news show, but nothing ever happens. There is always an excuse. Currently, it is the affiliates: The networks themselves claim they would like to go to the hour show but the affiliates won't relinquish that half hour. Salant, the outgoing president of CBS News, made a suggestion within the company that would easily bypass the affiliates. He suggested broadcasting an hour of news during prime time every night. So far, no one has rushed to take him up on it.

John Chancellor is one of the two anchor men at NBC. He is a genuinely distinguished journalist and, of the major television personalities, he is probably the favorite of senior print reporters because he is so clearly a working journalist, because he cares about the language and because he worries about the



"Yes, I'm a PLAYBOY reader, and yes, usually I lust for life, but this week I'm on bed rest and aspirin for something that's going around."

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ferocious impact of the instrument he uses. Chancellor is witty, graceful and urbane, though it does not necessarily show night after night in the tight, airless format that the news shows now demand. If NBC went to an hour news show, Chancellor would clearly be the main beneficiary; his touch flourishes and his special qualities come to the surface on occasions when the news team stays on live, such as conventions and elections. To working reporters, there is something reassuring about Chancellor at work, with his combination of civility and intelligence. He is a man of comity in an explosive medium.

Herbert Schlosser, by contrast, knows nothing about news nor is there any evidence that he cares about it. He was for a time the president and chief executive officer of NBC. One should not speak ill of those who were once mighty and powerful and who have since seen their limousines returned to Carey. Those whose memory of Schlosser is vague will probably remember him best for his annual world-series appearances seated next to Bowie Kuhn. The NBC cameras slowed lovingly as they passed those two great Americans. Schlosser in his tour as the head of NBC became a celebrity and it was not surprising that he met many equally celebrated people and liked them very much. Nothing confirms fame,

which is so fleeting in contemporary America, more than being around others who are famous, no matter how fleeting *their* fame. In particular, Schlosser liked being around Henry Kissinger, then at the height of his fame.

Schlosser, however, world-series tickets or no, was by 1977 a man in serious trouble. He was not a man of broadcasting; he had risen as a lawyer. It was said within the company that his job had been to maximize the profits at NBC and that he had been very good at it. Perhaps too good. Perhaps NBC, in his years, had been eating the seed grain and not investing enough resources in new creative ideas. Thus, the profits were good but the ratings were bad. That placed Schlosser in jeopardy. He was making a very great deal of money for NBC, but clearly not enough. He needed a gimmick, something exciting.

Shortly after both Kissinger and Jerry Ford became (involuntarily) retired, Schlosser signed them to multimillion-dollar deals for NBC. They would appear as special commentators on NBC news. They would do analysis. There would be specials about them. They would certainly become rich. Richard C. Wald, then president of NBC News, was (quite properly) appalled. It was a shocking decision, it cast doubt about NBC's political and journalistic independence,

it insulted all the NBC reporters who had been used and manipulated by Kissinger—their own network was now rewarding the very man who had on so many occasions played games with them and the truth. It was the breaching of a sacred line, in terms of the news division's integrity. That is one thing Schlosser will be remembered for.

The second thing he will be remembered for is his attempt to separate Chancellor from his anchor. It was not that Schlosser thought Chancellor an unworthy journalist; it was simply that the ratings on the show were not good enough. The affiliate stations were becoming restless and had to be pacified. ABC was looming large on the horizon, rounding up wayward affiliates. There was no talk about what was wrong with the *substance* of the NBC show. A scapegoat was needed. Schlosser, naturally enough, preferred a scapegoat named Chancellor to a scapegoat named Schlosser. So, as he felt himself squeezed, he squeezed Chancellor. Chancellor would be the scapegoat. He would be replaced, perhaps, by someone livelier, such as Tom Snyder, who was, indeed, livelier, or by someone more handsome, such as Tom Brokaw, who was certifiably more handsome. The quality of the show was not mentioned. That was too bad, because at that time, NBC was producing what was the best and most imaginative of the three evening news shows. Each night it was running a special report called "Segment 3," which was much longer than the usual segment, sometimes five or six minutes, often strikingly illuminating, and it allowed the NBC reporters to break out of their format and made the show infinitely less predictable. By contrast, the Cronkite show, though steady and solid, had become far less imaginative and far more predictable.

That did not help Chancellor, who was going through the singularly unpleasant process of giving up his anchor while trying to look as if he were not being demoted. It was announced that he would become a special roving reporter for NBC, which was what he wanted to be, though, of course, he liked being an anchor man, too. It did not help Wald, either, that he not only had objected to the Kissinger shows but also was objecting to Snyder's becoming an anchor. It speeded Wald's own departure as head of NBC News: He was fired. He was out at NBC News and Kissinger, so to speak, was in.

NBC did not get a lot for its Kissinger money. There was, in the late winter of 1978, one dreadful hourlong show in which Kissinger was interviewed about European communism. It was an appalling show, on an important subject, and Kissinger, whose affection for and adherence to the truth had never been one

of his stronger qualities (indeed, his disrespect for it may have been one of his great strengths), put on an offensive, tricky performance, turning a world of gray into a world of black and white.

A good, tough, well-prepared interviewer might have prevented him from doing this. But the interviewer was David Brinkley, about whom two things should be said. First, he is not a particularly good interviewer. Second, he had given one of the main farewell parties for Kissinger when he had left Washington.

It was, given the nature of Kissinger's NBC salary, a very expensive, very bad show. It turned out to be even more expensive when the ratings proved it to be 64th lowest of the 64 shows rated for that week on any network.

None of that helped Schlosser and, as he had been ready to fire Chancellor, he was soon fired himself. His ratings were not high enough and NBC wanted Fred Silverman to take over.

Fred Silverman was so good at making money for whatever network he worked for that when it was announced that he was going to NBC, the stock immediately shot up. That made his acquisition an immediate success. He had been a success at ABC, too, and had helped program such shows as *Starsky & Hutch*, which was perhaps the most exploitive show on television, and *Charlie's Angels*, which was certainly the silliest. That had helped make ABC almost overnight the most successful commercial network. ABC in Silverman's reign had become better at putting on successful dreadful series than CBS, which had pioneered in the field. All that CBS could do in retaliation was put on a show called *The Incredible Hulk* about a monster who in moments of crisis emerged from the clothes of a perfectly nice young man (always ripping his shirt but never his pants). The monster disposed of varying oppressors and then, his good deeds accomplished, returned to street clothes.

The news of Silverman's coming spread good cheer throughout NBC News. The thinking, oft expressed there, was that he had in the past been so good at doing the truly dreadful things on television that he would now want to do some good things, and become a statesman as well. He made several statements praising NBC News. For the moment, Chancellor seemed to retain his anchor. He was in, Schlosser was out and Wald was in a holding pattern at the *Los Angeles Times*, soon to return to television, this time to ABC News.

ABC, having lost Silverman, needed new programming. It also had a lot of money to spend. Hearing that CBS' *60 Minutes* was an excellent public-affairs show and a profitable one as well, ABC

decided to create a comparable program of its own, called *20/20*. It was put together very quickly. The first program (the others were not much better) was one of the worst public-affairs programs I have ever seen on any network. Its prime feature was Geraldo Rivera, clearly Arledge's favorite reporter, showcased as an investigative reporter. That particular report happened to be about men who used rabbits to train greyhounds for racing. A messy, nasty business. But the particular smarmy style of reporting, the exploitive use of film, some segments run and rerun, finally cast ABC not as the defender of rabbits but as an exploiter of them. The entire show was terrible. Early hosts were dropped. Hugh Downs was asked to stop selling cars in commercials long enough to host the show. His lack of real involvement in the program seemed almost painful. Each week, after a correspondent was finished reporting, Downs would ask a friendly question about what it all meant. Downs seemed to have no connection to the substance of the program and, indeed, appeared to have wandered in from another set where he was doing something else. Such as selling cars.

Howard Cosell remained on *NFL Monday Night Football*. Last season, Cosell established a record for *NFL*

Monday Night Football for citing in the fourth quarter accurate predictions and forecasts made by Cosell in the first quarter. That gave Cosell the Annual As We Said at the Top of the Show Award. With one game added to the schedule this year, many authorities believed Cosell would be able to break last year's record.

NBC did a miniseries on the Holocaust. It immediately became intensely controversial. Holocaust survivors debated its validity. Some thought it too much of a soap opera. Some thought it too serious. There were debates about whether the ratings were high (for a serious program) or low (for the amount of time used). Many Americans under the age of 30 who watched the programs were astonished by what was portrayed. Their main memory of Nazi Germany, after all, since television was their main source of history, had come from a series called *Hogan's Heroes*. That show, run and rerun endlessly, takes the most brutal and inhumane political machine of this century and portrays it as a bunch of bumblers and buffoons all essentially harmless. I think it is the single most offensive show ever placed on television; its subliminal portrait of an entire era is shocking. Sometimes I think there must be a special place in hell for the people who were responsible for the Third

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Reich, with a smaller place nearby for those who trivialize it and do not respect it.

Alexander Solzhenitsyn should be warned. Someday someone at one of the networks will read *Gulag* and see an immediate sitcom: *Ivan and the Terribles*. About some friendly but clumsy Russian guards at a Siberian prison. One or two of the guards can be despotic; most of the prisoners are ordinary Russians, one of them unaccountably is an American and one of them a pretty young girl. It will feature attempts to smuggle in bottles of vodka.

ABC this year is featuring *Battlestar Galactica*. It is about survivors of a lost civilization looking for a far, far better place. They are pursued by bad guys, the Cylons. *Galactica* stars Lorne Greene. So far, it is no worse than *Bonanza* in

spaceships. It does not necessarily widen the range of human understanding.

CBS, not to be outdone, has a new show called *People*. It is about all the people in America you have always wanted to know more about. According to *TV Guide*, that means Farrah Fawcett-Majors, Margaux Hemingway, Liza Minnelli, Bianca Jagger, Margaret Trudeau, Cheryl Tiegs, Suzanne Somers and Halston. In the past, we have heard of art imitating life and life imitating art, but this is the first example of plastic imitating plastic.

This fall, Mike Wallace did a takeout for *60 Minutes* on the ratings game. His show pointed out that for the past year, the ABC television network had made a reported pretax profit of \$165,000,000, CBS a pretax profit of \$139,000,000 and NBC a mere \$102,000,000. Wallace, as part of his show, tried to interview the

CBS executive in charge of programing. His request was turned down.

On the same show, Wallace interviewed an attractive young woman named Lin Bolen. Ms. Bolen is said to be the prototype for the Faye Dunaway character in *Network* and she is now the architect of a new show, *W.E.B.*, about television executives who are even more amoral than those in *Network*. Mike asked her a question about who was responsible for the low level of television programing. She said it was finally the fault of the audience, which could always turn off the set. I turned off the television.

Some network executives find this hard to believe, but the educational level in this country is going up all the time, which means that there are more and more people who are (A) outraged by the general level of television, (B) discouraged by it or (C) bored by it. Category A has produced a rising number of serious, intelligent, well-informed citizen groups determined to raise the level of seriousness and humanity in network programing. It is a terrifying idea: People are angry, protests have been mounted, sponsors have been reached. Sears, Roebuck pulled back its advertising from *Starsky & Hutch* and many of their friends. Network executives were appalled. Is this really the American way? Some network executives talked about a new McCarthyism. Robert E. Mulholland, the president of NBC-TV, is quoted as saying that "television must never become a medium controlled by special interests." Well said, well said, I agree, but what does television respond to now if not special interest? For, above all else, it responds to Wall Street, and for most Americans, Wall Street classically represents a special interest, a desire for intense relentless profit far beyond their own mild expectations. For the truth is that the people who run the networks do not really control their own shows anymore. It is all too big, the pressure for ratings is so great that any true control, any true decision making on what kind of balanced programing they will present is beyond them. The market watches too closely and cares too much. They're no longer architects of broadcasting but, rather, extensions of the market, men who translate Wall Street's appetite, for ever higher ratings, into programing results. As such, there is precious little pluralism on the networks; it costs too much to be good and honorable—as Paley told Moyers, the minute is worth too much now. The people who run the networks are technician-middlemen. Somewhere along the way, as they grew more and more prosperous, they abdicated both responsibility and control.

The network people, of course, deny



"Your attention, please. I would like to introduce Mr. Donald Brown, who is now in charge of the plane. Mr. Brown assures us that he is not a fanatic of any kind but is motivated by the purest criminal considerations."

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this. They have skilled public-relations departments and when people like me write things like this, they always claim that we are outsiders, that we do not understand television. They always come up with some show that they did in the past that proves how public-spirited they really are, how much more they give to the public arena. Which takes me, finally, to the Short Happy Life of Peter Derow at CBS, a final fable for our time.

The rise of ABC under Silverman had left CBS a troubled network. That which had always worked so well no longer worked. It was a curiously rudderless ship run by an old, talented, willful and often erratic man, and it was filled with executives who did not know what they wanted or what they should do, other than gain high ratings and keep Paley happy. Arthur Taylor had just been abruptly fired. CBS had been for almost 30 years the leader in programing and now it was slipping. In some desperation, it was decided to bring a very bright young man named Peter Derow over from *Newsweek*. There, at the astonishingly young age of 36, he had become president of *Newsweek* and his skills and seriousness had attracted broad attention in the world of communications. He had already created a reputation as perhaps the best and most serious of the new managerial breed in media. He was surprisingly popular with many of the young editorial people at *Newsweek* because they sensed that he appreciated their excellence as much as he did his own bottom line. His sympathies, in fact, seemed to be with the editorial side: He had gone to Harvard, where he had been on the *Harvard Crimson*, and he had worked for a year with the *London Economist*, and then he had gone on to Harvard Business School. He was a firm believer that it was vitally important for major national publications to have modern, sound financial bases, that that could strengthen rather than, in the traditional journalistic view, weaken those institutions. The shakier they were on the business side, the shakier they were bound to be editorially. Therefore, he saw his own career not so much gaining pure material success and making Katharine Graham happy as, in part at least, one of genuine social obligation. He had been happy and fulfilled at *Newsweek* and he had been one of the main forces behind *Newsweek's* challenge to *Time* in the late Sixties and early Seventies. In 1976, he was named president of the magazine. When CBS went looking for Derow in 1977, its representatives told him it was because he had created a reputation as someone who could make money but who also had a social sense and strong values. Derow, with some misgiving, took the offer from CBS. He was content at *Newsweek*, but the challenge was too great, a

television network was potentially so much more influential an institution than a weekly magazine.

He went over there in 1977 as senior vice-president. He was to report directly to John D. Backe, the president of CBS, and to be Backe's idea man. There was some talk that if things panned out as people hoped, he might one day end up as head of the network. Alas, that was not to be. It did not take Derow long to become disillusioned. No one at CBS seemed to know where it was going. After a while, he began to think of it as a radar screen. That which troubled him was at first like little blips on the radar, and then he began to realize that they were not just blips on the radar; they *were* the radar. The problems he was encountering were not isolated short-lived phenomena; they were, instead, the given. It was a company, he began to decide, without any value system, and without any true vision of itself. He thought the news division was at the center of the company's role and that was one of the main reasons he had gone over to CBS; he was appalled to find that Backe barely knew Salant and had little intention of knowing him better. It took Derow's intervention to get Salant together with Backe for more than the monthly group president luncheons. He did not think that most of the people in charge had any sense of their larger obligations, in contrast to *Newsweek*, where he believed that Katharine Graham and her family had imbued the organization with some sense of continuity and social obligation. All they wanted to be was number one instead of number two. They wanted to repeat what worked even if they did not know what worked. They had no sense of balance in broadcasting, of putting together different programs for different audiences on a given evening. The ratings, Derow quickly discovered, were the sole Truth. Suppose, he asked some of his superiors, the winner of the ratings were not really the winner. Perhaps winning simply made you even more the prisoner of a system that had long ago been diverted from its original purpose. Perhaps, he suggested, being a little smaller and a little more selective and trying to broaden the nature of the programs could bring a new kind of victory, victory in quality, and, on occasion, victory in numbers as well. Wouldn't that be liberating for the network?

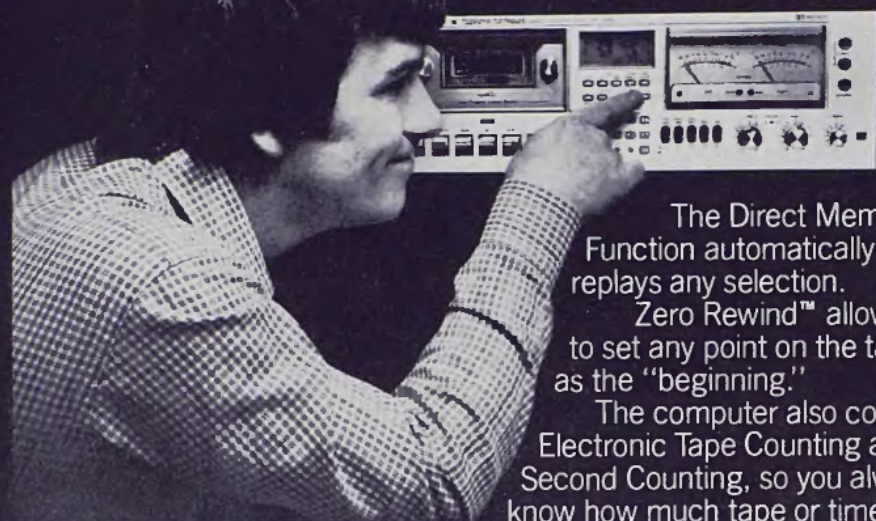
Derow mentioned his experiences at *Newsweek*, where it was not necessarily in the magazine's interest to raise its circulation constantly, where the numbers could on occasion backfire. It was a mistake, he said, to think of this country as just an audience. There were many audiences out there, and there was a good deal of money to be made in reaching

all of them. He suggested that CBS try to change, that it tell its stockholders, in effect: "Look, we're going to go for higher quality and we're going to change our programing philosophy and for a year or two, it's going to cost us some money, but in the long run, we'll make more money and we'll be a better, sounder network for it." No one heard him. No one, he felt, seemed to understand what he was saying. The problem with the ratings, he thought, was the way in which they listened to Nielsen. Instead of emphasizing different segments of the audience and finding different constituencies, they emphasized only the over-all numbers, therefore confirming the existing value system. There were different audiences there, but they refused to find them. Derow suggested trying to find different audiences, so that they could create different programs. No one seemed interested in what he was suggesting.

Derow became increasingly frustrated. He soon decided that the situation was hopeless. He thought that the network people he met were living in the past, imprisoned by old, increasingly invalid experiences, while the country changed in front of them. The audiences were becoming smarter. The executives did not see the larger society becoming more aware, more critical, more restive. They thought the U. S. Senate would always produce good friends such as John Pastore who would always be easy to deal with and who would always ask only the wrong questions of them. Derow thought that Frank Stanton, who had been something of a genius at bringing the networks good public relations, had probably bought CBS an extra five or six years in terms of good public relations, but that everyone on the outside was catching up.

After only six months at CBS, totally disillusioned, Derow decided to leave and go back to *Newsweek*. He had come to like Paley very much and thought him an immensely talented, extraordinarily cultivated man, someone of great style and accomplishment. Paley had treated him with great courtesy and affection, behaving not like a father but, given the difference in ages, more like a grandfather. They shared many interests in the world of art and Derow had talked easily with Paley. When Derow, after so brief a time, said he was leaving, Paley was shocked and personally wounded. He said that Derow had betrayed him and that his leaving was an immoral act. Derow said that it was perhaps ungracious and perhaps improper but it was not immoral. "You can't really call me immoral," he said. Paley laughed and agreed, but he was very wounded. Those who know him well suspected that within a week, Bill Paley had forgotten completely about Peter Derow.

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PURPOSE OF THE MOON (continued from page 237)

"The severed ear reminded Marilyn Monroe of a crescent moon; for hours she contemplated it."

shattered. Yet he should not have been so surprised. That is often the pattern love follows.



Vincent van Gogh cut off his ear and sent it to Marilyn Monroe. Not long afterward, Marilyn Monroe flew to Paris, drove a rented car to the south of France and called on Vincent van Gogh.

Following proper introduction, Marilyn Monroe produced a package of Hostess Twinkies. Because Hostess Twinkies always travel in pairs; because, like the coyote, the gorilla, the killer whale and the whooping crane, Hostess Twinkies mate for life, there was a Twinkie each for them to share.

When the snack was done, Marilyn Monroe reached into her sewing basket, drew out a needle and a spool of green thread and proceeded to stitch Vincent van Gogh's ear right back where it belonged.

"There," she said, licking a smear of Twinkie cream from the corner of her mouth. "There, you naughty boy. And

the next time you want to clip off a piece of yourself as a token of affection, you might keep in mind the old Jewish custom. It's less messy, more socially acceptable. Remember, to ear is human, but to foreskin is divine."



Vincent van Gogh cut off his ear and sent it to Marilyn Monroe.

The severed ear reminded Marilyn Monroe of a crescent moon, and for hours she contemplated it by moonlight.

She telephoned Vincent van Gogh. "Does the moon have a purpose?" she asked.

Vincent van Gogh considered her question. He decided it was silly.

Albert Camus wrote that the only serious question is whether to kill yourself or not.

Tom Robbins wrote that the only serious question is whether time has a beginning and an end.

Camus clearly got up on the wrong side of bed, and Robbins must have forgotten to set the alarm.

There is only one serious question.



"Now that we got that out of the way, my name's Frank; what's yours?"

And that is: Who knows how to make love stay?

Answer me that and I will tell you whether or not to kill yourself.

Answer me that and I will ease your mind about the beginning and the end of time.

Answer me that and I will reveal to you the purpose of the moon.



Vincent van Gogh cut off his ear and sent it to Marilyn Monroe. Paul Gauguin was aghast. "That was in very bad taste, Vincent," Gauguin said. "Years from now, after you are dead and gone, you will be better remembered for cutting off your ear than for the beauty and truth of your art."

From beneath his bandages, Vincent van Gogh looked at Paul Gauguin and smiled. "Don't worry," he said. "Art takes care of itself. And what the world thinks of me when I am dead and gone is none of my concern. What matters is life. What matters is love. Yeah."

The next day, Paul Gauguin cut off his wife and sent himself to Tahiti.

"Poor Gauguin," sighed Vincent van Gogh. "He understood only half of what I said."



Vincent van Gogh cut off his ear and sent it to Marilyn Monroe. Immediately, he had second thoughts and fell into a deep depression.

"Oh, why was I so presumptuous?" he asked. "An ear is much too intimate. And what if she doesn't fancy ears? I might better have sent violets or phosphor. I should have sent potatoes, tooth paste or brush strokes of significant width. That ear will offend her, I know it. Oh, they ought to call me Vincent van Gauche. I've blown it again."

In the midst of all his fretting, a note arrived from America. "Dear Mister," it began, "Thank you so much for the silk purse." Vincent van Gogh relaxed. He grinned from ear to. . . . Oops.



Vincent van Gogh cut off his ear. He wanted to send it to Marilyn Monroe, but he didn't know how to go about it.

He couldn't afford to deliver it in person. They had no mutual friends. And were he to send it to her movie studio, a stout woman in a tweed suit would be certain to throw it away.

Dare he trust it to Railway Express? To United Parcel Service? To Brink's?

Vincent van Gogh's ear was his love. Unable to send it through normal channels, he went out into the wheat field and sent it by crow.



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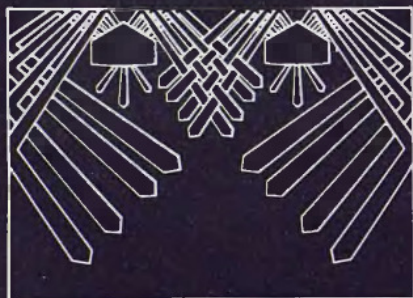
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"The orchestra is there in front and the atmosphere of the concert hall all around." (Belgium)

"Bose contains more technical innovations than any other speaker of the past 20 years."
(Austria)

"...sets new standards for loud-speaker music reproduction."
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formance of the 901 IV to your room. In a way that cannot be duplicated even with an expensive graphic equalizer.

As a result, the 901 Series IV speakers perform as well in the living room as in the demonstration room.

Were our engineers to design a speaker specifically for your living room, you would not get better sound than you do when you properly adjust the equalizer controls on the Bose 901 Series IV.

And the 901 IV provides a simple answer to the problem of choosing the power rating of your amplifier or receiver. Choose any amplifier you wish. The 901 IV provides surprisingly loud sound with as little as 10 watts per channel. Yet it is durable enough for us to remove all power limitations on the 901 IV. There is no power limit. Period.*

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Direct/Reflecting® speaker is famous. And you can match it to virtually any amplifier.

We think that once you hear the new Bose 901 IV Direct/Reflecting® speaker, you'll agree. The revolution has evolved.

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*There is a power limit in commercial applications. For information, contact Bose Customer Service.

WOMEN'S LIB

(continued from page 186)

"Nowadays, I value my privacy and would welcome celibacy if it meant peace of mind."

sure have. Because now they have to deal with the truth. Women who faked orgasms for years are now saying, "Hey, man, what can I tell you? It just doesn't make it. I love you, but it doesn't cut it. Now, either we're gonna work on it or something else is going to come down."

Men have been hit with that and lots of other things. It's a very confusing time for men. I wouldn't want to be a man right now. You know why? Because whereas they had it all wired before—all

down to a pattern—nowadays they don't know what the fuck is going on.

ANNE MURRAY, Singer

Some men have changed, and some pay only lip service and pretend. It's an individual thing: If a woman has authority and is terribly aggressive and shows it, nobody likes her. By the same token, nobody likes a man like that, either.

Women now can talk about sex like men have always done. They can sit

around in the locker room and say, "Hey, I got it on last night."

Men's sex lives have probably changed, too. It might be a bit more exciting for men now, because the women are more aware: They're talking more, reading more, getting into it now. It was always said that the men were the ones who were always hungry, but the way I see it, everybody is. Everybody's starving.

MARGO ST. JAMES, Founder of COYOTE, a national organization of prostitutes

Yes, men have changed: They're much more willing to do the shitwork in the women's campaign than they were before—you know, carry out the garbage, clean the floor, cook, baby-sit, while the women are in the caucus rooms.

Men are changing in lots of ways; I'm doing a special training course for men right now, on female sexual potential, and I'm providing women guides for them. Most men don't have adequate sexual education. There was a poll taken, it came out in *The New Sexual Etiquette for Women*, by Patricia Holt, that said that only four percent of the men were adequate lovers and that only one percent were really talented. The other 95 percent? They got smothered, there was lack of information, they developed all these phobias and fears.

I enjoy sex, but I can take it or leave it. Nowadays, I value my privacy more and would welcome celibacy if it meant peace of mind. Generally, women are learning more about men sexually and are being more selective about sex and about how they spend their time with men.

Women don't want to live off a guy, with no escape, submitting to him all the time. We'd both like to be financially sufficient; that way, both could enjoy each other as equals. We want equal pay, we want no wars, we want a lot of stuff. You know what we want? We want as many orgasms as we can get.

LIZ TORRES, Stage performer

I don't think men have changed. I think they've become more aware, more informed. They realize that inequalities do exist. But that isn't changing men's behavior.

You know what I want from a man, how a man can keep me satisfied? I like to be respected and loved and looked up to. I like to share a life. I like a man to be as strong as I am, and as intelligent. And I'm no teacher: You get out of bed, you're gonna have to face this person across a breakfast table, and you're gonna have to talk. He's got to have some kind of line.



"I'm sorry, but Bismark is booked through 1981."

**SITTING BULL
WOULD HAVE STOOD UP FOR IT.**



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"Candy's warm personality is ample evidence that she grew up in a loving atmosphere."

me." (Oh, Mike, you are a wily one. It was supposed to be ten minutes per girl, Mike, ten minutes.)

As soon as we received the Polaroids of Candy, we flew her to Chicago for what was to be the first of eight shooting sessions over a three-month period.

Staff Photographer Pompeo Posar, who was the first of our photographers to shoot color slides of Candy, noticed two things from the start. The first was that she was a very good model, considering

that she had no previous experience, and the second was that she had to be fed regularly.

"I absolutely cannot go on an empty stomach for any length of time," she says firmly. "I *have* to eat. Three evenly spaced full meals a day, with maybe a snack now and then, and I'm OK. And if I can't eat, I do best with a glass of milk. Milk is one of my favorite foods. White or chocolate, I love milk."

Obviously, fat is not a problem for

Candy. What she doesn't burn up, she works off twice a week in 40-to-60-minute workouts on Nautilus fitness machines, followed by vigorous swimming. But if food has a special meaning for her, it probably reminds her of her family, the people she says give her the greatest joy.

Her parents were divorced when she was ten, and her mother often worked at two jobs to support Candy and her three siblings: older sister Cassi, 28; Kevin, 27; and younger sister Cari, 20, who's also a student at OU. But Candy's warm, cheerful personality is ample evidence that she grew up in a loving atmosphere.

"My mother treated each of us as though we were special," she says. "I had to learn to share early. I had to accept the fact that I couldn't always have new shoes when I wanted them unless the other kids had them. I learned a lot from my brother and sisters, and I love them very much."

Candy's background didn't prepare her for the luxuries of Playboy hospitality she's enjoyed since becoming a finalist. She admits that when she arrived at Playboy Mansion West for a week-long stay and an introduction to Hefner, she could hardly adjust to the royal treatment she received. "I couldn't believe the *service*," she says. "I'm not used to having my meals cooked for me—and whatever I wanted, at that! Butlers and maids and all. The first time I got hungry between meals, I went to the kitchen and started browsing in the refrigerator. One of the kitchen staff politely told me to take it easy, get out of the kitchen and let *him* serve *me*. It was marvelous."

When Candy was told that she had been chosen for our 25th Anniversary issue, she immediately called her mother from Playboy Mansion West, where she was staying with a number of other finalists. "Mom said, 'Congratulations, beautiful! I'm glad you're doing what you want to do. I'm proud of you and I love you.'" With a mom like that, it's easy to see why Candy's so secure and confident.

Levelheaded lady that she is, she intends to use some of her prize money to pay her tuition for the balance of her senior year, then "put the rest in a savings account so I'll have some security until I get settled into a profession." If things work out as she'd like, she'll take a job in public relations for a national magazine soon after she graduates.

Until then, she'll be traveling, meeting people all over America and, we hope, enjoying herself immensely. "I feel so lucky, so fortunate to have been chosen," she says. "Why, if it weren't for this, I'd just be another girl from Oklahoma."

Not necessarily, Candy. We think someone would have discovered you eventually, but we're awfully glad it was us. You make us want to say, in the immortal words of Jackie Gleason: "How sweet it is!"



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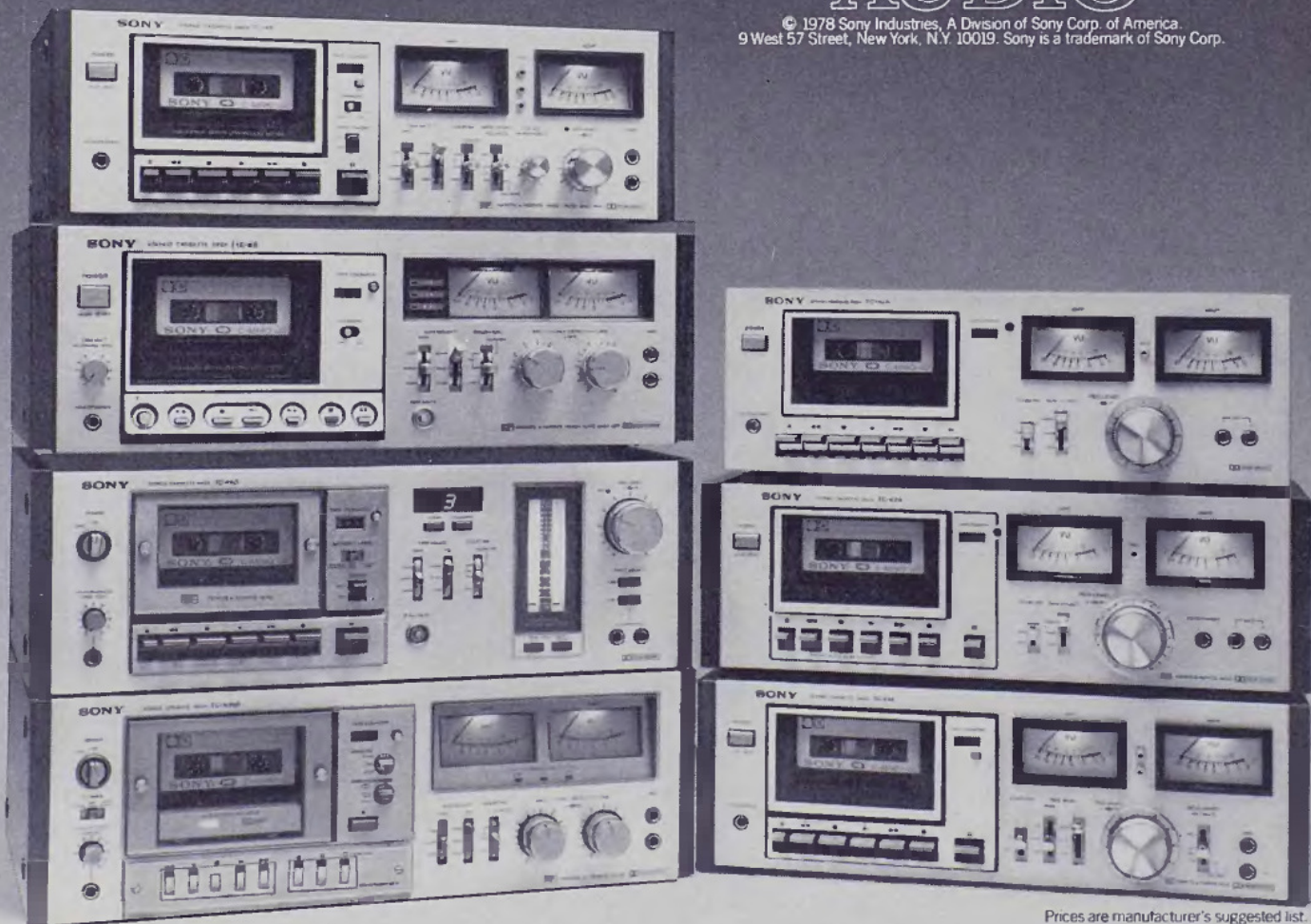
If this is your year to buy a deck, you can do a lot of tiresome shopping. And end up with Sony.

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PLAYMATE HUNT

literally couldn't stand up. She couldn't talk, either. I had to ask her to kneel and I shot her on her knees. Then she crawled back into the dressing room and locked the door."

In San Diego, a girl who walked into Morris and Miki Garcia's suite was also so scared she couldn't speak. But her beauty spoke for itself. "She was absolutely terrified," Morris remembers, "but she was also absolutely gorgeous. Our mouths dropped open." As it turned out, the panicked 18-year-old entrant, Amanda "Missy" Cleveland, became a finalist, as you can see on page 194.

There were those, however, who were not only relaxed but bold. Brassiest of the lot was a girl in San Jose who kept calling Garcia at various times of day. Her calls started with a laugh sound track playing in the background; when it stopped, she'd say, "But I'm really serious," then launch into a list of questions on how she should prepare for her moment before Morris' camera. ("Should I take a vitamin E bath?") She sent flowers for Garcia to her suite; then, on the day she was scheduled to be photographed, she appeared at the door bearing a 3' x 3' layer cake with two cherry-tipped confectionery breasts on top; it said, HAPPY BIRTHDAY PLAYBOY.

She wasn't the only applicant who hoped to somehow influence our staff in her favor. In every city, at the end of each day's shooting, our photographers would almost always find something belonging to one of the girls. Invariably, the owner would return to retrieve the item and (not so incidentally) have another conversation with the photographer. Let it suffice to say that, although our photographers received innumerable invitations to dinner, drinks, etc., they easily managed to spurn the proffered extras; if only because, as Cohen put it, "we were just too damn tired."

Or they may have learned a lesson from Mike Berry about accepting dinner invitations in strange cities. Berry, despite his fatigue, accepted an invitation to dinner in Knoxville. One of his hosts, a lawyer, promised to bring Berry a taste of genuine white lightning. "He brought a glassful to this restaurant in the Hyatt House," Berry says. "Nice restaurant, pretty classy. So I take a sip of the stuff. Then, for what reason I don't know, probably the silliness that comes with fatigue, I decided to light my glass. To see if white lightning would light, I guess. A blue flame shoots up in the air two feet. I sit there, figuring it's going to die out. Well, it dies down, but then the glass shatters and there's this blue flame all over the table. I figure *that's* got to die out. It doesn't. This blue flame is now covering the tablecloth. The table starts to go up. The maitre de notices it about then, comes over with a large wet

(continued from page 208)

towel, calmly smothers it, then departs without a word. Like I said, a *class* restaurant."

When our photographers and the other members of our search teams finally returned home, they had met and photographed more than 3000 women (we also received more than 500 applications and photos through the mail). The applicants were housewives, secretaries, college students, government workers, businesswomen and, of course, aspiring models and actresses. About 100 of them were spotted by our photographers on sight as potential Playmates; of those, 50 were screened out by our Photography Department. The remaining 50 were asked to go to Chicago or Los Angeles studios for lengthier test shootings. For many of those 50, the expenses-paid trip and the opportunity to work with PLAYBOY's staff (as well as to experience our special kind of hospitality) was one of the most exciting events in their lives.

One entrant, Denise McConnell from Norman, Oklahoma, was so excited on being called back that she didn't realize that she was only being asked to do a test shooting. *The Oklahoma Journal* prematurely published a story stating that she was the winner of the search, then had to run another story explaining the misunderstanding.

Fortunately, Denise was among the finalists who were called in a third time for further shootings. She had told the *Journal* that "never in the history of PLAYBOY has there been an Okie in the centerfold" and she wanted to be the first. Ironically, one made it. The winner of the search, Candy Loving, is also from Oklahoma. But we found Denise's charms so captivating that we just had to schedule her as a future Playmate, thus making it very likely that our centerfold will see its first two Okies in the same year.

In fact, our 16 finalists were all so special we wanted to let you see them so that you could second-guess us. Our very difficult final selection was made by Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner, with the close support of Photography Editor Gary Cole, who had conceived and directed the hunt with a generalship worthy of MacArthur. Also in attendance to influence the decision were such staff heavies as Arthur Kretchmer, Arthur Paul, Sheldon Wax and Tom Staebler—each shamelessly trying to buy votes and twist arms—all in the name of beauty.

If our winner isn't the one you would have chosen, take heart. Many of the finalists will be Playmates in the near future; so to see more of them, you won't have to wait another 25 years or until the next national Playmate Hunt, which ever comes first.





"We can't make him take it down. It's his grandmother."

The spirit of the Czar lives on.



It was the Golden Age of Russia. Yet in this time when legends lived, the Czar stood like a giant among men.

He could bend an iron bar on his bare knee. Crush a silver ruble with his fist. And had a thirst for life like no other man alive.

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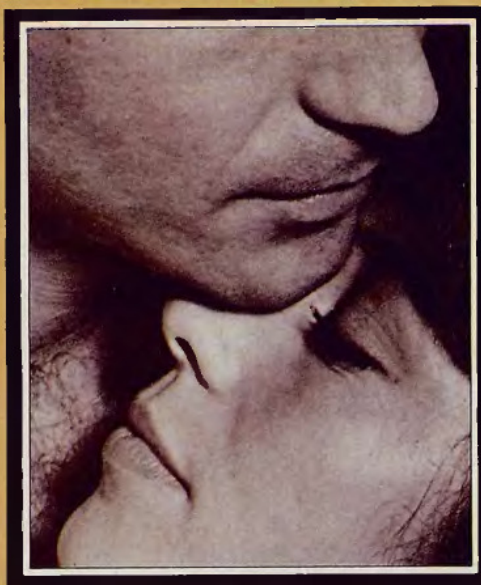
It's been 120 years since then. And while life has changed since the days of the Czar, his Vodka remains the same.

Wolfschmidt Genuine Vodka. The spirit of the Czar lives on.



Wolfschmidt Genuine Vodka

MAN & WOMAN



TIME OFF IS GOOD BEHAVIOR

One of the most difficult parts of getting close is learning to keep your distance. Sharing everything from a toothbrush to the mortgage can be exhilarating, but there is also the tyranny of togetherness. Sure, in the early days of your romance you might happily have sat through tearjerker film epics that would normally have had you climbing the walls, just to be with her. And, by the same token, she may gamely have forced herself to scramble along when you decided to conquer the local Everest. But one of the real beauties of sharing the big things in life is that you don't have to share the little ones. If you try to, you'll end up feeling that your warm little love nest is something of a pressure cooker.

All of which makes a great argument for the venerable institution of the boys' night out, and you don't have to be a dues-paying member of the bowling-and-beer-belly union to see the advantages. The trouble is that many couples have difficulty with the transition from the round-the-clock romance of establishing a relationship to something with a little breathing room. After months of nonstop hot and heavy, an evening apart for any less dramatic reason than an earthquake or a tidal wave can seem to some women nothing short of a betrayal. Here, then, are a few suggestions that should help you ease your love life into a more comfortable fit:

When you start going out without her, do things she wouldn't want to do or that you couldn't do together. Use your free night to play a team sport or visit that old roommate who gives her the creeps.

Take back something that shows you've thought of her. But remember that elaborate offerings in the fur and jewelry class will underline the separation. A magazine she likes or a treat from the deli is more in the spirit. They're no big deal, but then they don't seem like a pay-off for being "allowed" off the reservation.

Balance your time away from her by taking time you normally wouldn't spend with her—such as a workday afternoon—and doing something special together.

Show interest in what she's been doing while you've been gone. This makes her realize that her time is important and that she shouldn't waste it just waiting for you to get back or resenting your absence.

Encourage her to spend a night out with the girls. And don't insist that it be the one you spend with the boys.

Try not to do things with others that she expects to do with you. Don't, for example, breeze in late for dinner one night and announce that you've just seen the new Woody Allen film that you and she have been looking

forward to for months. You may end up with more free time than you know what to do with.

BEWARE THE AFFAIR

Having a secret affair is undoubtedly an exciting way to live: All those afternoons stolen from the office can have you feeling like Marcello Mastroianni out of James Bond. But before you go skipping off into the land of silk sheets and checkered tablecloths, you might want to consider the wisdom of veteran marriage counselor Herbert G. Zerof, author of *Finding Intimacy: The Art and Happiness of Living Together*.

In his 20 years of counseling, Zerof has found little evidence to support the oft-heard hype about extracurricular activities' being good for a relationship. "A serious emotional involvement with a third party," he writes, "brings grief to one or more of the persons involved." Here's just a partial catalog of the potential woes:

If you go back to your mate, you might feel defeated.

If you *don't* go back to your mate, you might feel guilty and not be able to enjoy your lover.

Your mate can feel miserable because she thinks you prefer your lover.

Your lover can feel miserable because she thinks she's getting only a partial mate, and she feels guilty about breaking up a marriage to boot.

And if you think you can keep the affair a secret, forget it: When a serious involvement with a third party exists, Zerof claims, the injured party seems to know about it within 24 hours. In fact, Zerof has found that there is often an unspoken agreement that one partner protects the union while the other frolics. (Note: All of this applies only to a full-scale champagne-and-roses affair. The occasional chance encounter with a stranger or even the impulsive one-night stand with a friend comes under the heading of casual sex, which Zerof contends can have "little long-range effect on a couple.")

More often than not, couples get back together after an affair, but when these original partners are reunited, they generally find the relationship empty—not much love and plenty of mistrust. If such a relationship is to continue, Zerof says, it will be because the mates find a renewed basis for coming together.

The alternative to a clandestine affair is to have it all out in the open with your mate. That may mean ending a relationship painfully, of course, but Zerof believes that you can never be emotionally free to make a real beginning with someone new until you've confronted your mate with the truth of your feelings. "Otherwise," he warns, "the first relationship remains repressed and will return to haunt the partner attempting escape."

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EUROPE, A MOTORCYCLE AND YOU

If you're a motorcyclist who lives in one of the colder regions of the States, you've probably got your machine tucked away in storage, awaiting the day when the ice and salt have disappeared from the streets. But even though you may not be out riding, it's not too soon to plan for next summer's cycling adventures—and the most exciting one of all is to hop the big pond and take your two-wheel balancing act to Europe.

There really are only three viable ways to see Europe on a bike: (1) Buy a new machine there, drive it while you're abroad and then have it shipped back; (2) rent a bike; or (3) buy a used bike from a dealer, who will take it back at the end of your junket for about \$300 less than you paid for it.

THE BUY-BACK PLAN

Several dealers in England recently introduced a buy-back program that at this writing is the lowest-cost solution to the problem of where to acquire a motorcycle in Europe. Under this plan, you arrive on their doorstep with about \$1500 and buy a touring-sized bike (probably Japanese and used but in excellent condition) with the understanding they'll buy it back at the end of the tour—provided you've kept it in good shape—for about \$250–\$300 less than what you paid for it. Add \$125 for insurance and you've still got a good deal.

The dealer with whom I've had the most contact is Jim Lee of Interbyke Exports, 116 Abbey Street, Nuneaton, Warwickshire CV11 5BX, England. An English delivery, incidentally, offers you the opportunity to ride through England and Scotland, then ship your bike across the Channel to Calais, France, before returning it.

RENTING OR BUYING A BIKE

If you already own your own machine, you can, of course, take it over with you, but that's \$500 in shipping costs alone. Rental is possible, but expensive; figure about \$750 for three weeks, including insurance.

The time is going, unfortunately, when you could expect to purchase a bike in Germany, ride it around until you went broke, ship it home and then sell it for enough to cover the whole trip. But savings are still possible—up to \$800 on BMW's top-of-the-line R100RS, for example. Customs will be dipping into your jeans for its five percent (you pay duty on the used-bike value only) and there are insurance, setup and registration charges.

BMW fanatics in search of a new bike should contact Butler and Smith, Inc. (Box H, Norwood, New Jersey

07648), as it's the U.S. representative for this noted marque and has handled so many European deliveries for American cyclists that you can be fully equipped and out of BMW's Munich office in less than an hour.

THE MOTORCYCLE TOUR

Those new to motorcycles or to Europe, or both, might feel more comfortable riding in the company of someone who already knows the ropes and the roads. Bob Beach, who heads Beach's Motorcycle Adventures, 2763 West River Parkway, Grand Island, New York 14072, has been running 21-day motorcycle tours of Europe since 1972. For \$1250 (round trip, Boston to Munich), he'll book you on his June or September run, which takes in southern Germany, Austria, Italy, France, Switzerland and Liechtenstein. Beach tries to limit each tour to 30 people but often has more. Large-pack riding is discouraged in favor of small clusters as the drivers see fit. Each tour covers about 2000 miles and includes all hotels and most meals. And a BMW repair van follows the pack, just in case.

For transportation, Beach recommends that you buy a new BMW cycle in Munich, travel with it on the tour and then have it shipped back to the States (he'll do all the paperwork for you).

In small towns, arrangements are made for the cycles to be locked up in a shed, barn or garage. When you arrive in a major city, however, they're housed in the hotel's parking facilities.

Another experienced cycle-tour leader, Michael Von Thielmann of Von Thielmann Tours, 709 E Street, San Diego, California 92101, is putting together a European run for next September that will include Bavaria, Austria, Yugoslavia, Italy and Switzerland. The cost will be \$1230, round trip, New York to Munich via Amsterdam—not including whatever arrangements you make for buying or renting a bike. For riders' convenience, two luggage vans, a mechanic and a car with a motorcycle trailer will follow the group. Von Thielmann and Beach are both pros who know Europe well.

All of the alternatives and specifics on cycle traveling abroad are detailed in a book close to my heart, *Europe, the Two-Wheeled Adventure*, by Philcox and Boe. It's available at bookstores or from IPS, 5118 Rolling Hills Court, Tampa, Florida 33167, for \$9.85, postpaid. And while I'm tooting my own horn, you might consider spending \$15 to become a member of the International Tourer's Club, an organization I formed that publishes a quarterly newsletter on overseas cycle riding. Particulars are available from the same address. —PHIL PHILCOX

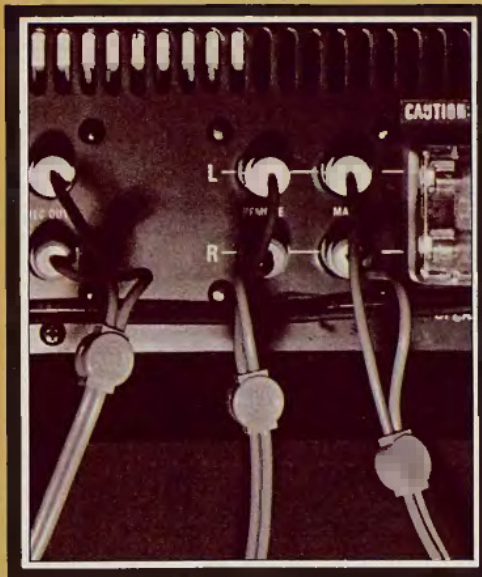
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A HISTORY OF EXCELLENCE
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SOUND ADVICE ON STEREO ADD-ONS



From the people who have given you all that audio machinery to reproduce accurately whatever is on a record or tape now come products designed to let you drastically change the original signal. For the most part, the new add-ons are direct descendants of devices used in professional sound work and, indeed, a stereo system outfitted with one or more of them permits its owner to disagree with the recording engineer and even—in some instances—to effectively alter the acoustics of his listening room.

THE ANTINOISE CAMPAIGN

To remove noises from a signal source selectively, there are new filters that do not at the same time lop off a major portion of the music. One is the Audioarts Model 1500 Notch Filter. You can tune it to neatly excise a narrow frequency segment here and there along the audio range, while leaving the rest of the response intact. For more general high-frequency noise removal, there's a device, such as KLH Burwen's DNF 1201A, that samples and suppresses the hash in the music.

Some units remove only record-surface noise and also fill in (or seem to) the split-second hiatus in the music created by the surgery. If that sort of suave cleanup intrigues you, check out such models as the SAE 5000; the Garrard MRM-101 and the KLH Burwen TNE 7000A. List prices for these units average between \$200 and \$300 each.

DELAYED ACTION

One type of audio device is designed to delay part of the signal as it whisks through a sound system. The delayed portion then is combined with the unaltered signal to create an effect of ambience or "space" akin to that of the original performing environment. The most advanced models do three things: 1. recover whatever ambience is "hidden" in a recording; 2. introduce a time delay that represents the reverberant character of a larger room; and 3. carefully roll off the extreme highs in the delayed signal (which is what happens to them in a large hall). The processed signal is fed to a separate stereo amplifier and a pair of rear-located speakers. Adding ambience takes about as much new hardware as quadraphonic sound, but ambience lovers insist it is better. And it can be applied to any program source, including broadcasts and old mono recordings.

The number of delay-ambience devices has grown in the past two years. Prices run fairly high, about \$650 for a unit such as the Phase Linear 6000 or the Sound Concepts SD550. For about \$1000, there's the ADS Model 10, which includes a built-in amp and matched speakers.

UP AND DOWN THE RANGE

More numerous than delay systems are the graphic equalizers. They're called graphic because when the slider controls along the front panel are adjusted, the resulting visual pattern resembles the frequency contour that's been selected. OK, a few use knobs, but the acoustic effect is the same.

Equalizers vary in complexity, capability and cost. But what they all do, basically, is divide the total audio range into segments and provide boost and cut control over each segment. The most common type divides the range from 20 Hz (cycles per second) to 20,000 Hz into ten octaves. Some, more professionally oriented, provide more bands of one-third octaves.

Each type has its partisans who will argue for their choice at the drop of a decibel. The reason for the big interest in equalizers is the big jobs they can do. Correctly adjusted, a good equalizer can compensate for frequency bidders in a recording as well as in amplifier or speaker or room acoustics. It can tune out a pesky room resonance, tame standing waves that otherwise distort the sound, bring up selected highs and/or lows to clarify the inner detail of complex musical passages and let you focus aurally on a given instrumental section. An equalizer also can produce sonic mayhem if misadjusted, but that's your fault not that of the equipment.

Prices vary from about \$200 for the small but reliable MXR Equalizer to \$1275 for the professional-grade Altec Acousa-Voicette 729A. There are, in fact, upwards of 40 models on the market.

SQUEEZING IN MORE DECIBELS

Several firms also offer dynamic-range expanders to make the louds louder and the softs softer. The idea is that in recording and broadcasting, the original dynamic range of music is compressed to suit the medium. Restoring it, albeit artificially, is said to add an element of realism to the reproduced sound. Pioneer offers models, as do dBx, Phase Linear and Heath (the last is available only in kit form).

A FINAL NOTE

One view among the audio-minded is that these add-ons can fill real needs in overcoming limitations of program material, equipment and room acoustics. Another view has it that while these devices are useful tools for the sound pro, they are for most home stereo owners a form of adult toy catering to the engineering urge latent in many of us. The hell with that noise. Let's hear it for latent urges!

—NORMAN EISENBERG

SEX IS POLITICS

(continued from page 214)

"Curiously enough, Paul is the only Old or New Testament maven to condemn lesbianism."

equality was not acceptable either to the authors of the Old Testament or to Freud himself. Today, almost 3000 years after Moses came down from Sinai, women are approaching equality with men in the United States. But the war against woman's equality still goes on; at the moment, it is being conducted in the name of The Family.

The New Testament's Christ is a somewhat milder figure than the Jehovah of the Old Testament. Yet one is very much the son of the other, and so, presumably, nothing basic was supposed to change in the relations between the sexes. In fact, at one point, Jesus displays a positively Portnoyesque exasperation with the traditional Jewish mother. "Woman," he says to Mary, "what art thou to me?" Mary's no doubt lengthy answer has not been recorded.

As a Jew, Jesus took seriously the Ten Commandments. But he totally confused the whole business of adultery by saying that even to entertain so much as a Carterlike lust for a woman is the equivalent of actually committing adultery. Jesus also went on record as saying that whores had as good a chance of getting to heaven as IRS men. It is possible that he meant this as a joke. If so, it is the only joke in the New Testament.

To an adulteress, Jesus said, "Neither do I condemn thee," before suggesting that she stop playing around. Jesus had nothing to say about homosexuality, masturbation or the Equal Rights Amendment; but he did think the absolute world of eunuchs (*Matthew 19:10-12*). Finally, Jesus believed that the world was about to end. "But I tell you of a truth, there are some standing here, who shall not taste of death, till they see the kingdom of God" (*Luke 9:27*). As far as we can tell, the world did not end in the First Century A.D., and all those standing there died without having seen the kingdom.

A few years later, Saint Paul had his vision on the road to Damascus. "Both Jews and gentiles all are under sin," he—what is that best-seller verb?—shrilled. Since Paul was also convinced that the world was about to end, he believed that man must keep himself ritually pure for the day of judgment, and ritual purity required a total abstention from sex. For those who could not remain heroically chaste (to "abide even as I"), Paul rather sourly agreed that "it is better to marry than to burn"—burn with lust, by the way, not hell-fire, as some primitive Christs like to interpret that passage.

Paul also advised married men to live with their wives "as though they had none. . . . For the form of this world is passing away." Although this world's form did not pass away, Paul's loathing of sexuality did not pass away, either. As a result, anyone brought up in a Christian-dominated society will be taught from birth to regard his natural sexual desires as sinful, or worse.

A state of constant guilt in the citizenry is a good thing for rulers who tend not to take very seriously the religions that they impose on their subjects. Since marriage was the only admissible outlet for the sexual drive, that institution was used as a means of channeling the sexual drive in a way that would make docile the man, while the woman, humanly speaking, existed only as the repository of the sacred sperm (regarded as a manifestation of the Holy Ghost).

Woman was commanded to serve and obey her husband as totally as he, in turn, served and obeyed his temporal, Bible-quoting master. If one had set out deliberately to invent a religion that would effectively enslave a population, one could not have done much better than Judaeo-Christianity.

Curiously enough, Paul is the only Old or New Testament maven to condemn lesbianism, an activity that Queen Victoria did not believe existed and Jesus ignored. But Paul knew better. Why, even as he spoke, Roman ladies were burning "in their lust one toward another . . . !" Whenever Paul gets onto the subject of burning lust, he shows every sign of acute migraine.

Now, what is all this nonsense really about? Why should natural sexual desires be condemned in the name of religion? Paul would have said that since judgment day was scheduled for early next year, you should keep yourself ritually clean and ritual cleanliness amongst the Jews involved not only sexual abstinence but an eschewal of shellfish. But Paul's hatred of the flesh is somewhat hard to understand in the light of Jesus' fairly relaxed attitude. On the other hand, Paul's dislike of homosexuality is a bit easier to understand (though never properly understood by American Christs). It derives from the Old Testament book *Leviticus*, the so-called Holiness Code.

Homosexual relations between heroes were often celebrated in the ancient world. The oldest of religious texts tells of the love between two men, Gilgamesh and Enkidu. When Enkidu died, Gilga-

mesh challenged death itself in order to bring his lover back to life. In the *Iliad*, Gilgamesh's rage is echoed by Achilles when his lover Patroclus dies before the walls of Troy. So intense was the love between the heroes David and Jonathan that David noted in his obituary of Jonathan, "Thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women." Elsewhere in the Old Testament, the love that Ruth felt for Naomi was of a sort that today might well end in the joint ownership of a ceramics kiln at Laguna Beach. Why, then, the extraordinary fuss about homosexuality in *Leviticus*?

Leviticus was written either during or shortly after the Jewish exile in Babylon (586-538 B.C.). The exile ended when Persia's Great King Cyrus conquered Babylon. Tolerant of all religions, Cyrus let the Jews go home to Jerusalem, where they began to rebuild the temple that had been destroyed in 586. Since it was thought that the disasters of 586 might have been averted had the Jews been a bit more strait-laced in their deportment, *Leviticus* was drafted. It contained a very stern list of dos and don'ts. Adultery, which had been proscribed by Moses, was now not only proscribed but the adulterers were to be put to death, while "If a man . . . lie with mankind, as he lieth with a woman, both of them have committed an abomination" and must be put to death.

What is all this about? In earlier days, Jonathan and David were much admired. Was their celebrated love for each other an abomination? Obviously not. The clue to the mystery is the word abomination, which derives from the Hebrew word *to'ebah*, meaning idolatrous. At the time of *Leviticus* (and long before), the Great Goddess was worshipped throughout the Middle East. She had many names: Cybele, Astarte, Diana, Anahita. Since the Jews thought that the Great Goddess was in direct competition with their Great God, they denounced her worshipers as idolatrous, or *to'ebah*, or abominable; and particularly disapproved of the ritual sex associated with her worship. Many of Cybele's admirers castrated themselves for her glory while male and female prostitutes crowded the temple precincts, ready for action.

In Babylon, every respectable woman was obliged to go at least once in a lifetime to the temple and prostitute herself to the first pilgrim who was willing to pay her. According to Herodotus, ill-favored women were obliged to spend an awful lot of time at the temple, trying to turn that reluctant trick that would make them blessed in the eyes of the goddess.

No doubt, many Jews in Babylon were attracted, if not to the goddess' worship, to the sexual games that went on in her temples. Therefore, the authors of *Leviticus* made it clear that any Jew who

went with a male or female temple prostitute was guilty of an idolatrous or abominable act in the eyes of the Great God Jehovah—a notoriously jealous god by his own admission. As a result, the abominations in *Leviticus* refer not to sexual acts as such but to sexual acts associated with the cult of the Great Goddess.

Elsewhere in the Old Testament, Sodom was destroyed not because the inhabitants were homosexualists but because a number of local men wanted to gang-rape a pair of male angels who were guests of the town. That was a violation of the most sacred of ancient taboos: the law of hospitality. Also, gang rape, whether homosexual or heterosexual, is seldom agreeable in the eyes of any deity.

Human beings take a long time to grow up. This fact means that the tribe or the family or the commune is obliged to protect and train the young in those skills that will be needed for him to achieve a physical maturity whose sole purpose seems to be the passing on to a new generation of the sacred DNA code. The nature of life is more life. This is not very inspiring, but it is all that we know for certain that we have. That is why our religiopolitical leaders have always glorified the tribe or the family or the state at the expense of the individual. But societies change and when they do, seemingly eternal laws are superseded. Flat earth proves to be a sphere. Last year's wisdom is this year's folly.

In an overpopulated world, the Biblical injunction to be fruitful and multiply is less and less heeded. Thanks to increased automation and incontinent breeding, every industrial society in the world now has more workers than it needs. Meanwhile, housing has become so expensive that it is no longer possible for three generations of a family to live in the same house, the ideal of most Christers and strict Jews. Today the nuclear family consists of a boy for you and a girl for me in a housing development . . . hardly an ideal setting for either children or parents.

At this point, it would seem sensible to evolve a different set of arrangements for the human race. Certainly, fewer families would mean fewer children, and that is a good thing. Those who have a gift for parenthood (an infinitely small minority) ought to be encouraged to have children. Those without the gift ought to be discouraged. People would still live in pairs if that pleased them, but the social pressure to produce babies would be lifted.

Unhappily, the thrust of our society is still Judaeo-Christian. As a result, the single American male and the working woman are second-class citizens. A single man's median income is \$11,069, while his married brother's income is \$14,268

and his working sister's salary is \$9231. This is calculated discrimination. Plainly, it is better to marry than to be ill-paid.

After tax reform, this year's major political issue is Save the Family. Predictably, the Christers have been gunning for women's libbers and fags, two minorities that appear to endanger the family. Not so predictably, a number of Jews are now joining in the attack. This is odd, to say the least. Traditionally, Jews tend to a live-and-let-live attitude on the sensible ground that whenever things go wrong in any society where Jews are a minority, they will get it in the neck. So why make enemies? Unfortunately, Jewish tolerance has never really extended to homosexuality, that permanent abomination. Fag baiting by American Jewish journalists has always been not only fashionable but, in a covert way, antigoyim.

Eighteen years ago, the busy journalist Alfred Kazin announced that homosexuality was a dead end for a writer. Apparently, fags couldn't make great literature. Today he is no longer quite so certain. In a recent issue of *Esquire*, Kazin accepted the genius of Gertrude Stein, but he could not resist mocking her lesbianism; he also felt it necessary to tell us that she was "fat, queer-looking," while her lover Alice B. Toklas was equally ugly. Although Kazin can accept—barely—the genius of an occasional fag writer, he detests what he calls "the gay mob." He is distressed that "homosexuality is being politicized and is becoming a social fact and a form of social pressure. Does the increasing impatience on all sides with the family, the oldest human institution, explain the widespread growth or emergence of homosexuality amidst so much anxiety about overpopulation?" This is one of those confused rhetorical questions

whose answer is meant to be implicit in the polemical tone.

Actually, there is no such thing as a homosexual person, any more than there is such a thing as a heterosexual person. The words are adjectives describing sexual acts, not people. Those sexual acts are entirely natural; if they were not, no one would perform them. But since Judaism proscribes the abominable, the irrational rage that Kazin and his kind feel toward homosexualists has triggered an opposing rage. Gay militants now assert that there is something called gay sensibility, the outward and visible sign of a new kind of human being. Thus madness begets madness.

I have often thought that the reason no one has yet been able to come up with a good word to describe the homosexualist (sometimes known as gay, fag, queer, etc.) is because he does not exist. The human race is divided into male and female. Many human beings enjoy sexual relations with their own sex; many don't; many respond to both. This plurality is the fact of our nature and not worth fretting about.

Today Americans are in a state of terminal hysteria on the subject of sex in general and of homosexuality in particular because the owners of the country (buttressed by a religion that they have shrewdly adapted to their own ends) regard the family as their last means of control over those who work and consume. For two millennia, women have been treated as chattel, while homosexuality has been made to seem a crime, a vice, an illness.

In the *Symposium*, Plato defined the problem: "In Ionia and other places, and generally in countries which are subject to the barbarians [Plato is referring to the Persians, who were the masters of the Jews at the time *Leviticus* was written], the custom [homosexuality] is



held to be dishonorable; loves of youths share the evil repute in which philosophy and gymnastics are held, because they are inimical to tyranny; the interests of rulers require that their subjects should be poor in spirit and that there should be no strong bond of friendship or society among them, which love, above all other motives, is likely to inspire, as our Athenian tyrants learned by experience; for the love of Aristogeiton and the constancy of Harmodius had a strength which undid their power." This last refers to a pair of lovers who helped overthrow the tyrants at Athens.

To this, our American Jews would respond: So what else would you expect from an uncircumcised Greek? While our American Christs would remind us of all those scorching letters that Saint Paul sent off to the residents of Corinth and Athens.

Although the founders of our republic intended the state to be entirely secular in its laws and institutions, in actual fact, our laws are a mishmash of Judaeo-Christian superstitions. One ought never to be surprised by the intolerant vehemence of our fundamentalist Christs. After all, they started the country, and the 17th Century bigot Cotton Mather is more central to their beliefs than the 18th Century liberal George Mason, who fathered the Bill of Rights. But it is odd to observe Jews making common cause with Christian bigots.

I have yet to read anything by a Christ with an I.Q. above 95 that is as virulent as the journalist Joseph Epstein's statement (in *Harper's* magazine): "If I had the power to do so. I would wish homosexuality off the face of this earth. I would do so because I think that it brings infinitely more pain than pleasure to those who are forced to live with it," etc. Surely, Epstein must realize that if the word Jewry were substituted for homosexuality, a majority of American Christs would be in full agreement. No Jew ought ever to mention the removal of any minority "from the face of this earth." It is unkind. It is also unwise in a Christ-dominated society where a pogrom is never not a possibility.

In a recent issue of *Partisan Review*, what I take to be a Catskill hotel called the Hilton Kramer wants to know why the New York intellectuals are not offering the national culture anything "in the way of wisdom about marriage and the family, for example? Anything but attacks, and often vicious attacks, on the most elementary fealties of family life?"

The hotel is worried that for the nation at large, the New York intellectual world is represented in the pages of *The New York Review of Books* "by the likes of Gore Vidal and Garry Wills." I assume that the hotel disapproves of Wills and me because we are not Jewish.

The hotel then goes on to characterize

me as "proselytizing for the joys of buggery." Needless to say, I have never done such a thing, but I can see how to a superstitious and ill-run hotel anyone who has worked hard to remove consenting sexual relations from the statute books (and politics) must automatically be a salesman for abominable vices, as well as a destroyer of the family and an eater of shellfish.

Finally, dizziest of all, we have the deep thoughts of Norman Podhoretz, the editor of *Commentary*, a magazine subsidized by the American Jewish Congress. In the Sixties, Podhoretz wrote a celebrated piece in which he confessed that he didn't like niggers. Now, in the Seventies, he has discovered that he doesn't like fags, either—on geopolitical rather than rabbinical grounds.

In an article called "The Culture of Appeasement" (again in *Harper's*), Podhoretz tells us that the Vietnam caper had a bad effect on Americans because we now seem not to like war at all. Of course, "The idea of war has never been as natural or as glamorous to Americans as it used to be to the English or the Germans or the French." Podhoretz obviously knows very little American history. As recently as Theodore Roosevelt, war was celebrated as the highest of all human activities. Sadly, Podhoretz compares this year's United States to England in the Thirties when, he assures us, a powerful homosexual movement made England pacifist because the fags did not want beautiful (or even ugly?) boys killed in the trenches.

Aside from the fact that quite as many faggots like war as heterosexualists (Cardinal Spellman, Senator Joe McCarthy, General Walker), the argument makes no sense. When the English were ready to fight Hitler, they fought. As for Vietnam, if we learned anything from our defeat so far from home, it was that we have no right to intervene militarily in the affairs of another nation.

But Podhoretz is not exactly disinterested. As an agent for Israel, he fears that a craven United States might one day refuse to go to war to protect Israel from its numerous enemies. Although I don't think that he has much to worry about, it does his cause no good to attribute our country's alleged pacifism to a homosexual conspiracy. After all, that is the sort of mad thinking that inspired Hitler to kill not only 6,000,000 Jews but also 600,000 homosexuals.

In the late Sixties and early Seventies, the enemies of the Equal Rights Amendment set out to smear the movement as lesbian. All sorts of militant right-wing groups have since got into the act: the Ku Klux Klan, the John Birch Society, the Committee for the Survival of a Free Congress, Phyllis Schlafly's Eagle Forum, The Conservative Caucus and

dozens of other like-minded groups. Their aim is to deny equal rights to women through scare tactics. If the amendment is accepted, they warn us that lesbians will be able to marry each other, rape will be common, men will use women's toilets. This nonsense has been remarkably effective.

But then, as The Conservative Caucus' Howard Phillips told *The New Republic* with engaging candor, "We're going after people on the basis of their hot buttons." In the past year, the two hottest buttons have proved to be sexual: E.R.A. and gay rights legislation. Or "Save the Family" and "Save Our Children."

Elsewhere in the badlands of the nation, one Richard Viguerie is now the chief money raiser for the powers of darkness. In 1977, Viguerie told the *Congressional Quarterly*, "I'm willing to compromise to come to power. There aren't 50 percent of the people that share my view, and I'm willing to make concessions to come to power." That has a familiar Nuremberg ring.

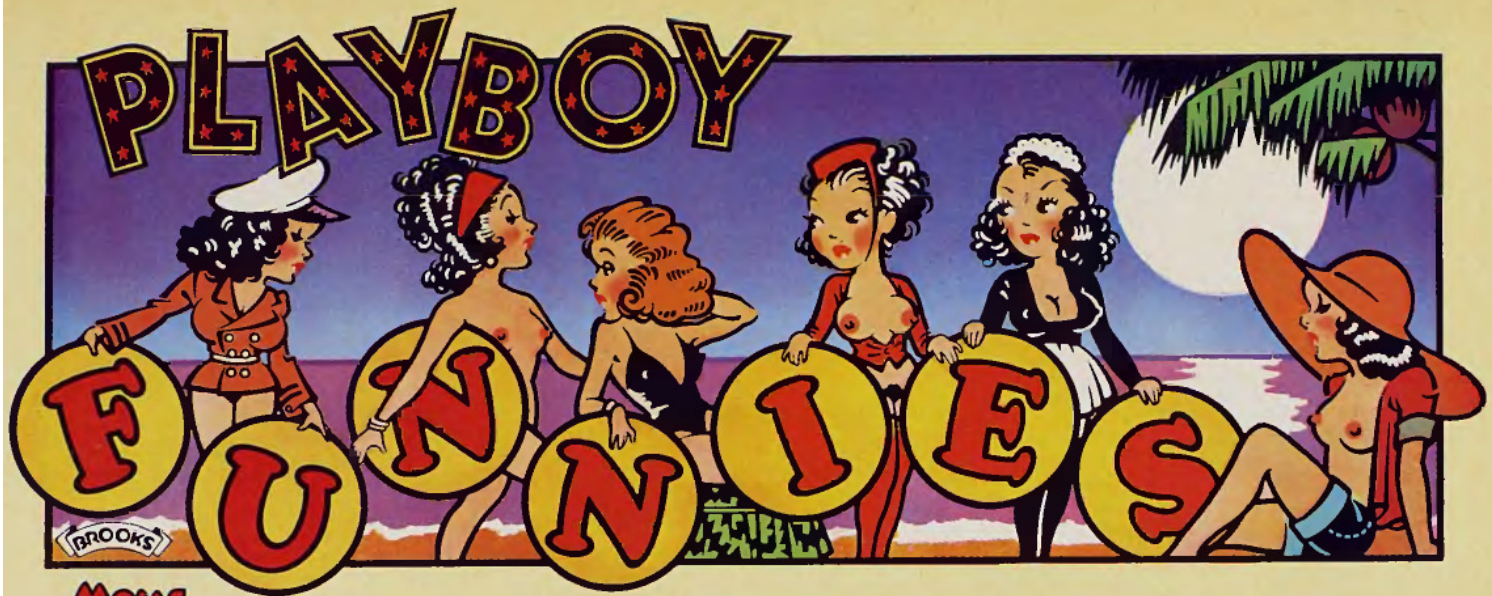
Viguerie is said to have at least 10,000,000 names and addresses on file. He sends out mailings and raises large sums for all sorts of far-right political candidates and organizations. But Viguerie is not just a hustler. He is also an ideologue. "I have raised millions of dollars for the conservative movement over the years and I am not happy with the results. I decided to become more concerned with how the money is spent." He is now beginning to discuss the creation of a new political party.

Among groups that Viguerie works for and with is Gun Owners of America. He also works closely with Phyllis Schlafly, who dates back to Joe McCarthy and Barry Goldwater; currently, she leads the battle against the E.R.A. Another of Viguerie's clients is Utah's Senator Orrin Hatch, a proud and ignorant man who is often mentioned as a possible candidate for President if the far right should start a new political party.

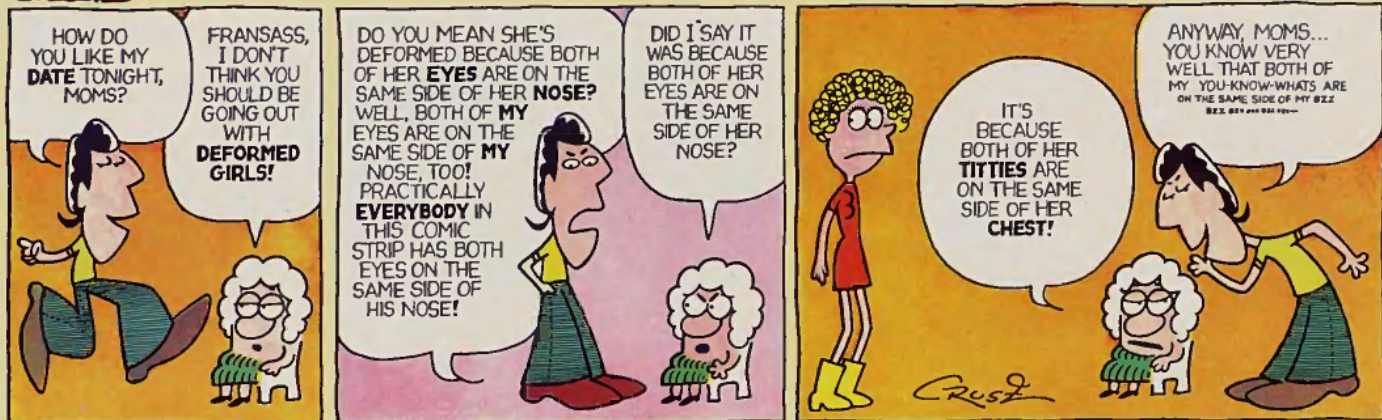
Viguerie has vowed that "the organized conservative community is going to put in many times more than 3,000,000 (sic). . . . I want a massive assault on Congress in 1978. I don't want any token efforts. We now have the talent and resources to move in a bold, massive way. I think we can move against Congress in 1978 in a way that's never been conceived of."

"Move against Congress." That sounds like revolution. Anyway, it will be interesting to see whether or not Congress was overwhelmed in November; to see whether or not those children will actually be saved; to see whether or not fealty will be sworn by all right-thinking persons to the endangered family.

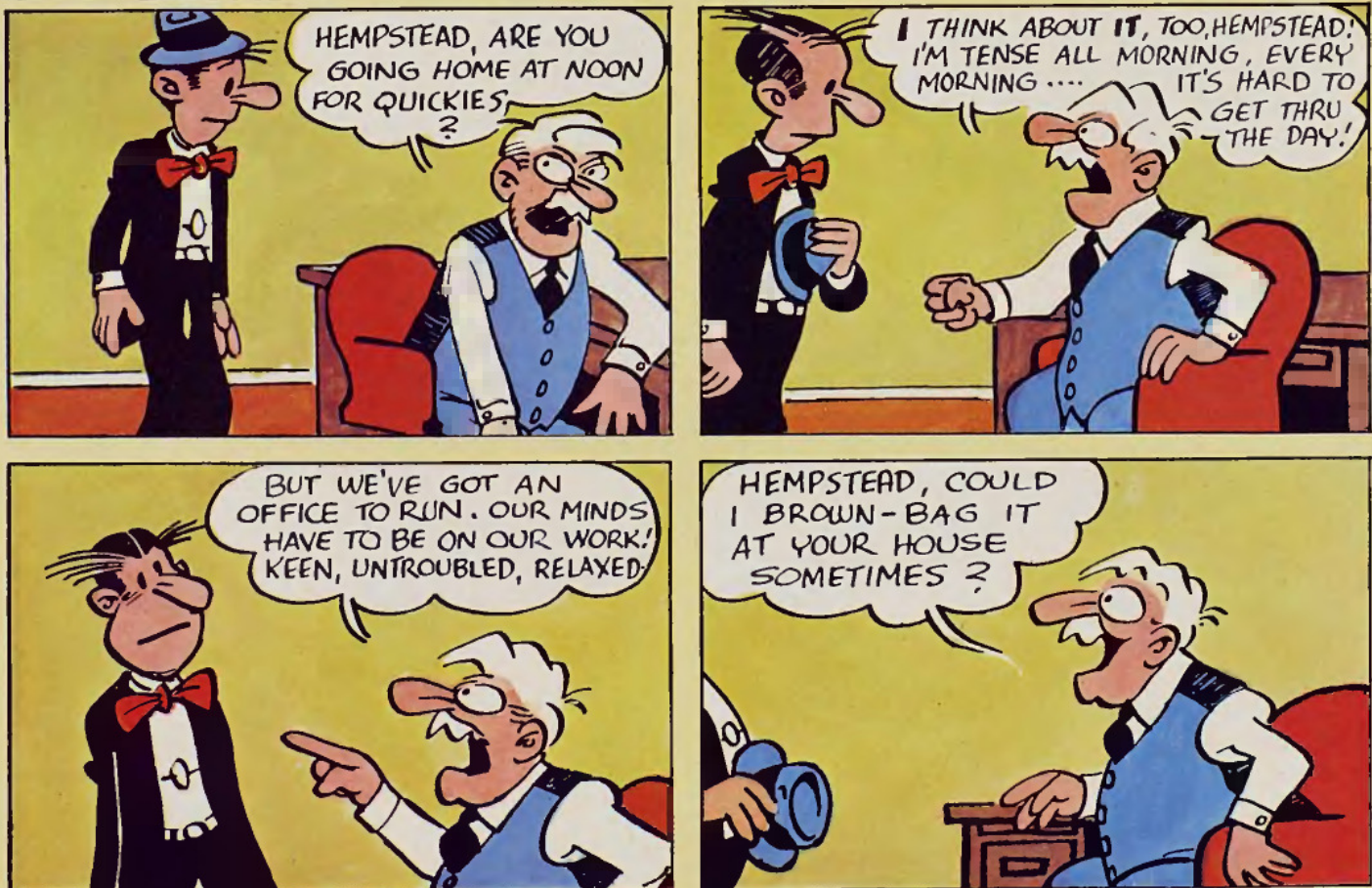




MOMS



BIG BLONDE



HERE COMES **JERRY!** "HE'S A REALLY FUNNY GUY!" STORY AND ART BY LOU BROOKS

GOSH AND GOLLY, PRISCILLA! IT SURE IS NICE OF YOU TO COME OVER AND HELP ME WITH MY STUDIES WHILE MY FOLKS ARE AWAY!

REMEMBER, JERRY! NONE OF YOUR FUNNY PRANKS! I INVITED MARY LOU ALONG TO CHAPERONE, JUST IN CASE!

OHHH!

I'M HEP, PRIS! TO SHOW YOU I'M ON THE LEVEL, I GOT YOU SOME FLOWERS!

GALS SURE LIKE A GUY WITH A SMART SENSE OF HUMOR!

HA! HA! LOOKS LIKE YOU TWO WILL HAVE TO GET OUT OF THOSE WET CLOTHES!

THE GIRLS DRY OFF WHILE JERRY IS UPSTAIRS...

YOU KNOW, PRIS, A SENSE OF HUMOR IS WHAT I LOOK FOR MOST IN A MAN!

AND A SCHLONG LIKE A HORSE!

SURPRISE!

EEK! JERRY! YOU PROMISED TO STAY UPSTAIRS TILL OUR CLOTHES DRY!!

CLACK!

C'MON, GALS! WE'LL HIT TH' BOOKS LATER! LET'S ALL FOOL AROUND! AND I PROMISE... NO MORE GAGS!!

I MUST ADMIT I'M RATHER CURIOUS!

GOODY! LEMME JUST FEEL THAT RIPE ASS OF YOURS, MARY LOU!

BZZZ!

YIPE!

WHY DON'T YOU SIT DOWN ON THE SOFA, PRIS? HA! HA! LOOK OUT FOR THAT WHOOPEE CUSHION UNDER THE SEAT!

OOH!

BRRAP!

AW, CANTCHA TAKE A JOKE, PRIS?

LEMME JUST PULL DOWN YOUR PANTIES FOR A GLIMPSE OF HEAVEN!

TEE HEE

WHY, CERTAINLY, JERRY!

SPONG!

HA! HA! HA! THIS TIME, JERRY, IT LOOKS LIKE THE JOKE'S ON YOU!!

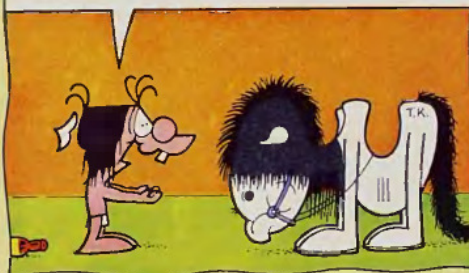
END

TUMBLEBRUSH by Howard Cruse

SALYEW TASHUNS, EQUINOUS QUADREWPED! (Hic!) EMBOLDENED AS I AM BY THE SALUBRIOUS MINISTRASHUNS OF VINTAGE FIREWATER, MIGHT I PROPOSE AS BALM FOR MY INSURGENT HORNYNESS AN UNCONVENSHUNAL CARNAL ALLIANCE BETWEEN THYSELF AND ME?



BE NOT DETURD BY SOCIETAL STRIKCHURS
REGARDING IMPROVIZASHUNAL EROTIC
COUPLINGS—**OMNISEXUALITY** BEING ALL
THE **RAGE** IN THE CHIC BACKWASH OF
VARYUS STELLAR CULCHURAL PIONEERS
AND DENIZENS OF DUBIOUS OLD-WEST DISCOS.



MAY I INTERPRET
YER **SILENCE** AS
ACQUIESCENCE,
CHERISHED HORSE?



I FEEL I MUST **DEKLINE** YER TITILLATING PROPOZISHUN DEW TO THE FOLLOWING EXIGENCIES: (a) THE UNGAINLY EXPENDICHUR OF **TIME** WHICH WOOD BE REQUIRED TO EVALUATE YER **PRO-FESSHUNAL HISTORY, CREDIT REFERENCES** AND **COLLEGE BORED SKOARS** PRIOR TO DETERMINASHUN OF YER **FITNESS** AS MY **SEXUAL PARTNER**; (b) THE BLOOD TEST ON YER PART WHICH WOOD BE *DE RIGUEUR* TO ESTABLISH YER FREEDOM FROM **VENEREAL INFEKSHUNS**; AND (c) I HAVE A **HEADACHE** DEW TO THE **BRICK** JUST HURTL'D AT MY NOGGIN BY YON **RODENT IGNATZ!**



ALLOW ME TO **APPEAL** YER
VERDICT, WORTHY STEED...
AARRRGH!!

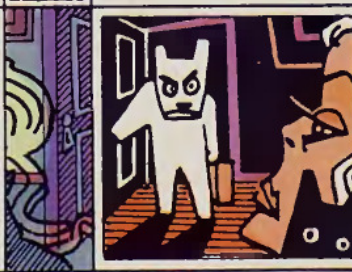
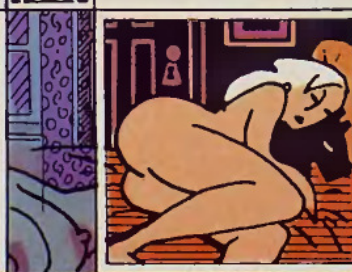
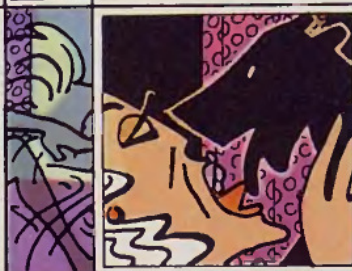
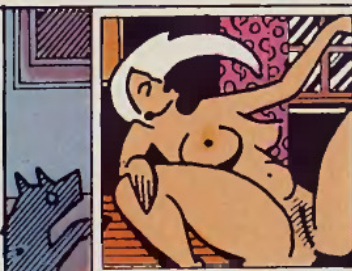
TH' HOSS SAID,
"NEIGH!", REDSKIN! NOW
GIT YORE VENTILATED
ASS OUTA TOWN!

KEEMO
SABBEE
HE AIN'T!

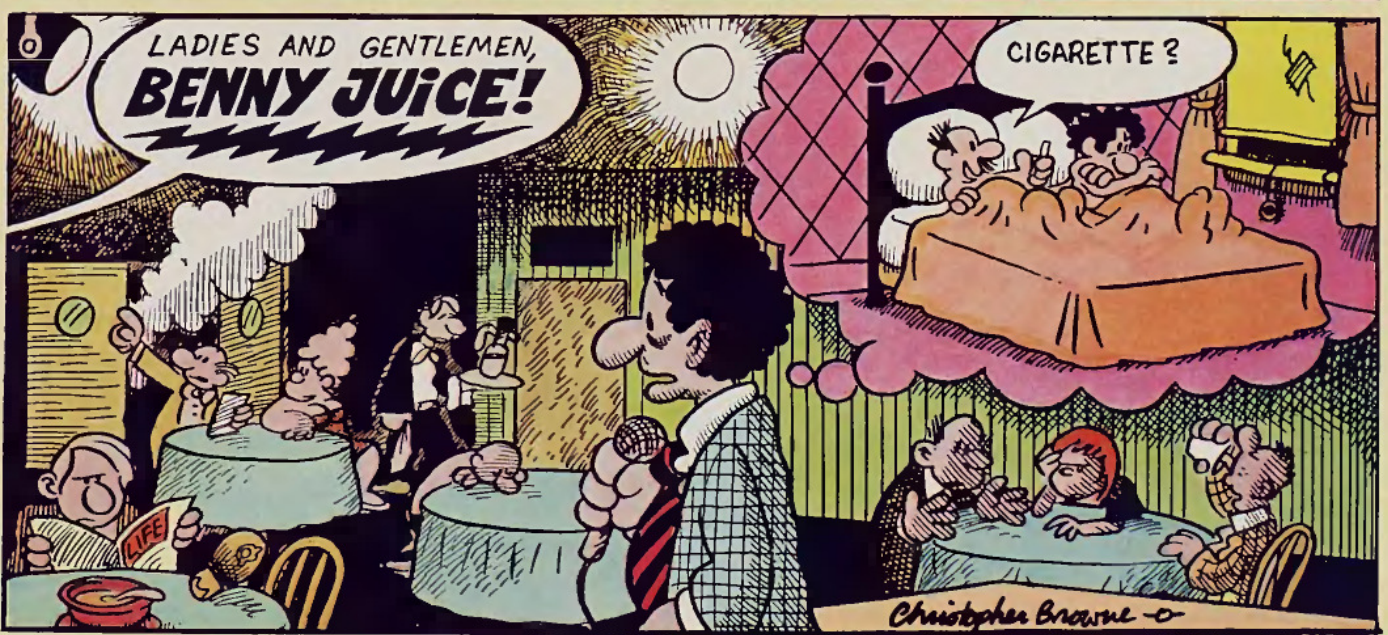


SHAGGY
DOG
STORY...
art Spiegelman

art spiegelman



BENNY JUICE



ROCHBERNY
RON MARTINEZ

ARIEL

INTERGALACTIC NYMPHET, WOMAN OF THE UNIVERSE, HOTTER THAN A COMET, BRIGHTER THAN A NOVA, IN SEARCH OF CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF ANY KIND....

ARIEL & MAX, HER ROBOT VALET, ARE CRUISING THE EXPANSES OF SPACE, CONSIDERING THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES, WHEN SUDDENLY....

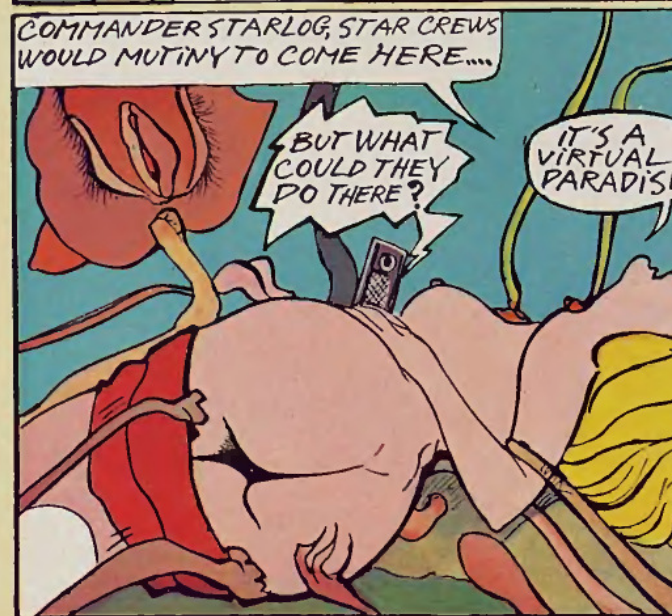
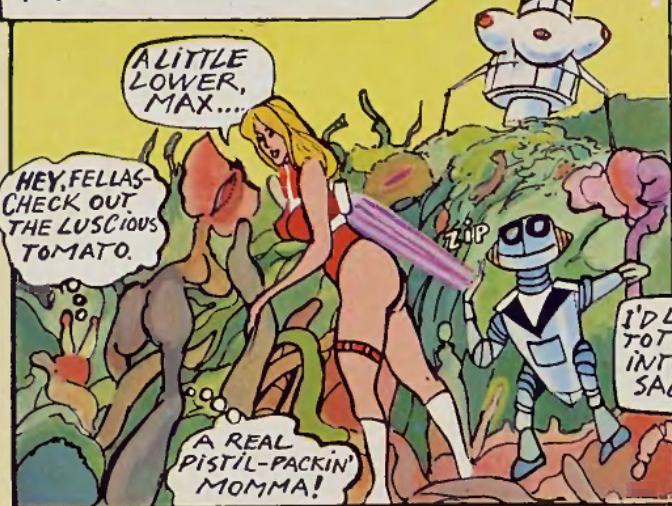
ARIEL! OUR STARSHIPS ARE DISAPPEARING NEAR THE PLANET ARBORON.

POOR COMMANDER STARLOG - HE'S SO EXCITABLE.

NOT TO WORRY, COMMANDER - WE HAVE THE SITUATION WELL IN HAND!



SHORTLY, ARIEL & MAX TOUCHDOWN ON THE PLANET ARBORON AND FIND IT UNINHABITED BY ANIMAL LIFE BUT TEEMING WITH HIGHLY DEVELOPED FLORA.



Child's Garden

(continued from page 241)

"Hubert is 14 and I'm six—two great bodies standing side by side, changing clothes."

would walk around with our stomachs breathing together. We played together and when old people went for our heads, we ducked, because we were kind of smooth dudes.

But we had one friend that we looked up to. His name was Hubert. Hubert was 14 years old and Hubert had a body with muscles and that was the thing we loved about Hubert. Hubert would play baseball with us, and take his shirt off because it was hot and he was sweating, and you could see muscles up in his breast. You could also see six stomach muscles sticking out.

Hubert was big and strong and Hubert had outlines of muscles. You could see all six of his stomach muscles and you could see his two breast muscles and that was really a strong look, 'cause all the strong men and Charles Atlas on the back of the comic book had them, too, and Hubert had 'em and his arms were big, but mostly he had 'em up in his chest and I'd look at that, 'cause Hubert was strong and he was my friend and he would protect me.

Me and Roland looked up to Hubert and one day Hubert decided that he was gonna take us swimming. We lived in

North Philadelphia and we had to go down to this place, Eighth and Green. It was a public swimming pool and at Eighth and Green you would swim by rounds. Boys could swim Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday and the girls could swim the other days; but we never knew why they had to swim, 'cause only three girls showed up for the whole thing, but 18,000 boys showed up Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. Hubert said he was going to take us swimming, so he went over and asked our parents and my parents said yes and Roland's parents said yes, and we were really tickled, man—Hubert was taking us swimming. My father gave me a pair of Navy swimming trunks, which were black and made out of real wool, and they held water real good. When we went in to change clothes, the cubicles held two people, so Roland had to change by himself and I was in there with Hubert.

Hubert is 14 and I'm six—two great bodies standing side by side, changing clothes, and I took off my shirt and Hubert took off his shirt. I took off my pants and I grabbed my black woolen trunks with my father's serial numbers stenciled on them and took the pin that my mother gave me to put in them so that they would stay up, and Hubert took off his pants and, of course, I was very interested, 'cause he was 14 and I wanted to look, you know, and I looked and Hubert had *hair*. I'm telling you, I was never so tickled. That was the funniest-looking thing I had ever seen, I mean hair, and I started to laugh, but I didn't want Hubert to know I was laughing at him, 'cause it was just funny-looking and on top of that, I became frustrated, because when you see something weird, you want to tell somebody and there was nobody else with us, so I went out around to where Roland was changing by himself. I said, "Roland, come look at Hubert."

And Roland said, "What's the matter?"

I said, "You come and see this. Go in and look. Just look—you'll see it."

And Roland went around and he came out laughing and said, "He got *hair*."

Well, maybe *we* would get some. But we didn't know how it was going to come. Was it a man who delivered it—you know, on the U.P.S. truck? You never see Santa Claus and you never see the tooth fairy. They come in the middle of the night when you're sleeping. So maybe there's a hair man who's going to come while you're sleeping and pull your pajamas off and just drop it on you.

But eventually it came and we found out how it was.



"A heart transplant isn't worth much if he doesn't look good—let's give him a hair transplant, too."

The \$260 Bloody Mary.

\$260? Ridiculous!

No, delicious. Because this connoisseur's recipe is not made with just any vodka.

But rather, with Polonaise Polish Vodka.

Ooops, we mean "Wodka."

Polonaise Wodka has an exquisite quality that retains its own personality even when blended.

And what a blend.

Quite honestly, this recipe does go to extremes.

Start with a good quality food processor or blender, which might well be expensive like the other ingredients in this recipe.

First, off to Spain for four Andalusian tomatoes. Purée until thick. Add a few whole green peppercorns and a wisp of telicherry. Now, on to China for Szechuan peppers. Careful, all you'll need are a few slivers. Next, to Japan for Rakkyo onion juice. Just a dash. Off to the West Indies for Tabasco peppers, marinated in Spanish wine sherry. England is next, for a few twists of coastal Malden salt. Then to France, for a garnish of Perigordine truffle shavings. Last stop, India, for a few strands of saffron.

Gently stir with a stick of scorzonera and top with a wedge of Keys lime.

And now, for the ingredient that makes all this effort worthwhile: two ounces of Polonaise Wodka. Polonaise is the original vodka, created over 500 years ago by master distillers in Poland. And their recipe hasn't changed since then.

Note: Should you be unable to obtain these ingredients, don't despair. Polonaise will make anyone's Bloody Mary the best.

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11th	Accommodations - PLAYBOY TOWERS HOTEL	\$ 37.00+ tax
11th	Dinner for 2 (James Russ, Client) at Les Oeufs Restaurant	\$ 15.90
12th	Continental Breakfast at the PLAYBOY TOWERS LOBBY	\$ 1.95
12th	Taxis (Merchandise Mart, Round Trip)	\$ 4.00
th	Lunch at the Supernosh Deli	\$ 2.66
	Shuttle Bus to O'Hare Airport	\$ 3.50
Congrats Joe: You're holding down costs! Ed		

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... with all these exciting activities and our Playboy Skistakes

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11:00 am Ski Race
2:00 pm Silly Slalom
6:00 pm Torchlight Parade
7:00 pm Ski Patrol Silly Slalom

SUNDAY, February 18

11:15 am Ski Exhibition by
The Ski Patrol and
Ski School
1:00 pm Demonstration
Exhibition Team

1:30 pm Free Style Contest

3:30 pm Pro-Am Challenge
Race

6:00 pm Torchlight Parade

Plus Clowns, a Costume Contest, and a Winter Carnival Queen Contest. And a chance to win super Skistakes prizes!

For reservations and information:
In Illinois call 800/972-6727. In the continental
USA (except Illinois) call 800/621-1116.

The **PLAYBOY** Resort & Country Club at
LAKE GENEVA 

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FIRST PRIZE (one awarded)

AMF, Head Division his and hers ski outfits, including parka, bib, turtle neck sweater, pair of Head Skis, and bindings by Tyrolia and Ski Boots by Raichle

Suggested retail price: \$1500.00

SECOND PRIZE

(five awarded)

One pair of Yahoo II skis by AMF Head Division and a pair of AMF Tyrolia 250 bindings.

Suggested retail price: \$265.00 (each prize)

THIRD PRIZE

AMF Whitely "Get Fit for Ski Package" containing: leather skip rope, deluxe exercise bicycle, chest pull, hand grips, ankle weights, exercise mats.



Suggested retail price: \$110.00



PLAYBOY'S "WINTER CARNIVAL SKISTAKES" OFFICIAL RULES

No Purchase Necessary.

1. A special drawing will be conducted to award all prizes on February 18th. To enter, fill out a form at Playboy's Winter Carnival on February 17th, or simply fill out a 3 x 5 postcard with your name, address, phone number and send to:

SKISTAKES

Playboy Resort and Country Club at
Lake Geneva

Lake Geneva, Wisconsin 53147

ATTENTION: Ski Director

Entries must be received no later than midnight, February 17, 1979. The drawing will be held on the grounds of the Playboy Resort and Country Club in Lake Geneva, Wisconsin. You need not be present to win.

2. Random drawings are under the supervision of an independent judge, whose decisions are final.

3. Tax on prizes is the sole responsibility of the winner.

4. Skistakes open to residents of the United States who are 18 years of age or older. Employees of Playboy, its agencies, affiliates and their respective families are not eligible. Skistakes offer in the U.S. is subject to all Federal, state and local laws and regulations. Entry constitutes permission to Playboy for use of winner's name and photography, without any further compensation to the winner.

5. AMF reserves the right to discontinue or change specifications or designs at any time without incurring any obligations, and will replace with a substitute of at least equal value.

SKISTAKES

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"Without poets, philosophers or even smart political observers, the cosmic question goes abegging."

ion-drive craft. It will head out beyond the orbit of Mars, turn tail and play catch-up with Tempel II in 1988. The two will head together for the sun—and for six months, we will listen in on their conversation. The ion-drive craft may be captured by the comet, or it may wander off on a solo journey. It depends on the courtship of gravity.

Then again, perhaps we can hurl these robot devices in such a way as to track the Tempel II comet on its entire circumnavigation of our solar system. Playing dead for a good part of the journey, our sensing machines could be programmed to reactivate in what might be called Project Lazarus. In the far mortuary reaches of space, we could call them awake so as to test the vision of Jupiter's giant red eye, or shake the frost from Pluto's back porch.

Think then when these long-distance runners return to speak in tongues late in the 21st Century to tell us of far attic places where we as living flesh cannot follow. Someday, yes, our flesh will land-fall Pluto and beyond. But for now, our riddle-solving electric children must roam the vast star meadows to graph the heart-beat of Halley's cosmic beast.

What's holding up this grand cosmic parade?

As in the past, cash in the box.

With a military budget sucking 129 billion dollars away from cities, away from schools, away from hospitals, that inevitably means away from space, time, comets and our possible future survival.

Plus, we have been in a down cycle from overexposure to moon landings, astronauts and the thousands of hours TV networks poured on us, ladling out multitudinous facts but little insight. We have had our feet and minds, as I have often observed, encased in Cronkite. Without poets, philosophers or even smart political observers such as Eric Sevareid, the cosmic question goes abegging year on year.

Meanwhile, because we are so busy building arms to sell to Arabs to scare the Israelites and selling yet further arms to scared Jews to rescue Saudi Arabia and friends, we have no time to stand and stare. We opt out of being philosophers. To think would seem to be the worst thing we might accuse ourselves of. To think *imaginatively* is beyond comment. Dreamers, we snort, stand aside! Reality is the only tonic. Facts are the only medicine. Yet we are full of facts, we burst with data and are not made well. Our spirit flags on the pole.

Can Halley's comet play doctor to our

souls? Can the ion-drive craft we build lift our blood and make us truly care about not just mere existence now but futures yet unplumbed?

Why bother? a voice cries from the balcony. Who cares? What's all the fuss and star feathers about?

Very simply: We march back to Olympus.

How's that again?

Well, now, we Earth people are great ones, aren't we, for picking ourselves up by the scruff and heaving ourselves out of the Garden or off the holy Mount? We shake ourselves together some facts and add them up to doom, don't we?

Consider: Two thousand years ago, everything was all right with man's universe. We inhabited a planet around which the sun moved as if we were central to its existence. The stars did the

same. We were God's navel and everyone found us good to look upon.

Then along came various theologians and astronomers and, next thing we know, we're evicted, both from Eden and from Mount Olympus. We found ourselves out in the rain with a bunch of demoted Apollos, Aphrodites, Zeuses and Titans. It would take a few thousand years before we got around to naming some rockets for the lost gods.

Meanwhile, the astronomers told us that we were not central to anything. We were, in fact, inhabitants of a rather smallish rabbit pellet whirling about a minor sun in the subbasement of a galaxy that did not much care whether we came or went, lived or died, suffered or survived.

The knock on the head that this seeming fact gave us unsettled our egos for quite a few hundred years.

If Copernicus and Galileo and Kepler told us these things, they must be right. If Darwin added that we were merely a bright chimpanzee wheeling a Maserati or a Pinto along time's highway, well, then, why bother to get out of bed in the morning?



"It's Harrison, from store security . . . I . . . I think you know why I'm here. . . ."



JACK NEWTON DANIEL made whiskey in 1866 by a method called charcoal leaching. We say charcoal mellowing today.

Whatever you call it, you start with hard maple from the Tennessee uplands and burn it to char. You grind this charcoal to the size of small peas and tamp it tight in vats. Then you trickle whiskey down through the vats to mellow its taste. Around 1945 we changed the name of this method from *leaching* to *mellowing*. It seemed a better way of describing it. But that's the only part of Mr. Jack's process that needed improving.



CHARCOAL
MELLOWED



DROP



BY DROP

But we have got out of bed, and we have gone to the moon, and then we have reached up and fingerprinted Mars. And to those who look at data and say: Mars is empty, there is no life there, we shout: There is life on Mars, and it is us.

We are the Martians.

We give ourselves a gift of us.

We move into the universe. We name ourselves, along with our rockets, after old deities. We make ourselves central to existence, knowing not how far we must travel before we meet other mirrors of God staring back into His vast gaze.

For, you see, while facts are important, interpretation of facts is the final builder or destroyer of man and his dream. If we choose to find ourselves minor, or of no worth, the dust will burn and hide our bones. But if we choose to step back into the Garden, devour the apple, throw the snake out into the ditch and survive forever out beyond the Coalsack nebulae, the choice is ours. We will build Olympus and put on our crowns once more.

That is what our encounter with Halley's comet is all about.

So there you have it: 1986 coming on fast. Here comes our chance to reach up. We would gently touch the passing face of that cold creature, the looming features of that strange matter and force on its blind way round the cosmos. We would do so with that puzzled, infinite curiosity that is the beginning of love.

Do we miss this chance? Do we let time and space churn by without hastening to leap aboard? Do we keep our giant man-made pterodactyl home and lock our best dreams with it, in a box?

I think not. For some century soon, we will be falling out there ourselves. Our dear flesh will outpace that lovely comet.

Meanwhile, our fabulous machines must go for us, do for us and come back smoking a pipe filled with incredible data, to tamp Mark Twain observations in our ears to lean us toward survival.

If our mind flies now, our machines fly later, and our souls fly to follow both in 21st Century Salvation Armies of space. And the higher we fly, the more 1984 will recede like a failed threat, an evil promise disconnected, a hell boarded over, a death done in and buried by life.

We will write a better book then. Its title will be 1986 and its hero will be the Great White Comet and Huck Finn's father's kite will lay itself out on the solar winds to welcome it.

As for the comet, it will arrive like doom.

But it will go back out around with annunciations.

What will it announce?

Ourselves, of course, birthing ourselves back into the lap of God.

Telling Him that soon, soon, oh, very soon, we will drop in for a visit. . . .

And stay for ten billion years.



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people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement



RUN FOR THE MONEY

It's rumored that more people are into jogging than are into sex these days. If that's the case, all you horny runners will wish to sign aboard an organized Alpine/Bavarian or British Isles road-running adventure that World Athletic Tours, 315 W. Gorham Street, Madison, Wisconsin 53703, is offering for about \$750 and up this summer. Make no mistake, these junkets are for *runners*. You can compete in an Octoberfest Marathon or the London-to-Brighton 52-miler. Meet you at the finish line.



DOGGY DON'T

The Romans had words for it: *excrementum Canis*. But the stuff by any name is a problem that's here to stay, and even stiff cleanup fines haven't completely raised canine owners' consciousness. If you'd like to post a reminder to dog walkers not to leave their pets' deposits behind, Creative Designs, 237 Washington Street, Marblehead, Massachusetts 01945, is selling this 12" x 12" aluminum sign for \$6.95, postpaid. That's cheaper than buying a gun.

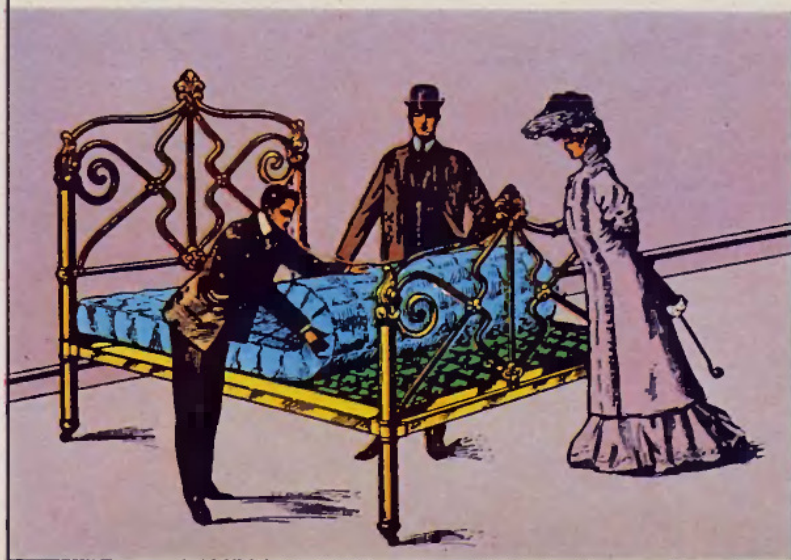
WE CAN SEE IT CLEARLY NOW....

Some months ago, we featured a pair of jeans that had transparent-plastic hip pockets. Well, buddy, you ain't seen nothing yet. For the girl who has everything—and wants to prove it—La Parisienne, 416 West Eighth Street, Los Angeles, California 90014, is selling see-through plastic jeans for \$35, postpaid, that come in three revealing shades: clear, red and the ever-popular yellow. Waist sizes are from 26" to 32" (if you're bigger than that, your jeans should be opaque) and lengths are all extra-long for rolling or trimming. To top the pants off, La Parisienne also offers a clear-plastic vest for \$20, postpaid, in small, medium and large sizes (same shades). Of course, you don't have to go bare under your plastic threads to attract attention, but what the hell. When you've got it, flaunt it!

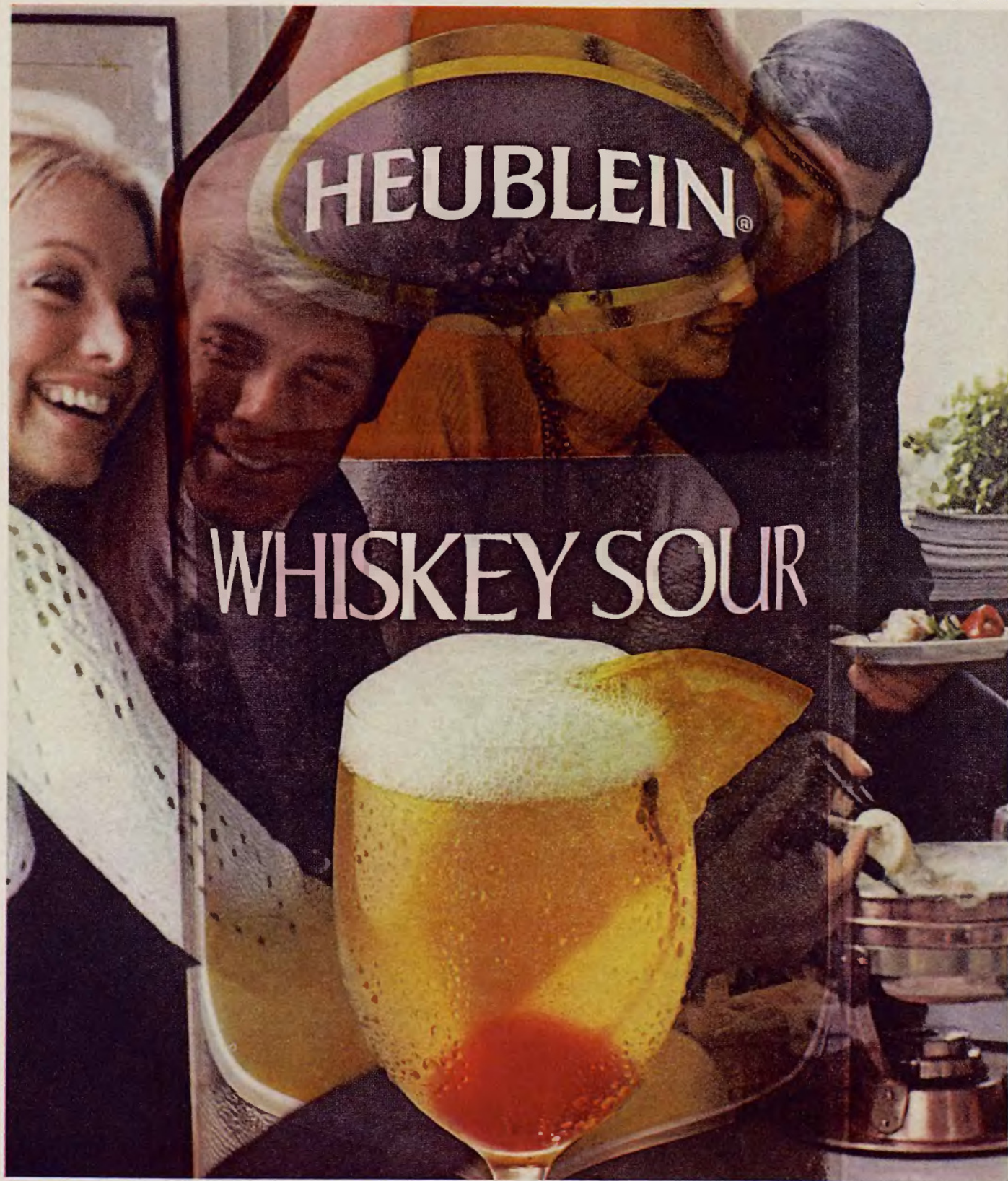


TURNING INTO MR. HIDE

Everybody's got goodies to hide, either in his pad or on his person. But most people don't think beyond the ball pocket in a golf bag or the lining of a hat when selecting the spot they think is perfect for squirreling away something valuable. If you'd like to learn more about the art of hiding—*really* hiding—the things you treasure most, send \$5.95 to And/Or Press, Box 2246, Berkeley, California 94702, for a softcover copy of *The Stash Book*, by Peter Hjersman. Now, if we can only remember where the hell we stashed that book. . .



**THE SOCIABLE SOUR:
TART, TASTY, AND FILLED
WITH MEMORIES OF
GOOD TIMES WITH GOOD FRIENDS.**



TRY IT...ALL THE LIQUOR'S IN IT.THE HEUBLEIN WHISKEY SOUR.

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"The dream could become reality . . . and the economics of space transportation would be transformed."

asteroids, we see the beginnings of true interplanetary commerce. Though it took a little longer than the optimists predicted, it is now obvious that the conquest of the air was, indeed, a modest prelude to the conquest of space. . . .

"But now we are faced with a fundamental problem—an obstacle that stands in the way of all future progress. Although generations of research have made the rocket the most reliable form of propulsion ever invented—"

("Has he considered bicycles?" muttered Sarah.)

"Space vehicles are still grossly inefficient. Even worse, their effect on the environment is appalling. Despite all attempts to control approach corridors, the noise of take-off and re-entry disturbs millions of people.

"Yet if we project traffic growth to the end of the century, we find that Earth-to-orbit tonnage must be increased almost fifty percent. This cannot be achieved without intolerable costs to our way of life.

"What is the alternative? For centuries, men have dreamed of antigravity or of 'space drives.' No one has ever found the slightest hint that such things are possible; today we believe that they are only fantasy.

"And yet, in the very decade that the first satellite was launched, one daring Russian engineer conceived a system that would make the rocket obsolete. It was years before anyone took Yuri Artsutanov seriously. It has taken two centuries for our technology to match his vision.

"Go out of doors any clear night and you will see that commonplace wonder of our age—the stars that never rise nor set but are fixed motionless in the sky. We—and our parents, and their parents—have long taken for granted the synchronous satellites and space stations, which move above the equator at the same speed as the turning Earth, and so hang forever above the same spot.

"The question Artsutanov asked himself had the childlike brilliance of true genius. A merely clever man could never have thought of it—or would have dismissed it instantly as absurd. . . .

"If the laws of celestial mechanics make it possible for an object to stay fixed in the sky, might it not be possible to lower a cable down to the surface—and so to establish an elevator system linking Earth to space?

"There was nothing wrong with the theory, but the practical problems were enormous. Calculations showed that no

existing materials would be strong enough; the finest steel would snap under its own weight long before it could span the thirty-six thousand kilometers between Earth and synchronous orbit.

"However, even the best steels were nowhere near the theoretical limits of strength. On a microscopic scale, materials had been created in the laboratory with far greater breaking strength. If they could be mass-produced, Artsutanov's dream could become reality . . . and the economics of space transportation would be utterly transformed.

"Before the end of the Twentieth Century, superstrength materials—hyperfilaments—had begun to emerge from the laboratory. But they were extremely expensive, costing many times their weight in gold. Millions of tons would be needed to build a system that could carry all Earth's outbound traffic; so the dream remained a dream.

"Until a few months ago. Now the deep-space factories can manufacture

virtually unlimited quantities of hyperfilament. At last we can build the Space Elevator—or the Orbital Tower, as I prefer to call it. For, in a sense, it is a tower, rising clear through the atmosphere and far, far beyond. . . ."

Morgan faded out, like a ghost that had been suddenly exorcised. He was replaced by a football-sized Earth, slowly revolving. Moving an arm's breadth above it, and keeping always poised above the same spot on the equator, a flashing star marked the location of a synchronous satellite.

From the star, two thin lines of light started to extend—one directly down toward the Earth, the other in exactly the opposite direction, out into space. . . .

"When you build a bridge," continued Morgan's disembodied voice, "you start from the two ends and meet at the middle. With the Orbital Tower, it's the other way around. You have to build upward and downward simultaneously from the synchronous satellite, according to a careful program—so the whole structure is always balanced in orbit.

"The total height must be at least forty thousand kilometers—but the lowest hundred, going down through the atmosphere, may be the most critical part, for then the tower may be subject to hurricanes. It won't be stable until



"Naughty girl! . . . Have you been peeking?"

it's securely anchored to the ground.

"And then, for the first time in history, we will have a stairway to heaven—a bridge to the stars. A simple elevator system, driven by cheap electricity, will replace the noisy and expensive rocket. This is one possible design."

The image of the turning Earth vanished as the camera swooped toward the tower and passed through the walls to reveal the structure's cross section.

"You'll see that it consists of four identical tubes," continued Morgan's voice, "two for up traffic, two for down, so that all services are duplicated. Think of it as a four-track vertical subway, from Earth to synchronous orbit—and beyond.

"And there's virtually no limit to the traffic it could handle, for additional tubes could be added as desired. If the time ever comes when a million people a day wish to visit Earth—or to leave it—the Orbital Tower could cope with them. After all, the subways of our great cities once did as much—"

Rajasinghe touched a button, silencing Morgan in midsentence. "The rest is rather technical—he goes on to explain how the tower can act as a cosmic sling and send pay loads whipping off to the Moon and planets without the use of any rocket power at all. But I think you've seen enough to get the idea."

"My mind is suitably boggled," said Professor Sarath. "But what on Earth—or off it—has all this to do with me? Or with you, for that matter?"

"Everything in due time, Paul. Any comments, Maxine?"

"Perhaps I may yet forgive you; this could be one of the stories of the decade—or the century. But why the hurry—not to mention the secrecy?"

"There's a lot going on that I don't understand, which is where you can help me. I suspect that Morgan's fighting a battle on several fronts; he's planning an announcement in the very near future but doesn't want to act until he's quite sure of his ground. He gave me that presentation on the understanding that it wouldn't be sent over public circuits. That's why I had to ask you here."

"Does he know about this meeting?"

"Of course; indeed, he was quite happy when I said I wanted to talk to you, Maxine. Obviously, he trusts you and would like you as an ally. And as for you, Paul, I assured him that you could keep a secret for up to six days without apoplexy."

"Only if there's a very good reason for it."

"I begin to see light," said Maxine Duval. "Several things have been puzzling me, and now they're starting to make sense. First of all, this is a space project; Morgan is chief engineer, land."

"So?"

"You should ask, Johan! Think of the bureaucratic infighting, when the rocket designers and the aerospace industry get to hear about this! Trillion-dollar empires will be at stake, just to start with. If he's not very careful, Morgan will be told, 'Thank you very much—now we'll take over. Nice knowing you.'"

"I can appreciate that, but he has a

very good case. After all, the Orbital Tower is a building—not a vehicle."

"Not when the lawyers get hold of it, it won't be. There aren't many buildings whose upper floors are moving at three kilometers a second, or whatever it is, faster than the basement."

"You may have a point. Incidentally, when I showed signs of vertigo at the idea of a tower going a good part of the way to the Moon, Dr. Morgan said, 'Then don't think of it as a tower going up—think of it as a bridge going out.' I'm still trying, without much success."

"Morgan's come up against an obstacle he doesn't know how to handle. He discovered it only a few days ago, and it's stopped him dead in his tracks."

"Let me go on guessing," said Maxine. "It's good practice—helps me keep ahead of the pack. I can see why he's here. The Earth end of the system has to be on the equator; otherwise, it can't be vertical. It would be like that tower they used to have in Pisa, before it fell over."

"I don't see . . ." said Professor Sarath, waving his arms vaguely up and down. "Oh, of course. . . ." His voice trailed away into a thoughtful silence.

"Now," continued Maxine, "there are only a limited number of possible sites on the equator—it's mostly ocean, isn't it?—and Taprobane's obviously one of them. Though I don't see what particular advantages it has over Africa or South America. Or is Morgan covering all his bets?"

"As usual, my dear Maxine, your powers of deduction are phenomenal. Though Morgan's done his best to explain the problem to me, I don't pretend to understand the scientific details."

"Anyway, it turns out that Africa and South America are *not* suitable for the Space Elevator. It's something to do with unstable points in the Earth's gravitational field. Only Taprobane will do—worse still, only one spot in Taprobane. And that, Paul, is where you come into the picture."

"Mamada?" yelped Professor Sarath, indignantly reverting to Taprobani in his surprise.

"Yes, you. To his great annoyance, Dr. Morgan has just discovered that the one site he *must* have is already occupied—to put it mildly. He wants my advice on dislodging your friend Buddy."

Now it was Maxine's turn to be baffled. "Who?" she queried. Sarath answered at once.

"The Venerable Anandatissa Bodhidharma Mahanayake Thero, incumbent of the Sri Kanda temple," he intoned, almost as if chanting a litany. "So that's what it's all about."

There was silence for a moment; then a look of pure mischievous delight appeared on the face of Paul Sarath, emeritus professor of archaeology of the University of Taprobane.

"I've always wanted," he said dreamily,



"The lady at the employment office said the only prerequisite was the ability to fly."



*The DGC-20

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SHADOW AT DAWN

Morgan had left his hotel in Ranapura at four A.M. on a clear, moonless night. He was not too happy about the choice of time, but Professor Sarath, who had made all the arrangements, had promised him that it would be well worth while. "You won't understand anything about Sri Kanda," he had said, "unless you have watched the dawn from the summit."

Sri Kanda itself was still completely invisible in a darkness that as yet bore no hint of the approaching dawn. Its presence was revealed by a thin ribbon of light, zigzagging back and forth under the stars, hanging as if by magic in the sky. Morgan knew that he was merely seeing the lamps set 200 years ago to guide pilgrims as they ascended the longest stairway in the world, but in its defiance of logic and gravity, it appeared almost a prevision of his own dream. Ages before he was born, inspired by philosophies he could barely imagine, men had begun the work he hoped to finish. They had, quite literally, built the first crude steps on a road to the stars.

No longer feeling drowsy, Morgan watched as the band of light grew closer and resolved itself into a necklace of innumerable twinkling beads. Now the mountain was becoming visible, as a black triangle eclipsing half the sky. There was something sinister about its silent, brooding presence; Morgan could almost imagine that it was, indeed, the abode of gods who knew of his mission and were gathering their strength against him.

These ominous thoughts were entirely forgotten when they arrived at the cable-car terminus and Morgan discovered to his surprise—it was still only five A.M.—that at least 100 people were milling around in the little waiting room. He purchased his ticket, did a quick calculation and estimated that he would be in the third or fourth load of passengers. He was glad that he had taken Sarath's advice and slipped a thermocloak into his pocket; at a mere two-kilometer altitude, it was already quite cold. At the summit, three kilometers higher still, it must be freezing.

At last, Morgan got a seat in the car, and with a considerable creaking of cables, they were on their way. Once again, he felt that eerie sense of anticipation. The elevator he was planning would hoist loads more than 10,000 times as high as this primitive system, which probably dated right back to the 20th Century. And yet, when all was said and done, its basic principles were very much the same.

Outside the swaying car was total

darkness, except when a section of the illuminated stairway came into view. It was completely deserted, as if the countless millions who had toiled up the mountain during the past 3000 years had left no successor. But then Morgan realized that those making the ascent on foot would already be far above on their appointment with the dawn; they would have left the lower slopes of the mountain hours ago.

As they began the final ascent, there came the first intimation of the approaching day. The eastern stars still shone with undiminished glory—Venus most brilliantly of all—but a few thin, high clouds began to glow faintly with the coming dawn. Morgan looked anxiously at his watch and wondered if he would be in time. He was relieved to see that daybreak was still 30 minutes away.

One of the passengers suddenly pointed to the immense stairway, sections of which were occasionally visible beneath them as it zigzagged back and forth up the mountain's now rapidly steepening slopes. It was no longer deserted; moving with dreamlike slowness, dozens of men and women were toiling painfully up the endless steps. Every minute, more and more came into view; how long, Morgan wondered, had they been climbing?

A moment later, he saw the first monk—a tall, saffron-robed figure moving with a gait of metronomelike regularity, looking neither to the right nor to the left, and completely ignoring the car floating above his head. He also appeared capable of ignoring the elements, for his right arm and shoulder were bare to the freezing wind.

The cable car was slowing down as it approached the terminus; presently, it made a brief halt, disgorged its numbed passengers and set off again on its long descent. Morgan joined the crowd of 200 or 300 people huddling in a small amphitheater cut in the western face of the mountain. They were all staring out into the darkness, though there was nothing to see but the ribbon of light winding down into the abyss.

Morgan looked again at his watch; ten minutes to go. He had never been among so many silent people; camera-toting tourists and devout pilgrims were united now in the same hope. The weather was perfect; soon they would know if they had made this journey in vain.

There came a delicate tinkling of bells from the temple, still invisible in the darkness 100 meters above their heads; and at the same instant, all the lights along that unbelievable stairway were extinguished.

Now they could see, both to the north and to the south, that the first faint gleam of day lay on the clouds far below; but directly to the west, the dawn was still held back by the immense bulk of the mountain.

Second by second, the light was grow-

ing on either side of Sri Kanda, as the sun outflanked the last strongholds of the night. Then there came a low murmur of awe from the patiently waiting crowd.

One moment there was nothing. Then it was *there*, stretching half the width of Taprobane—a perfectly symmetrical, sharp-edged triangle of deepest blue. The mountain had not forgotten its worshippers; there lay its famous shadow across the sea of clouds, a symbol for each pilgrim to interpret as he pleased.

It seemed almost solid in its rectilinear perfection, like some overturned pyramid rather than a mere phantom of light and shade. As the brightness grew around it, and the first direct rays of the sun struck past the flanks of the mountain, it appeared by contrast to grow even darker and denser; yet through the thin veil of clouds responsible for its brief existence, Morgan could dimly discern the lakes and hills and forests of the awakening land.

The apex of that misty triangle must be racing toward him at enormous speed, as the sun rose vertically behind the mountain, yet Morgan was conscious of no movement. Time seemed to have been suspended; this was one of the rare moments of his life when he gave no thought to the passing minutes. The shadow of eternity lay upon his soul, as did that of the mountain upon the clouds.

Now it was fading swiftly, the darkness draining from the sky like a stain dispersing in water. The ghostly, glimmering landscape below was hardening into reality; halfway to the horizon, there was an explosion of light as the sun's rays struck upon some building's eastern windows. And even beyond that—unless his eyes had tricked him—Morgan could make out the faint, dark band of the encircling sea.

Another day had come to Taprobane.

Morgan continued upward, followed by many curious glances, along the short flight of steps that led to the monastery and to the very summit of the mountain. By the time he had reached the smoothly plastered outer wall—now beginning to glow softly in the first direct rays of the sun—he was very short of breath and was glad to lean for a moment against the massive wooden door.

Someone must have been watching; before he could find a bell push or signal his presence in any way, the door swung silently open and he was welcomed by a yellow-robed monk, who saluted him with clasped hands.

"*Ayu bowan*, Dr. Morgan. The Mahanayake Thero will be glad to see you."

BODHIDHARMA

As the massive door, carved with intricate lotus patterns, clicked softly shut behind him, Morgan felt that he had entered another world. This was by no means the first time he had been on

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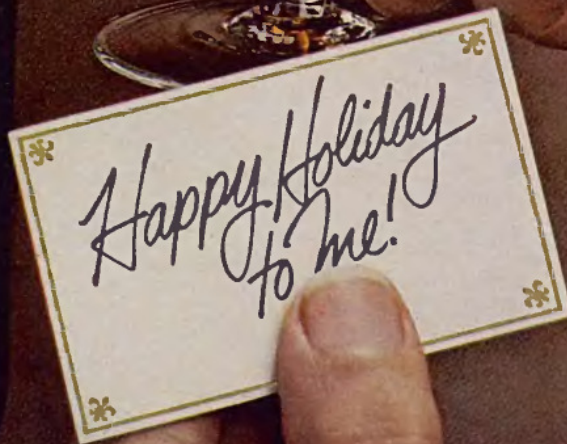
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ground once sacred to some great religion; he had seen Notre Dame, Saint Sophia, Stonehenge, the Parthenon, Karnak, Saint Paul's, and at least a dozen other major temples and mosques. But he had viewed them all as frozen relics of the past—splendid examples of art or engineering, but with no relevance to the modern mind. The faiths that had created and sustained them had all passed into oblivion, though some had survived until well into the 22nd Century.

But here, it seemed, time had stood still. The hurricanes of history had blown past this lonely citadel of faith, leaving it unshaken. As they had done for 3000 years, the monks still prayed, and meditated, and watched the dawn.

During his walk across the worn flagstones of the courtyard, polished smooth by the feet of innumerable pilgrims, Morgan experienced a sudden and wholly uncharacteristic indecision. In the name of progress, he was attempting to destroy something ancient and noble, something that he would never fully understand.

They were walking past a huge boulder, up which a short flight of steps led to a gilded pavilion. This, Morgan realized, was the summit of the mountain.

He was led along a short cloister that ended at an open door. The monk knocked but did not wait for any response as he waved the visitor to enter.

Morgan had half expected to find the Mahanayake Thero sitting cross-legged on a mat, probably surrounded by incense and chanting acolytes. There was, indeed, just a hint of incense in the chill air, but the Chief Incumbent of the Sri Kanda vihara sat behind a perfectly ordinary office desk, equipped with standard display and memory units. The only unusual item in the room was the large head of the Buddha on a plinth in one corner. Morgan could not tell whether it was real or merely a projection.

Despite his conventional setting, there was little likelihood that the head of the monastery would be mistaken for any other type of executive. Quite apart from the inevitable yellow robe, the Mahanayake Thero had two other characteristics that, in this age, were very rare, indeed. He was completely bald; and he was wearing spectacles.

Both, Morgan assumed, were by deliberate choice. Since baldness could be so easily cured, that shining ivory dome must have been shaved or depilated. And he could not remember when he had last seen spectacles, except in historical recordings or dramas.

The combination was fascinating, and disconcerting. Morgan found it virtually impossible to guess the Mahanayake Thero's age; it could be anything from a mature 40 to a well-preserved 80. And those lenses, transparent though they were, somehow concealed the thoughts and emotions behind them.

"Ayu bowan, Dr. Morgan," said the

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prelate, gesturing his visitor to the only empty chair. "This is my secretary, the Venerable Parakarma. I trust you won't mind if he makes notes."

"Of course not," said Morgan, inclining his head toward the remaining occupant of the small room. He noticed that the younger monk had flowing hair and an impressive beard; presumably, shaven pates were optional.

"So, Dr. Morgan," the Mahanayake Thero said, "you want our mountain."

"I'm afraid so, your—er—Reverence. Part of it, at any rate."

"Out of *all* the world—these few hectares?"

"The choice is not ours, but nature's. The Earth terminus has to be on the minor elliptical axis of the equator, and at the greatest possible altitude, to minimize wind forces."

"There are higher equatorial mountains in Africa and South America."

Here we go again, Morgan groaned silently. Bitter experience had shown him that it was almost impossible to make laymen, however intelligent and interested, appreciate this problem, and he anticipated even less success with these monks. If only the Earth were a nice, symmetrical body, with no dents and bumps in its gravitational field...

"Believe me," he said fervently, "we've looked at all the alternatives. Cotopaxi and Mount Kenya—and even Kilimanjaro, though that's three degrees south—would be fine except for one fatal flaw. When a satellite is established in the stationary orbit, it won't stay *exactly* over the same spot. Because of gravitational irregularities, which I won't go into, it will slowly drift along the equator. So all our synchronous satellites and space stations have to burn propellant to keep them on station; luckily, the amount involved is quite small.

"But you can't keep nudging millions of tons—especially when it's in the form of slender rod tens of thousands of kilometers long—back into position. And there's no need to. Fortunately for us—"

"Not for *us*," interjected the Mahanayake Thero, almost throwing Morgan off his stride.

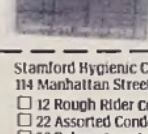
"There are two stable points on the synchronous orbit. A satellite placed at them will *stay* there—it won't drift away. Asymmetries in the gravitational field and the effects of the sun and moon will cause minor wandering, but this is easily corrected. The satellite will be as stable as if it were stuck at the bottom of an invisible valley..."

"One of those points is out over the Pacific, so it's no use to us. The other is directly above our heads."

"Surely, a few kilometers would make no difference. There are other mountains in Taprobane."

"None more than half the height of Sri Kanda—which brings us down to

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the level of critical wind forces. High-altitude jet streams are no problem, due to the design of the structure. But at ground-terminus level. . .

"True, there are not many hurricanes exactly on the equator. But there are enough to endanger the structure, at its very weakest point."

"We can control the winds."

It was the first contribution the young secretary had made to the discussion, and Morgan looked at him with interest.

"To some extent, yes. Naturally, I have discussed this point with Monsoon Control. They say that absolute certainty is out of the question—especially with hurricanes. The best odds they will give me are fifty to one. That's not good enough for a trillion-dollar project."

The Venerable Parakarma seemed inclined to argue. "There is an almost forgotten branch of mathematics called Catastrophe Theory, which could make meteorology a really precise science. I am confident that—"

"I should explain," the Mahanayake Thero interjected blandly, "that my colleague was once rather celebrated for his astronomical work. I imagine you have heard of Dr. Choam Goldberg."

Morgan felt that a trap door had been suddenly opened beneath him. He should have been warned! Then he re-

called that Professor Sarath had, indeed, told him, with a twinkle in his eye, that he should "watch out for Buddy's private secretary—he's a very smart character."

Morgan wondered if his cheeks were burning, as the Venerable Parakarma, alias Dr. Choam Goldberg, looked back at him with a distinctly unfriendly expression. So he had been trying to explain orbital instabilities to these innocent monks; the Mahanayake Thero had probably received much better briefing on the subject than he had done.

PARAKARMA

As he quickly checked back on his conversation, Morgan decided that he had not made a fool of himself. Indeed, the Mahanayake Thero might have lost a tactical advantage by revealing the identity of the Venerable Parakarma. Yet it was no particular secret; perhaps he thought that Morgan already knew.

"I thought you might like a souvenir of your visit," said the Mahanayake Thero.

As Morgan accepted the proffered sheet, he was surprised to see that it was archival-quality parchment, not the usual flimsy paper, destined to be thrown away after a few hours of use. He could not read a single word; except for an unobtrusive alphanumeric reference in the

bottom-left-hand corner, it was all in the flowery curlicues that he could now recognize as Taprohani script.

"Thank you," he said, with as much irony as he could muster. "What is it?" He had a very good idea; legal documents had a close family resemblance, whatever their languages—or eras.

"A copy of the agreement between King Ravindra and the Maha Sangha, dated Vesak 854 A.D. of your calendar. It defines the ownership of the temple land—in perpetuity. The rights set out in this document were even recognized by the invaders."

"By the Caledonians and the Hollanders, I believe. But *not* by the Iberians."

If the Mahanayake Thero was surprised by the thoroughness of Morgan's briefing, not even the twitch of an eyebrow betrayed the fact.

"They were hardly respecters of law and order, particularly where other religions were concerned. I trust that their philosophy of might equals right does not appeal to you."

Morgan gave a somewhat forced smile. "It certainly does not," he answered. But where did one draw the line? he asked himself silently. When the overwhelming interests of great organizations were at stake, conventional morality often took second place. The best legal minds on Earth, human and electronic, would soon be focused upon this spot. If they could not find the right answers, a very unpleasant situation might develop—one that could make him a villain, not a hero.

"Since you have raised the subject of the 854 agreement, let me remind you that it refers only to the land *inside* the temple boundaries—which are clearly defined by the walls."

"Correct. But they enclose the entire summit."

"You have no control over the ground outside this area."

"We have the rights of any owner of property. If the neighbors create a nuisance, we have legal redress. This is not the first time the point has been raised."

"I know. In connection with the cable-car system."

A faint smile played over the Mahanayake Thero's lips. "You have done your homework," he commended. "Yes, we opposed it vigorously, for a number of reasons—though I admit that now it is here, we have often been very thankful for it." He paused thoughtfully, then added, "There have been some problems, but we have been able to coexist. Casual sightseers and tourists are content to stay on the lookout platform; *genuine* pilgrims, of course, we are always happy to welcome at the summit."

"Then perhaps some accommodation could be worked out in this case. A few hundred meters of altitude would make



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no difference to us. We could leave the summit untouched and carve out another plateau, like the cable-car terminus."

Morgan felt distinctly uncomfortable under the prolonged scrutiny of the two monks. He had little doubt that they recognized the absurdity of the suggestion, but he had to make it.

"You have a most peculiar sense of humor, Dr. Morgan," the Mahanayake Thero replied at last. "What would be left of the spirit of the mountain—of the solitude we have sought for three thousand years—if this monstrous device were erected here? Do you expect us to betray the faith of all the millions who have come to this sacred spot, often at the cost of their health—even their lives?"

"I sympathize with your feelings," Morgan answered. (But was he lying? he wondered.) "We would, of course, do our best to minimize any disturbance. All the support facilities will be buried inside the mountain. Only the elevator would emerge, and from any distance it would be invisible. The general aspect of the mountain would be unchanged. Even your famous shadow, which I have just admired, would be virtually unaffected."

The Mahanayake Thero turned to his colleague as if seeking confirmation. The Venerable Parakarma looked straight at Morgan and said, "What about noise?"

Damn, Morgan thought; my weakest point. The pay loads would emerge from the mountain at several hundred kilometers an hour—the more velocity they could be given by the ground-based system, the less the strain on the suspended tower. Of course, passengers couldn't take more than half a *g* or so, but the capsules would still pop out at a substantial fraction of the speed of sound.

"There will be some aerodynamic noise," Morgan admitted. "But nothing like that near a large airport."

"Very reassuring," said the Mahanayake Thero. Morgan was certain that he was being sarcastic yet could detect no trace of irony in his voice. He was either displaying an Olympian calm or testing his visitor's reactions. The younger monk, on the other hand, made no attempt to conceal his anger.

"For years," he said with indignation, "we have been protesting the disturbance caused by re-entering spacecraft. Now you want to generate shock waves in . . . in our back garden."

"Our operations will *not* be transonic, at this altitude," Morgan replied firmly. "And the tower structure will absorb most of the sound energy. In fact," he added, trying to press what he had suddenly seen as an advantage, "in the long run, we'll help eliminate re-entry booms. The mountain will actually be quieter."

"I understand. Instead of occasional concussions, we will have a steady roar."

I'm not getting anywhere with this character, thought Morgan; and I'd expected the Mahanayake Thero to be the

biggest obstacle. . . .

Sometimes, it was best to change the subject entirely. He decided to dip one cautious toe into the quaking quagmire of theology.

"Isn't there something appropriate," he said earnestly, "in what we are trying to do? Our purposes may be different, but the net results have much in common. What we hope to build is only an extension of your stairway. We're continuing it—all the way to heaven."

For a moment, the Venerable Parakarma seemed taken aback at such effrontery. Before he could recover, his superior answered smoothly: "An interesting concept—but our philosophy does not believe in heaven. Such salvation as may exist can be found only in *this* world, and I sometimes wonder at your anxiety to leave it.

"May I ask how successful you were with the Department of Parks and Forests?"

"They were extremely cooperative."

"I am not surprised; they are chronically underbudgeted, and any new source of revenue would be welcome.

The cable system was a financial windfall, and doubtless they hope your project will be an even bigger one."

"They will be right. And they have accepted the fact that it won't create any environmental hazards."

"Suppose it falls down?"

Morgan looked the venerable monk straight in the eye. "It won't," he said, with authority.

But he knew, and the implacable Parakarma must also know, that certainty was impossible in such matters.

Morgan had few nightmares, but that was one of them. Even at this moment, the computers at Terran Construction were trying to exorcise it.

But all the power in the universe could provide no protection against the problems he had *not* foreseen—the nightmares still unborn.

THE GOLDEN BUTTERFLIES

Despite the brilliant sunlight and the magnificent views that assailed him on every side, Morgan was fast asleep before the car had descended into the lowlands. Even the innumerable hairpin bends



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failed to keep him awake—but he was suddenly snapped back into consciousness when the brakes were slammed on and he was pitched forward against his seat belt.

For a moment of utter confusion, he thought that he must still be dreaming. The breeze blowing gently through the half-open windows was so warm and humid that it might have escaped from a Turkish bath; yet the car had apparently come to a halt in a blinding snowstorm.

Morgan blinked, screwed up his eyes and opened them to reality. This was the first time he had seen *golden snow*...

A dense swarm of butterflies was crossing the road, headed due east in a steady, purposeful migration. Some had been sucked into the car and fluttered around frantically until Morgan waved them out; many more had plastered themselves on the windscreen. With what were doubtless a few choice Taprobani expletives, the driver emerged and wiped the glass clear; by the time he had finished, the swarm had thinned out to a handful of isolated stragglers.

"Did they tell you about the legend?" he asked, glancing back at his passenger.

"No," said Morgan curtly. He was not at all interested, being anxious to resume his interrupted nap.

"The Golden Butterflies—they're the souls of Kalidasa's warriors, the army he lost at Yakkagala."

Morgan gave an unenthusiastic grunt, hoping that the driver would get the message; but he continued remorselessly.

"Every year, around this time, they head for the mountain, and they all die on its lower slopes. Sometimes you'll meet them halfway up the cable ride, but that's the highest they get. Which is lucky for the vihara."

"The vihara?" asked Morgan sleepily.

"The temple. If they ever reach it, Kalidasa will have conquered, and the bhikkus—the monks—will have to leave. That's the prophecy—it's carved on a stone slab in the Ranapura Museum. I can show it to you."

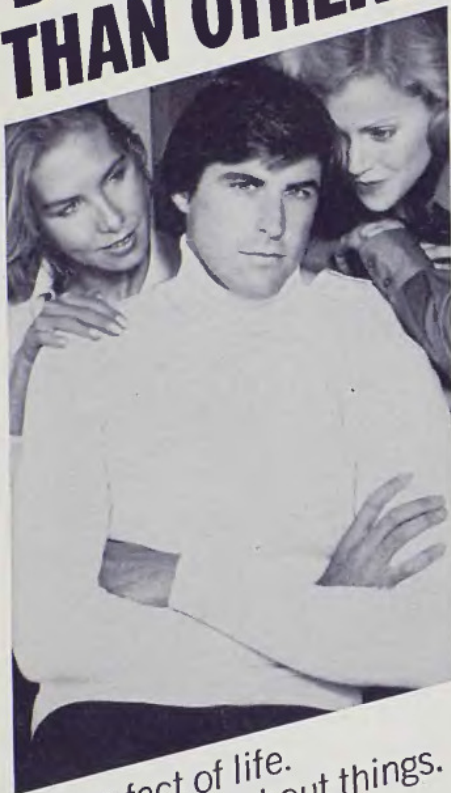
"Some other time," said Morgan hastily, as he settled back into the padded seat. But it was many kilometers before he could doze off again, for there was something haunting about the image that the driver had conjured up.

He would remember it often in the months ahead—when waking and in moments of stress or crisis. Once again, he would be immersed in that golden snowstorm, as the doomed millions spent their energies in a vain assault upon the mountain and all that it symbolized. Even now, at the beginning of his campaign, the image was too close for comfort.

The conclusion of this excerpt from Arthur C. Clarke's forthcoming novel "The Fountains of Paradise" will appear in our February issue.



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CHEERS

(continued from page 308)

"Dim the lights before igniting the Northern Lights punch and you'll have a mini aurora borealis."

Pour framboise, lime juice, sugar and bar foam into cocktail shaker with ice. Shake about double the usual time for proper dilution. Pour into prechilled whiskey-sour glass. Garnish with cocktail orange and raspberry.

June 1970

TAMARIND COOLER

1½ ozs. light-bodied rum
½ oz. 151-proof rum
4 ozs. chilled tamarind nectar
2 ozs. chilled mango nectar
1 oz. chilled fresh orange juice
1 oz. chilled pineapple juice

1 slice lemon
2 large sprigs mint

Nectars such as tamarind, mango, guava and guanábana are available in specialty food shops or in shops featuring Puerto Rican specialties.

Pour all ingredients except lemon slice and mint into tall 14-oz. glass with four or five ice cubes. Stir well. Add lemon slice and mint.

December 1970

IRISH APPLE BOWL

(Serves 24)

20 ozs. Irish whiskey
20 ozs. applejack

10 ozs. Rose's Lime Juice
4 limes, thinly sliced
2 large red Delicious apples
2 large bottles plus 1 pint ginger ale
All ingredients, including spirits, should be prechilled. Apples should be cored but not peeled and cut into ½-in. dice. Pour whiskey, applejack and lime juice over block of ice in punch bowl. Add lime slices and apples; stir well. Ripen mixture in refrigerator 1 hour. Pour ginger ale into bowl; stir lightly.

May 1972

GINGER BALL

This has the zip of ginger without the sweetness of ginger ale.

2 ozs. bourbon
1 nickel-sized slice fresh ginger root
Club soda, chilled

Pour bourbon over ice cubes in 8-oz. glass. Squeeze ginger root into glass, using scrubbed garlic press. Scrape bottom of press if ginger clings. Stir. Add soda; stir once.

December 1973

NORTHERN LIGHTS

(Serves 20)

(Dim the lights before igniting the punch and you'll have a mini aurora borealis.)

1 orange
1 lemon
⅓ cup sugar
1 cup water
3-in. cinnamon stick
1 bottle (fifth) port wine
1 bottle (fifth) full-bodied California red table wine

4 ozs. 151-proof Puerto Rican rum

Remove zest (outer rind) in spiral from orange and lemon and place in large enamel pan. Add sugar, water and cinnamon stick and bring to boil. Add wines and heat just to simmer. Taste for sweetness and add more sugar, if necessary. Pour hot wine into 2½-quart punch bowl. Warm rum by pouring into preheated measuring cup. Float rum on surface of punch by pouring slowly over back of large spoon. Ignite with long-stemmed match, then stand back and admire leaping blue lights. Ladle flaming punch into small punch cups.

June 1974

HURRICANE

1½ ozs. light rum
1 oz. applejack or calvados
1 oz. triple sec
4 ozs. guayaba (guava) nectar
1 oz. lime juice
Cherry, ½ orange slice and length of sugar cane for garnish

Vigorously shake all ingredients except garnishes with cracked ice. Strain over fresh ice cubes in tall glass. Garnish



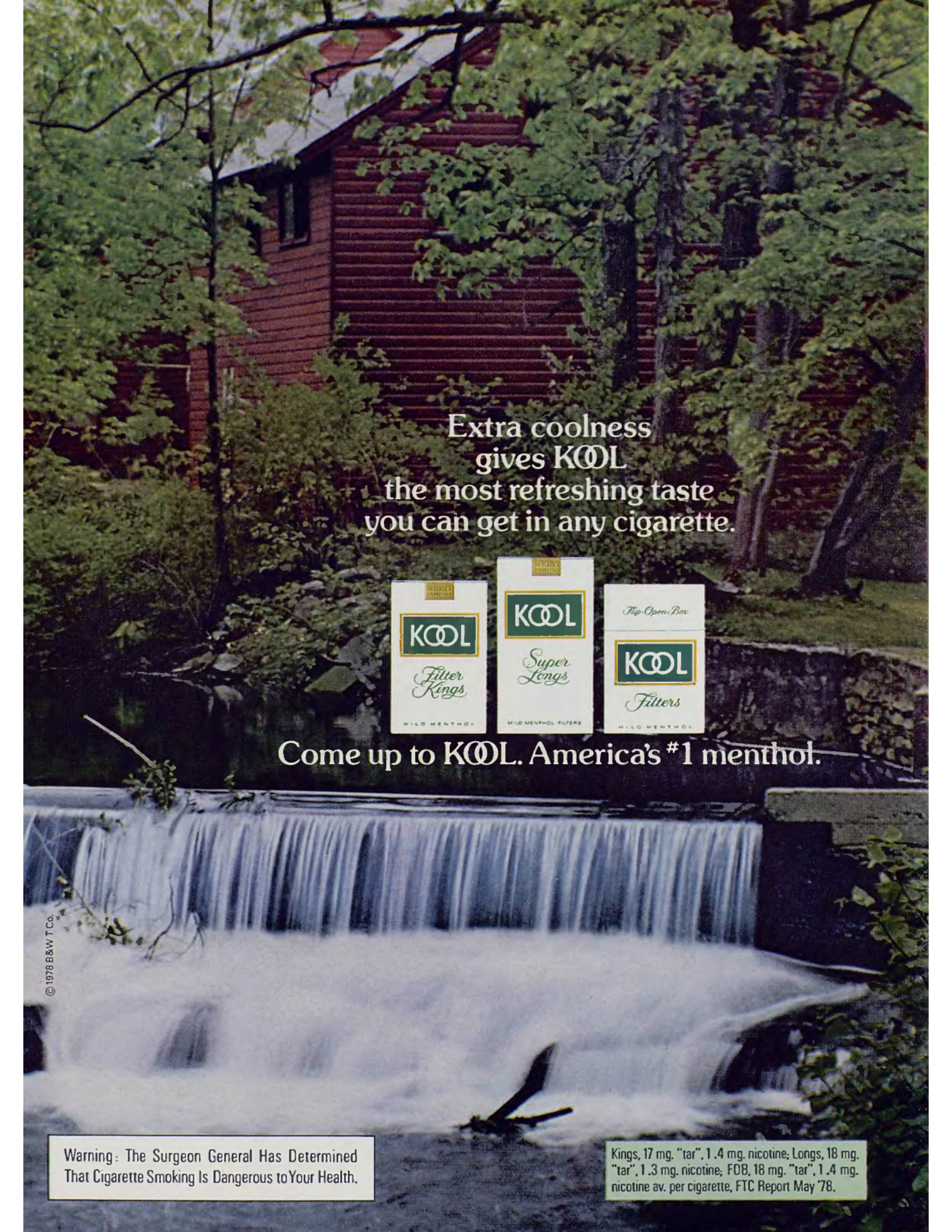
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with fruit and sugar-cane stirrer.

Note: If guayaba is not available, you can substitute any fruit nectar.

January 1975

JUBILEE MARY

1½ ozs. Jubileums aquavit

3 ozs. tomato juice

Juice of ½ lemon or lime

2 dashes celery salt

Dash Tabasco

Place ice cubes in small tumbler or highball glass. Add ingredients; stir.

Note: This drink is good with other aquavits, but only Jubileums gives the subtle dill flavor.

April 1975

COOL BRANDY

1½ ozs. California brandy

½ oz. white crème de menthe

½ oz. lime juice

Shake all ingredients vigorously with ice until well chilled. Strain into cocktail glass, or over fresh ice in an old fashioned glass.

August 1976

THE BICYCLE

2 ozs. dry vermouth

2 teaspoons crème de cassis

Champagne or sparkling wine, chilled

Orange slice

Pour vermouth and crème de cassis over ice in highball glass; stir. Fill with champagne or sparkling wine. Garnish with orange slice.

September 1976

TOM'S DREAM

1½ ozs. bourbon

2 ozs. orange juice

½ oz. lemon juice

½ oz. orgeat syrup

Dash simple syrup (sugar syrup)

⅓ cup crushed ice

Mint sprig

Blend all ingredients except mint in chilled blender container. Strain into 7-oz. glass. Garnish with mint.

December 1976

THE DIRTY MOTHER

1 oz. tequila

¾ oz. coffee liqueur

¾ oz. cream

Shake all ingredients briskly with ice. Strain over fresh ice in old fashioned glass. Sprinkle lightly with cinnamon, if desired.

January 1977

MONSIGNORE II

Lemon wedge

1 oz. cognac, warmed

Sugar

3 roasted coffee beans

Hot double-strength coffee

1 small scoop vanilla ice cream

¾ oz. coffee liqueur

Whipped cream

¾ oz. green crème de menthe

Finely powdered espresso

Use fairly heavy 10-oz. stemmed goblet. Moisten upper part of outside (about ¾ in.) with lemon wedge; moisten upper part of inside with cognac. Invert glass and swirl in sugar to frost inside and outside edges. Add coffee beans and warmed cognac to glass. Ignite cognac with long match or tilt glass toward flame, rotating it until cognac catches fire. Continue turning glass until all sugar caramelizes and flames burn out. Half-fill glass with coffee, add ice cream by spoonfuls, then the coffee liqueur. Top with whipped cream and slowly pour crème de menthe over it. Sprinkle with powdered espresso.

May 1977

ELECTRIC MARTINI

2½ ozs. gin

1 teaspoon dry vermouth

1 teaspoon kirsch

1 teaspoon framboise

Have *everything* frigid! That means all spirits, mixing glass and cocktail glass. Have your ice *hard* frozen. Quickly stir all ingredients with ice. Strain into chilled cocktail glass. Sip and tingle!

February 1978

PIRATE'S DREAM

1 oz. light Puerto Rican rum

1 oz. dark Jamaican rum

1 oz. gold Virgin Islands rum

1 oz. 151-proof rum

½ oz. grenadine

2 dashes Angostura bitters

Juice 1 orange

Juice 1 lemon

Fresh green mint

8-10 cherries

Lemon, orange slices

Stir all ingredients except cherries and lemon and orange slices with ice in 1-quart pitcher, bruising mint well. Strain over ice in one, two or three glasses, depending on how you're handling it. Decorate each glass with cherries, lemon and orange slices.

April 1978

REDCOAT

1½ ozs. Canadian blended whiskey

2½ ozs. grapefruit juice

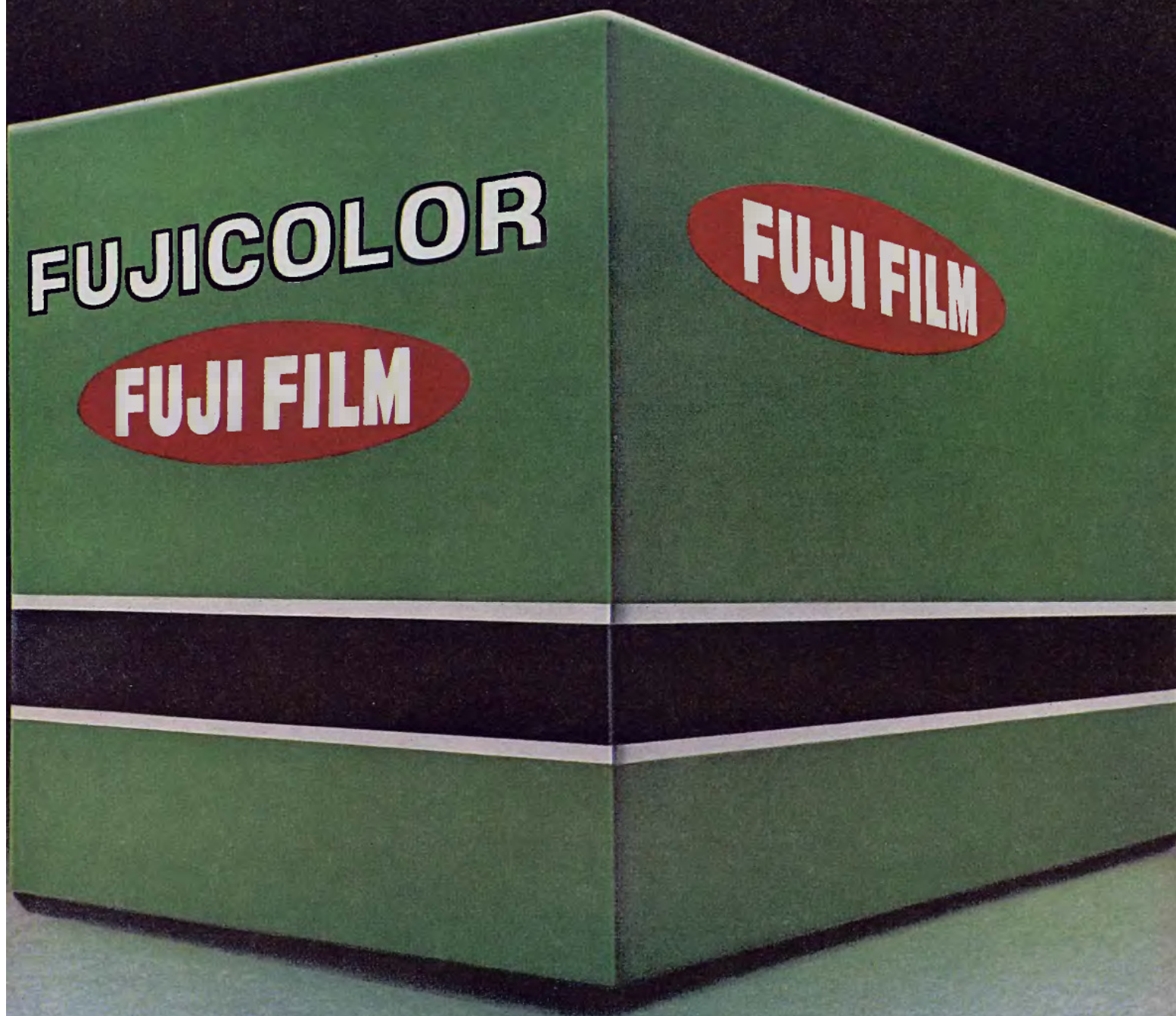
2 teaspoons grenadine, or to taste

Pour all ingredients over ice in rocks glass. Stir. Garnish with maraschino cherry, if desired.

Gentlemen, a toast! To the next 25 years, PLAYBOY's . . . and yours!



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PLAYBOY'S FUTURE

(continued from page 235)

"Playboy, by its time of birth, was destined to reach beyond all apparent limitations, to become a giant."

investigation. From its inception, it has been an entity that literally thrives on competition and the clash of ideas. Because of the indomitable nature of Scorpio, PLAYBOY can easily weather any threats to its survival for the next 25 years, and the only real obstacle to continued success is already built into the company: a tendency to become tradition-bound, mentally arthritic, stiff in the creative joints.

In 1979, PLAYBOY's Sagittarius moon—the sign of publishing, communication, philosophy and foreign lands—will have a strong impact on the entire corporation. In that year, Playboy will take a cold plunge into the future that will involve wrenching decisions at the upper executive levels. The risks Playboy will take in 1979 involve expanding the company's influence into international markets that it has been considering for some time and that many will see as a radical departure from the kinds of businesses

Playboy has involved itself in over the past 25 years.

May will be a crucial month for Playboy in 1979 and the company will seem to have become somewhat untracked. In fact, for the first four months of 1979, Playboy will suffer from a form of lockjaw, making all forms of communication, both within the company and from the company outward, difficult. But as Saturn goes direct in Virgo in May, Playboy will sew up an agreement and the sky will be the limit. In that month, PLAYBOY magazine will pull off a coup that will be international in scope and blessed by the journalistic fraternity. During the year, PLAYBOY will publish more articles related to medicine and theater than ever before.

Looking ahead over the next 25 years, these things are likely to happen:

- Before the end of the century, PLAYBOY will be presenting words and pictures in such a way that people will

gasp, "I can hear it and read it and see it and practically feel it."

- Playboy Enterprises will attract those who are, consciously or otherwise, enamored of dictatorial powers. For the next 25 years, Playboy must, as it becomes more powerful, be sensitive to this tendency or it will suffer the consequences, as did a recently resigned President who, like Playboy, had Pluto plunked into the tenth house of his horoscope.

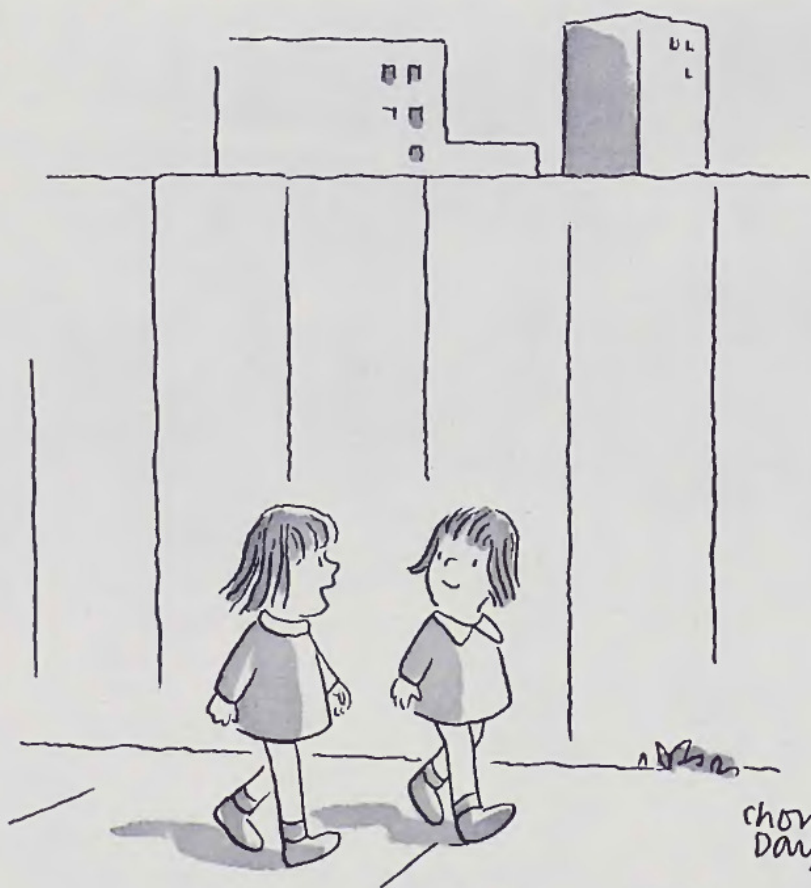
- In 1980, Playboy will begin a new cycle, becoming more independent. But in 1984, there will be a world-wide holocaust. Nathanael West revisited. While athletes cavort at the Olympic games, possibly in Los Angeles, the life of the world will be threatened. Following this obscene threat to life, Playboy, with no desire or need for apology, will assume a much larger role in the economic and artistic life of the nation.

- *Special forecast:* It may not seem possible now, but by the end of the next quarter century, Playboy will have a powerful influence on the national economy, having expanded into world markets that include involvement in satellites and, above all, oil. Because of this, Playboy will be in the center of global happenings, reflecting opinions and exerting the kind of pressure that influences national policy. It will not be surprising if, long before 25 years have passed, Playboy has a business relationship with Sheik Ahmed Zaki Yamani, minister of petroleum for Saudi Arabia (who is knowledgeable about not only astrology but other mantic arts and sciences as well). During the next quarter century, Playboy will become a major force in the visual-entertainment industry—motion pictures, television and possibly laser projection. But, somehow, oil will play a major role in the life of the organization.

Playboy is riding a gigantic wave of the future, a wave that even top Playboy executives may not be fully aware of. The pains it will suffer during 1979 and following 1984 will not be just growing pains: They will be the aches of an entity that is truly pioneering a trail. Playboy, by its very time of birth, was destined to originate, to innovate, to reach beyond all apparent limitations, to become a giant.

A final warning: Only one Scorpio ever won the heavyweight championship: Primo Carnera, the gallant battered giant whose story is a model for so many late-night boxing movies. If Playboy, as Carnera did, begins to think itself invincible, it, like Carnera, will suffer corporate carnage. As long as Playboy remains irreverent, it can easily avoid that pitfall.

[Well, folks, Sydney didn't pull any punches. If you're on edge, waiting to see what your future holds, you can imagine how we feel!]



"I'm gonna be a Playboy Bunny when I grow up and out."

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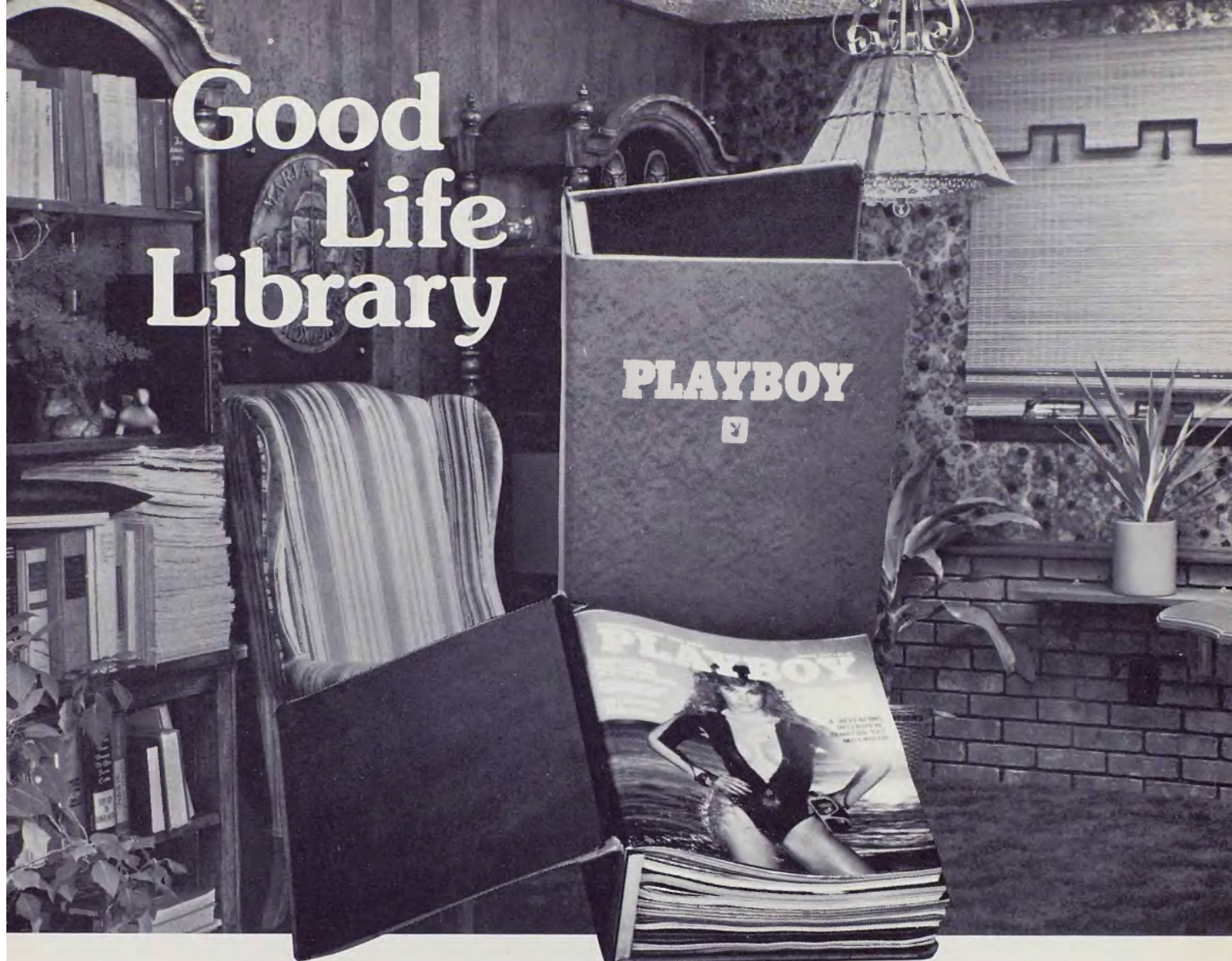
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"His eyes did not for an instant glance sideways, perhaps out of fear or boredom with grownups."

and, returning before him, she had asked at the hotel desk for the room key by number.

The clerk asked her her name. It was a policy. He would not give the key to a number.

"And what did you tell him your name was?" Richard asked, in this pause of her story.

In her pause and dark-blue stare, he saw re-created her hesitation when challenged by the clerk. Also, she had been, before her marriage, a second-grade teacher, and Richard saw now the manner—prim, fearful and commanding—with which she must have confronted those roomfuls of children. "I told him Maple."

Richard had smiled. "That sounds right."

Taking Joan out to dinner felt illicit. She suggested it, for "fun," at the end of one of the children's Sundays. He had been two months in Boston, new habits had replaced old, and it was tempting to leave their children, who were bored and found it easier to be bored by television than by their father, this bossy visitor. "Stop telling me you're bored," he had scolded John, the most docile of his children and the one he felt guiltiest about. "Fifteen is *supposed* to be a boring age. When I was fifteen, I lay around reading science fiction. You lie around looking at *Kung Fu*. At least I was learning to read."

"It's good," the child protested, his adolescent voice cracking in fear of being distracted from an especially vivid piece of slow-motion *tai chi*. Richard, when living here, had watched the program with him often enough to know that it was, in a sense, good, that the hero's Oriental passivity, relieved by spurts of mystical violence, was insinuating into the child a system of ethics, just as Richard had taken ideals of behavior from dime movies and comic books—coolness from Bogart, debonair recklessness from Errol Flynn, duality and deceit from Superman.

He dropped to one knee beside the sofa where John, his upper lip fuzzy and his eyebrows manly dark, stoically gazed into the transcendent flickering; Richard's own voice nearly cracked, asking, "Would it be less boring if Dad still lived here?"

"No-oh": The answer was instantaneous and impatient, as if the question had been anticipated. Did the boy mean it? His eyes did not for an instant glance

sideways, perhaps out of fear of betraying himself, perhaps out of genuine boredom with grownups and their gestures. On television, satisfyingly, gestures killed. Richard rose from his supplicant position, relieved to hear Joan coming down the stairs. She was dressed to go out, in the timeless black dress with the scalloped neckline, and a collar of Mexican silver. At least—a mark, perhaps, of their fascinating maladjustment—he had never bored *her*, nor she, he dreaded to admit, him. He was wary. He must be wary. They had had it. They must have had it.

Yet the cocktails, and the seafood, and the wine, displaced his wariness; he

heard himself saying, to the so familiar and so strange face across the table, "She's lovely, and loves me, you know" (he felt embarrassed, like a son suddenly aware that his mother, though politely attentive, is indifferent to the urgency of an athletic contest being described), "but she does spell everything out, and wants everything spelled out to her. It's like being back in the second grade. And the worst thing is, for all this explaining, for all this glorious fucking, she's still not real to me, the way—you are." His voice did break, he had gone too far.

Joan put her left hand, still bearing their wedding ring, flat on the tablecloth in a sensible, level gesture. "She will be," she said. "It's a matter of time."

The old pattern was still the one visible to the world. The waitress, who had taught their children in Sunday school, greeted them as if their marriage were unbroken; they ate in this restaurant three or four times a year, and were on schedule. They had known the contractor



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who had built it, this mock-antique wing, a dozen years ago, and then left town, bankrupt, disgraced and oddly cheerful. His memory hovered between the beams. Another couple, older than the Maples—the husband had once worked with Richard on a town committee—came up to their booth beaming, jolly, loving, in that obligatory American way. Did they know? It didn't matter, in this country of temporary arrangements. The Maples jollied back as one, and tumbled loose only when the older couple moved away. Joan gazed after their backs. "I wonder what they have," she asked, "that we didn't?"

"Maybe they had less," Richard said, "so they didn't expect more."

"That's too easy." She was a shade resistant to his veiled compliments; he was grateful. Please resist.

He asked, "How do you think the kids are doing? John seemed withdrawn."

"That's how he is. Stop picking at him."

"I just don't want him to think he has to be your little husband. That house feels huge now."

"You're telling me."

"I'm sorry." He was; he put his hands palms up on the table.

"Isn't it amazing," Joan said, "how a full bottle of wine isn't enough for two people anymore?"

"Should I order another bottle?" He was dismayed, secretly: the waste.

She saw this and said, "No. Just give me half of what's in your glass."

"You can have it all." He poured.

She said, "So your fucking is really glorious?"

He was embarrassed by the remark now and feared it set a distasteful trend. As with Ruth there was an etiquette of adultery, so with Joan some code of separation must be maintained. "It usually is," he told her, "between people who aren't married."

"Is dat right, white man?" A swallow of his wine inside her, Joan began to swell with impending hilarity. She leaned as close as the table would permit. "You must *promise*"—a gesture went with "promise," a protesting little splaying of her hands—"never to tell this to anybody, not even Ruth."

"Maybe you shouldn't tell me. In fact, don't." He understood why she had been laconic up to now; she had been wanting to talk about her lover, holding him warm within her like a baby. She was going to betray him. "Please don't," Richard said.

"Don't be such a prig. You're the only person I can talk to; it doesn't mean a thing."

"That's what you said about our going to bed in my apartment."

"Did she mind?"

"Incredibly."

Joan laughed, and Richard was struck,

Graham
Wilson



"That will be mine."



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PB-1

for the thousandth time, by the perfection of her teeth, even and rounded and white, bared by her lips as if in proof of a perfect skull, an immaculate soul. Her glee whirled her to a kind of heaven as she confided stories about herself and Andy—how he and a motel manageress had quarreled over the lack of towels in a room taken for the afternoon, how he fell asleep for exactly seven minutes each time after making love. Richard had known Andy for years, a slender, swarthy specialist in corporation law, himself divorced, though professionally engaged in the finicking arrangement of giant mergers. A fussy dresser, a churchman, he brought to many occasions an undue dignity and perhaps had been more attracted to Joan's surface glaze, her smooth New England ice, than to the mischievous demons underneath. "My psychiatrist thinks Andy was symbiotic with you, and now that you're gone, I can see him as absurd."

"He's not absurd. He's good, loyal, handsome, prosperous. He tithes. He has a twelve handicap. He loves you."

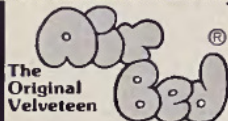
"He protects you from me, you mean. His buttons!—we have to allow a half hour afterward for him to do up all his buttons. If they made four-piece suits, he'd wear them. And he washes—he washes everything, every time."

"Stop," Richard begged. "Stop telling me all this."

But she was giddy amid the spinning mirrors of her betrayals, her face so flushed and tremulous the waitress sympathetically giggled, pouring the Maples their coffee. Joan's face was pink as a peony, her eyes a blue pale as ice, almost transparent. He saw through her words to what she was saying—that these lovers, however we love them, are not us, are not sacred as reality is sacred. We are reality. We have made children. We gave each other our young bodies. We promised to grow old together.

Joan described an incident in her house, once theirs, when the plumber unexpectedly arrived. Richard had to laugh with her; that house's plumbing problems were an old joke, an ongoing saga. "The back-door bell rang, Mr. Kelly stomped right in, you know how the kitchen echoes in the bedroom, we had had it." She looked, to see if her meaning was clear. He nodded. Her eyes sparkled. She emphasized, of the knock, "Just at the very moment," and, with a gesture akin to the gentle clap in the car a world ago, drew with one finger tip a V in the air, as if beginning to write "very." The motion was eager, shy, exquisite, diffident, trusting: He saw all its meanings and knew that she would never stop gesturing within him, never; though a decree come between them, even death, her gestures would endure, cut into glass.

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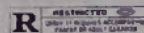
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BRITISH DRAG

(continued from page 306)

along to my bank manager and explained I wanted to open a separate account for her. He thought at first I was talking about my girlfriend."

"And when he found out?" I asked her, thinking that an Australian bank manager might have suggested she take both accounts elsewhere.

"He invited me to the Rugby Club, of which he is secretary. He thought the members ought to know about it."

"How can you bear," I asked Petrina, "to get up in the morning, bathe and have to dress yourself for work as an efficiency expert, and then come home in the evening and go through the whole boring process again? How long does it take you?"

"I have never timed myself," she told me, "only other people. But you're right, of course. As I get older, I do it less and less and never when I am by myself. Nowadays, it has to be a party or an occasion such as this. Transvestism is really a young man's game, sometimes a child's. A worried parent consulted me the other day about his seven-year-old who was always tying on his mother's shoes. 'In public?' I asked. 'Does he do it while you are watching him?' 'Of course,' he told me, 'he does it all the time.' 'No cause for worry,' I assured him. 'He is not a true transvestite unless he does it in the dark, quite alone.' That's what it used to be like for all of us, quite alone in the dark. But now, at least, they're turning up the lights. Or, in your case, the footlights."

"Can you remember how it all began?" I urged.

"At a wedding," he answered. "I was a page and there was a child about my age who was a bridesmaid and I suddenly found myself praying. It wasn't the service, you understand, just the rehearsal the night before, so I thought I'd given God plenty of time. 'Please, God,' I asked, 'let the bridesmaid fall down dead and because there's no one of her size around, let them dress me in that long yellow frock and give me the posy to carry.' It didn't happen, of course, but for five years afterward, I would fantasize that it had."

The Sea Horse Club of Australia publishes its own magazine, *Feminique*. It has a distinctly period flavor, partly because snapshots of the members mostly reveal them dressed in the sort of clothes their mothers were wont to wear when they were girls. Australian ladies go in for hats and these not so much complement the frock as challenge it. They favor the white turban or the plain straw with the large rose. The hat is more than a hat, it is a cry from the heart. Life is a garden party, it shouts. Where is the

Deck the halls with plop plop, fizz fizz, falalalala lalala.....Ahhh!

There are lots of ways Yuletide pleasures lead to holiday headaches and upset stomachs. Sometimes the turkey does it to you. Sometimes the turkey and the holiday parties do it to you.

And sometimes you just do it to yourself. With the turkey, the trimmings, the eggnog and more eggnog. And before you know it, seasonal stuffing leads to seasonal suffering.

But with our little Yuletide treasure, you'll be ready. Alka-Seltzer® speeds relief to your aching head and upset stomach. So plop plop, fizz fizz, ho ho ho!

ALKA-SELTZER®
Oh, what a relief it is!



long, cool glass of lemon squash? Where is the queen?

Sea Horse members hold their own garden parties, but they usually gather where the light indoors is kinder and where security is achieved by hiring a private room. Sometimes the festivities last the full weekend. Buffet luncheon, tea and a formal dinner demand frequent changes of wardrobe. There is often a dance to which the wives are invited to round off the celebrations. The magazine records the festivities, gives notice of forthcoming events and fills its pages with letters from readers recording their gratitude to the editor and their adventures and misadventures in the role of women.

On the whole, they seem a happy crowd and *Feminique*, which goes out free once a month to registered members, has the appearance of a parish magazine to which slightly overexcited parishioners contribute accounts of local happenings and photographs of themselves and their friends setting out in search of adventure posed, traditionally, just outside their front doors and ready, one suspects, to bolt inside, should danger threaten in the guise of the milkman.

It is rather like reading an Alcoholics Anonymous publication in praise of alcoholism. At transvestite conventions, professional advice is sought from beauticians and deportment teachers. There are classes throughout the day in make-up and wig dressing, with particular attention being paid to how to look younger and cover a beard and the correct way to walk, sit, bend and bear oneself up and down stairs. The wives are not encouraged to attend instruction periods but are made welcome in the evenings for the succession of parties

that include the Sugar 'n Spice Night Carousel Dinner (informal) and the Pink Banquet, at which Miss Dream is selected after The Fashion Show. There's a trophy for the lucky winner, cakes for the runners-up and certificates presented by the previous year's Miss Dream to all who have completed the course.

I am not a great one for hobbies. I play no game in the open air, am not attracted to camping in the high Alps or canoeing over Niagara Falls, nor have I been able to listen with very much enthusiasm as my friends recount their experiences in and around golf or cricket clubs. But I can understand a man collecting Teddy bears or letters written by soldiers about to die in the Boer War. I can even understand why a friend of my youth used to strip himself to the buff before donning a mackintosh and venturing forth to his friendly neighborhood drugstore, only to whip the wrapping away before the startled gaze of the young lady behind the prescription counter. It was always her, of course. He was often arrested, fined, once imprisoned and usually beaten up by irate bystanders, but his compulsion continued through the years. "Does it still persist?" I asked, meeting him only the other day at a luncheon party.

"Alas, no," he told me. "What would be the use? The most excitement I could expect would be to be tapped on the shoulder by the lady behind me in the queue and urged to move over, as *she* hadn't got all day to waste!"

We are, I suppose, sobering up as the great earth on which we live does the same. In the years to come, indeed, it may be impossible to dress distinc-

tively as a member of either sex. But, meanwhile, transvestites still play happily in the short time that remains to them. They sit before the tea table on their "at home" evenings, much as my grandmother used to do, awaiting the callers, always announced by three discreet rings of the doorbell. Fewer than that they don't answer, at least not until they've disrobed and unwigged. There would be too much explaining to do, for although there are three transvestites in every 1000 men, the odds are still against one's milkman or minister being of like mind.

"I had one," a successful bishop told me after he'd seen *Picture of Innocence*. "He would wear ladies' cam knickers under his vestment and became highly excited during a service attended by the queen. 'If only she'd known I was wearing my frillies,' he kept remarking afterward. 'What do you suppose she would have said?' 'Nothing,' I told him. 'Royalty make it a habit to say nothing on such occasions.' All the same, I watched him pretty carefully next time."

What might shock the faithful luckily seldom affronts the theatergoers, who, from Terence's time, have delighted in the joke of men pretending to be women or, better still, eunuchs. I made a few mistakes initially with *Picture of Innocence*, expecting the audience to relish more a scene lifted from *Charley's Aunt*. The public, I find, gets used to everything, even to the fact that I have thicker ankles than I would wish these days. But I don't think once my role is finished in the play I shall continue to primp and preen. For one thing, it takes an inconscionable time to get dressed.

Waiting at the stage door one afternoon was an elderly gentleman who had seen my play. "I enjoyed it very much. You got nearly all of it right. You are, of course, a fellow transvestite?" I told him I was only pretending. "I am," he went on, "a retired bank manager. Of course, in my job, I had to be discreet and, again, my wife was never very keen on the idea. 'Do wait until I'm dead,' she used to beg me, and now she is and I am very lonely. As you get older, it seems sadder, but I thought I must cheer myself up before coming to see you, so I went shopping, something I haven't done for months."

"What did you buy?" I inquired.

"Not much at all—talcum powder and a very expensive petticoat."

Most of us, when we are young, want to be railroad engineers, and not many achieve our ambition. We are lucky, perhaps luckier than transvestites, who just wanted to be girls, little girls, big girls, even old girls, and were given their wish at a price the rest of us might think was rather too high. We can't beat them and thank God we don't want to join them.



"Actually, this is harder on me.
I was into group sex."

PLAYBOY FOUNDATION *(continued from page 85)*

Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML). PLAYBOY's continuing financial support of NORML is part of the magazine's commitment to the reform of oppressive U. S. drug laws.

November 1970: Concern over the repressive Nixon Administration prompts publication of an unprecedented "Playboy's Political Preference Chart," rating candidates on the basis of their position on the Vietnam war, civil rights, individual liberties, pollution and environment.

November 1970: After nearly three years of reporting on and criticizing U.S. marijuana laws and enforcement tactics, PLAYBOY becomes the first national magazine to editorially advocate the removal of criminal penalties for private marijuana use.

December 1970: Continuing its support of groups working to legalize abortion, the Foundation grants funds to the National Association for the Repeal of Abortion Laws. Similar grants assist Population Services International to combat restrictive laws on the distribution of contraceptives and to help persons associated with the University of Chicago set up an abortion-referral line.

January 1971: The Playboy Foundation funds Chicago's first 24-hour crisis intervention and referral service for youth, called Metro-Help.

March 1971: The Midwest Population Center—the first vasectomy clinic in Chicago and one of the first in the country—begins operation with initial funding from the Playboy Foundation.

August 1971: As one of the first major magazines to take a stand against continuation of the Vietnam war, PLAYBOY publishes "The Voice of the Winter Soldier," the Congressional testimony of John Forbes Kerry, head of Vietnam Veterans Against the War.

November 1971: The first major charity affair is held at Playboy Mansion West with all proceeds going to the A.C.L.U. for its continuing efforts in behalf of civil liberties.

December 1971: PLAYBOY commissions the first major study of American sexual behavior since the Kinsey Reports, a generation before. Organized and analyzed by author-researcher Morton Hunt, the results are published in the magazine and in book form by Playboy Press.

December 1971: The Foundation goes to the aid of Shirley Wheeler of Daytona Beach, Florida, the only woman in U. S. history to be convicted of manslaughter for obtaining an abortion. With the help of legal scholar Cyril Means, a cocounsel supplied by the Foundation, Ms. Wheeler is saved from imprisonment.

April 1972: The Foundation has been working in behalf of James Decko, a victim of the excessive zeal with which laws against cohabitation are enforced in the

city of Sheboygan, Wisconsin. Despondent because the charge loses him his job and makes similar employment impossible to find, Decko takes his own life. A letter from his attorney to the *Forum* tells the story.

July 1972: In a case carried to the U. S. Supreme Court with the support of the Playboy Foundation, the anti-contraceptive provision of the Massachusetts Crimes Against Chastity law is declared unconstitutional. William Baird, Jr., convicted under that law, is acquitted.

April 1973: An editorial, "Mr. Nixon and the Media," warns of the Nixon Administration's attempts to subvert the First Amendment and a free press. Hefner makes Nixon's "enemies list."

May 1973: PLAYBOY's continuing concern over laws regulating private sexual conduct prompts the Foundation to provide funds for the national Sexual Privacy Project, a program of the A.C.L.U.

October 1973: Oregon becomes the first state to decriminalize the personal possession of small amounts of marijuana, after a long and successful lobbying effort by groups supported by NORML and the Foundation.

January 1974: The Foundation funds the start of the A.C.L.U.'s Women's Rights Project, one of the country's first programs to assist women in civil rights litigation. This grant expands the Foundation's ongoing support of various groups and projects devoted to establishing equal rights for women.

November 1974: Population Services International, with Foundation support, launches a successful suit aimed at voiding New York State's law restricting the advertising and sale of contraceptives.

January 1975: The Foundation provides funds for the publication of *Lobbying for Freedom*, by Kenneth P. Norwick, a handbook on how the individual citizen can fight censorship laws.

May 1975: In a landmark case supported by NORML and the Foundation, the supreme court of Alaska declares that adults have a constitutional right to use marijuana in the privacy of their homes.

July 1975: The increasing number of criminal cases called to the Foundation's attention prompts the establishment of the Playboy Legal Defense Team, whose work is reported in a new magazine feature called *Playboy Casebook*. The Team's first case is that of Tom Mistrot, serving a life sentence in Texas for three minor offenses, including marijuana, that were felonies at the time of his convictions but that later legislation had made misdemeanors. Mistrot's sentence is commuted and he is paroled.

July 1976: The *Forum* analyzes the disastrous impact of the Nixon years on civil liberties in a series of editorials

titled "The Nixon Legacy." The first, "Stonewalling on Sexual Freedom," deals with the U. S. Supreme Court's adverse decision in a sexual-privacy case.

November 1976: A Federal judge in Alaska frees alleged draft dodger Dickran Erkiletian, citing President-elect Jimmy Carter's promise, in his *Playboy Interview*, to pardon Americans who resisted the draft during the Vietnam war.

November 1976: In a "Nixon Legacy" editorial, "How to Win the War on Drugs," PLAYBOY challenges our abusive drugs laws and proposes a more rational approach to the problems of drug abuse.

December 1976: A Massachusetts judge finds that state's cocaine law unconstitutional and issues a long, closely reasoned and highly significant opinion in support of his decision. Expenses of expert witnesses provided by the defense are paid for by the Playboy Foundation.

February 1977: PLAYBOY's Legal Defense Team begins its investigation of events growing out of a marijuana raid on a ranch near Red Lodge, Montana. This becomes one of the most bizarre and protracted drug cases in Montana legal history, and after civil rights suits are filed by NORML, with the support of the Playboy Foundation, all charges are eventually dropped.

March 1977: Through NORML, PLAYBOY helps glaucoma victim Robert Randall of Washington, D.C., overcome nearly insurmountable bureaucratic obstacles to become the first person in recent times to legally obtain and use marijuana for medical purposes. When Randall is arrested for growing the pot that he needs to delay blindness, NORML attorneys raise the extremely rare defense of medical necessity and succeed in obtaining his acquittal.

March 1977: The Playboy Foundation provides a major grant to the National Gay Task Force for research, the results of which are presented to various Federal agencies in an effort to change Governmental policies toward homosexuals.

February 1978: Backed by NORML with the support of the Foundation, a cancer patient in New Mexico persuades the legislature to pass the first law legalizing the use of marijuana for certain medical purposes. (By the end of the year, three more states pass similar statutes, aided by expert witnesses and model laws supplied by NORML.)

June 1978: First appearance of the *Forum's* newest department, *The Law*, in which Boston attorney George V. Higgins discusses certain features of the pending Senate bill intended to create a new Federal criminal code.

December 1978: *Playboy Casebook* reports the successful collaboration between our Legal Defense Team and a Columbus, Ohio, attorney in freeing a woman wrongly accused of murder.



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THE UNDEAD

(continued from page 219)

is a kernel in all of them that is "half in love with easeful death" and as I wander through the late-night streets in the chill hours, I can hear their plaintive sighs, a muted chorus rising from those beds, its rhythms penetrating the very walls. They summon me. They long for me. Gentleman Death, that has been my epithet, and I so treasure it. What gentleman can refuse a lady, after all?

Imagine her, my victim, caught in the maw of mortal life and so given to dreaming. She wants an extraordinary passion, something she's only glimpsed before and lost. The memory pricks her, a flicker in the recesses of her soul, a searing rapture known but for an instant when mortal and mortal intertwine.

It is for her summons that I listen, being myself sometimes the silent siren of death that can evoke that plea from her even as I quietly pass by. No one hears my steps. I do not hear them. It seems until she offers that faint murmur, I am not even there. These winding, narrow medieval streets shroud me, no moon cuts between the jutting roofs and I am cold, cold for her as I wander, waiting with a lover's devotion for that perfect call.

You know that our preternatural flesh cannot dispel the icy air that settles on our limbs. Ours is the chill of the wind howling through eternity.

So you can well imagine the ineffable sweetness of the moment of selection, of moving out of that damp and merciless night into the bedchamber. No two of them are the same.

I need not see her. I know she's there. A warmth emanates from her living flesh and, drawing near, I see the shape of that warmth—tender, helpless, prone. There is something melancholy, sad about her nestled among the trinkets of her mortal life, the soft bed, her loose and fragrant garments, remnants of girlhood—she sleeps with the trusting sleep of the child. I tell you if I were not the monster, I would be touched. But back to the pliant treasure herself, breathing deeply in her dreams. Is it more vivid, that dream, as I draw close to her? It seems I see her eyelids flutter, she shapes a name with her lips. I tell you, she knows that the object of her inexpressible longing is there. She feels these eyes on her naked shoulders, this hand on the pale-petal flesh of her soft thigh.

It is seduction, remember.

There is *never* violence. I tell you that all embraces, no matter how tender, are surfeited with violence. Violence is the throbbing of the unsatisfied heart. Violence is the desperate pulsing of that tender fold between the legs, that precious cleft that shapes its own emptiness; violence is the restless turning of her

elegant, sensuous, delightful

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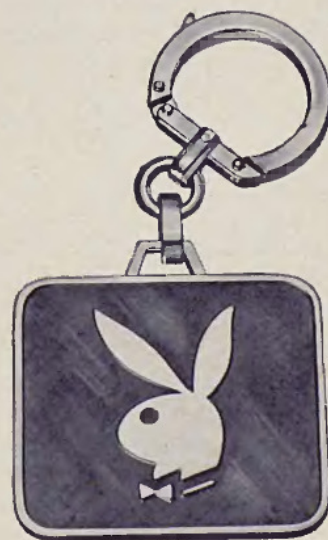
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limbs. This is the heart and core of all violence for which the rest is rude metaphor, rough deceiving, a lie born of abused passion and broken dreams. You want the true violence? Neglect her. Then bend your head to her breasts and rest it there, to hear that awful moan.

"Half in love with easeful death" is half in love with life still. She awakes shivering and I feel my lips surrender to a smile. I know too well that I might quiet her with the stroke of my hand even as its coldness shocks her, but let her wake just a little to the crude world of lamps and torn realities. Let her see her demon lover. Let her see these eyes adoring her. Let her know that in serving me she will make me utterly and completely her slave.

Have I ever failed? It's natural enough, that question. The world is rife with passionate women, so you wonder have they ever drawn back from me, fought, begged for reprieve? Has some dim alarm ever sounded in the depths of those heaving breasts? Weren't these women just a little frightened by this fervent gaze? Never. Forgive my laughter, you don't understand the promise of my caress.

They have struggled too long and in vain for union, these succulent mortal beauties, they've known the prisons of their own flesh too well. Observe the flare of those narrow hips, the subtle curve of the buttocks; these are but the contours of a dungeon cell. See how their love acts have so often resembled the quarrel, how they've thrashed and, alone afterward, lain uneasy in half sleep.

Mine is the embrace that will penetrate that isolation, mine is the kiss that will delve to the root of the soul. She knows it, my bride; she knows it without my saying it; she knows it with an instinct that is all too human and that we immortals too quickly forget. Imagine her splendid terror and how easily it melts to languor in my arms. She is meek, pliant, on the verge of some awesome awakening. She hardly feels the little tear. The breath hisses low from between her pearl-white teeth, her eyelids show the barest gleam beneath the dark lash. She cannot know how my pulse quickens with her pulse, how my heart feeds upon her heart, how pulling me toward her, I draw the heated perfumed elixir from her with my own soul, pulling the cords of her being through her veins.

She is so warm.

Do I have to tell you how that smooth tight flesh of her arching back burns my fingers, how those taut nipples brand my chest? She is listless, fading. One arm drops to her side, hands close weakly on the lost coverlet and, turning from me even as she is given over to me, her eyes are veiled with her silken hair.

And yet my monster's eye charts her swoon. This is the union she has longed for, and with the cunning of the beast, I have let her go too soon. I measure her,



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I hold her, I tingle with the life she's given me and see her moist limbs as the vessel of my mounting passion, alive as I am with her life and soothed and tormented as she is with mine.

Nothing divides us now. Her fingers prod. I savor the groans, those piquant and spirited utterances. She's mine.

Ah, but you know the price of this modulation, this rhythm. She cannot imagine my thirst for her. If she placed her hand on the marble stone in the churchyard at midnight, she might begin to understand this harrowing loneliness and, with it, she would come to know my art. I draw back from her, aching for her. I hold her, this struggling sparrow in my easy grip.

How long will that taste of her content me? It is sweet to touch her bent neck, her tousled hair. But she's given me her life's blood; what am I to give in return?

Yes, I said the word, return. Perhaps all along, you've thought me some hard and simple monster who would trick her in her sublime pleasure and give her only darkness finally as her reward? You underestimate me, you fail to understand the fire and the fiber of my own dreams.

And she's too tender to me, little bride. You misunderstand the whole affair.

Rather, I become the fount of secrets. I let her part the open shirt with her own

hands. I can feel her lips, quivering, virginal, that touching eagerness, I let her taste, I let her drink, and she is wild. Now I can see the incandescence of a vampire in her eyes, a shimmer to that beguiling form. Even a languor to her throbbing need. The clock ticks, the wind whispers in the passage. There is much for her to learn. But she is spent now with the first undulating wave and I am in no great haste to bring this to its close.

Rather, I lie like the bridegroom with her, as if accustomed to these mortal beds and their trappings, and I have time for mortal dreams.

You know we never forget it. Vampire, Nosferatu, Virdilak. What have we all in common? What separates our cloaked and smiling figures from the other unholy inhabitants of the monster realm? Simply this: that we all were and still are men.

So let me dream for a while. Let me be young. Let me become some anxious, urgent creature riding as I did in the days of brief life through the open country fields. I feel the horse under me, his striding power. The wheat blows in the wind. And through the shifting trees, I see the sun again, warm as my bride's blood; it falls on my face, on my hands. It is her blood that makes this real as I

lie there, but even as the sky is shot with those swift gold-edged clouds, it's fading, fading. I must wake. I would know greater secrets, I would lead my fledgling further on.

And she? She dreams as a vampire now. She stirs. And limp and somnolent, she falls into my waiting arms.

What would you have now? That is, if you were I?

Should I usher her into the timeless life on my own? I think not. Look at that superb young form; what does it cry for, if not for another woman equally as beautiful; if not for the craft of another ladylove, supple, scented and schooled by me? And waiting on these dreary winter nights as she always waits for the fledglings that I bring her, for what is always best when shared. This is a dance for three.

Imagine the patience of such a ladylove, dark-haired, succulent; is she petulant when she sees my new bride? What of the postulant herself in such encounters; does she spurn the skilled and nurtured woman to whom I present her? What do you think? Must I instruct my ladylove to flaunt her treasures? Oh, no. She bends with an unconcealed abandon and I see my new bride, afflicted, helplessly drawn. I wonder, would it give the master a little more pleasure if they did not go so willingly into each other's perfumed arms? A cold agony comes over me in watching the soft crush of breast to breast. I see their lips drinking one from the other with a mortal urgency I'd forgotten; they moan with some submissive sentiment I no longer know.

I cannot bear it any longer, I cannot be content with a feast only for my eyes. This is what I've waited for too long, slaves shaped to the will of the master, they may command me. I feel the prick of the hot skin again, that searing luxuriant gush, one and then the other of them, and back again, first my dark and sultry ladylove, then my shimmering bride. When will it ever end, when will I be permitted to rest? It seems these hearts so perfectly tuned now to my own will not release me, they will not permit me to withdraw. My mistresses are merciless. I was a kinder master. "Do you love me?" comes the plaintive question as I lead them. "Do you love me?" as I gaze into those glittering eyes. Their lips are blood red, fledgling teeth tease the tender flesh. "Do you love me?" comes the desperate entreaty as I gather them against my monstrous and lonely breast, lonely, lonely beyond their dazzling preternatural dreams. "Do you love me?" comes the whisper again, even as the sun dissolves the shadows. But their mute and smiling faces are pitiless. And, my anguishes complete, "Do you love me?" I implore them again.



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"George Lincoln Rockwell sat wearing a Nazi arm band and had a pistol on the table."

convention was a cusp of the Sixties, when sweet peace and love were first souring and turning bitter, and it's more symbolic than significant that Hefner was touched physically by the change, and changing mood, because his magazine had been on the case very early, and would continue to be so.

PLAYBOY was the first mass magazine to chronicle the emerging drug culture—to take one aspect of times changing—in a straightforward way. Dan Wakefield's *Prodigal Powers of Pot* was years ahead when it came out in August 1962, and it remains as complete and fair an ap-

praisal as you can find. PLAYBOY has never *advocated* drugs but has, rather, tried regularly to present accurate information about them, believing that with drugs, ignorance isn't bliss for long. In November 1963, a three-part package of articles ran under the general title *Hallucinogens*. Alan Harrington wrote *A Novelist's Personal Experience*; Dan Wakefield, *A Reporter's Objective View*; and Aldous Huxley, *A Philosopher's Visionary Prediction*. The September 1966 *Playboy Interview* was with the acid guru himself, Dr. Timothy Leary.

PLAYBOY had also not been afraid to

provide an early and continuing mass forum for the strong new voices of civil rights. In the very first *Interview* back in 1962, Miles Davis had spoken searingly about the ugly inequalities he encountered in life on the road. The interviewer was, as we noted, Alex Haley. Not long after that, Haley did another for the magazine, that one with Malcolm X. For the January 1965 issue, he talked with Martin Luther King, Jr., and in 1966, he crossed the street into a rough neighborhood to talk with George Lincoln Rockwell, who sat wearing a Nazi arm band and had a pistol on a table before him, saying by way of greeting, "It's nothing personal, I just hate niggers." Especially in interviews but also in articles, PLAYBOY has been host to a formidable group who have used the guest soapbox one by one to give their views on race. Among many, Jesse Jackson, Muhammad Ali, Eldridge Cleaver, Norman Thomas, Sammy Davis Jr., Marshall McLuhan, Bill Cosby, Julian Bond, Ray Charles, Hank Aaron—the list goes on.

Its belief in individual rights also made PLAYBOY a forum for women's rights early on. In the March 1964 *Interview*, Ayn Rand articulated basic feminist issues, such as equal pay for equal work. The December 1965 issue carried the magazine's first statement favoring legalized abortion. By the early Seventies, the Foundation was giving regular grants to various women's-rights projects, and in January 1973, the magazine published *Seduction Is a Four-Letter Word*, an article by Germaine Greer about the small rapes women experience, which antedated Susan Brownmiller's *Against Our Will* by about three years.

But what spilled the blood in Chicago was the black hole of Vietnam, inexorably sucking lives, spirit and money from the country, into nowhere. Most of those doing the actual fighting had been PLAYBOY readers before they were so rudely interrupted, and they continued to be in Vietnam. As one correspondent put it, "If *Stars and Stripes* was the magazine for World War One, PLAYBOY was the magazine for Vietnam." Another said that like counting rings on a tree, you could go into any encampment and tell how long they'd been there by finding the oldest Playmate gatefold on the wall.

Only superficially was it a contradiction that by 1968 PLAYBOY was, by weight of the opinions published in interviews and articles, coming out with greater and greater intensity against the war. Somehow, on balance, the magazine was clearly for the soldiers who were there, the actual bodies, while heatedly opposing the policies that put them there. Most of the grunts understood. In the late Sixties, a few on leave "borrowed" the flag of the St. Louis Club, sending it back months later rent from a cluster of bullet holes—having served as the unofficial flag



Smitty

"And what infuriates me is that she'd do it for nothing—she gets her kicks from old men."



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an occasional ache or pain?

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for a Special Forces camp somewhere in the north. In 1966, when PLAYBOY was offering a visit from a Bunny to deliver the first issue of a lifetime subscription, a unit in Vietnam signed up for a collective one—for \$150—and PLAYBOY responded by having Playmate of the Year Jo Collins be the first-class mail carrier. The Huey chopper that took her around was renamed in whitewash the Playboy Special, complete with dual Rabbit heads. Betty Grable and Minnie Mouse of World War Two gave way to Little Annie Fanny as the cheery boobs-a-lot mascot painted on the noses of many B-52s flying bombing runs on Hanoi.

As always, PLAYBOY at once reflected and influenced common feeling in subtle swirling countercurrents that defied measurement but were there. By 1970, it was a major voice against the war, giving space to thoughtful dissenters of all stripes, including Norman Thomas, John Kenneth Galbraith, Senators William Fulbright, George McGovern and Charles Percy, Arnold Toynbee, William Sloane Coffin and, in two separate blue-burning essays—*The Americanization of Vietnam* and *The Vietnamization of America*—David Halberstam.

Those pieces didn't always go into the magazine without a struggle and considerable shouting among the staff beforehand. The younger editors hired in the late Sixties were generally of a Get-the-Pigfuckers cast of mind, whether it was racism, Vietnam, pollution, the IRS—you name it. Spector, who ran the magazine on a day-to-day basis, at first fought strenuously against such dark subjects' intruding on his light domain, believing that PLAYBOY should be entertainment exclusively. But, like the younger editors and Hefner, who realized that PLAYBOY was virtually required to be a spokesman on these issues if it were to continue to serve its readership, Spector was at last convinced.

Spector suffered a heart attack in April 1970 and went on extended leave. Although his health remained uncertain, and he was failing by slow degrees, he couldn't manage to keep himself away from the office entirely. He died in January 1972 at one of his favorite pursuits, yachting in the Caribbean. His body was buried at sea in U. S. waters.

In that context, the Playboy Writers' Convocation of October 1971 had, beyond being the biggest such bash ever, also been a week-long tribute to Spector, who had lured the first name writers to PLAYBOY back in 1956. The assembled were another list that wouldn't quit: John Cheever, James Dickey, Arthur C. Clarke, Bruce Jay Friedman, Tom Wicker, John Clellon Holmes, Larry King, Art Buchwald, David Halberstam, Garry Wills, John Skow, Sean O'Faolain, Stanley Booth, V. S. Pritchett, Dan Greenburg, Arthur Schlesinger,

Jr., Alan Watts, Ken Purdy, Donn Pearce, Ray Bradbury, Brock Yates, Shel Silverstein, Robert Sherrill, Jean Shepherd, John Kenneth Galbraith, Michael Crichton, Studs Terkel . . . sex experts Dr. Mary Calderone, Morton Hunt, Masters and Johnson, Joel Fort, William Simon . . . plus film maker Roman Polanski, artist LeRoy Neiman, others, most of the PLAYBOY editorial staff, wives, girlfriends, writer groupies of all genders. . .

There were panel discussions and formal dinners all week, but it was, in fact, a blowout on the grand scale. Writers who actually write spend so much time alone that when they gather in groups, they are almost pathologically gregarious. The Writers' Convocation was a party, just as it should have been. It's not every day you can get drunk with Arthur C. Clarke and ask him what 2001 really meant. Or have elevator doors open to reveal this Mutt-n'-Jeff combination of red-haired bean pole and shrimp hippie, only to realize in double take that it's Michael Crichton and Roman Polanski. Or witness a Pulitzer Prize winner (no names, please) two sheets to the wind, bopping out of a reception with a handful of cold green Heinekens and a girl from Reader's Service on his arm. Or listen to a discussion about prize fighting between Donn (*Cool Hand Luke*) Pearce and poet James Dickey hover on the hairline between theory and practice. A good time was had.

Spector's death pulled Hefner out of a much-needed semiretirement, or at least what passed for one with him. He was still paying attention, but in February 1970, the Big Bunny had been delivered and he and Barbi were soon traveling all over the world—Mexico, the Caribbean, Hawaii, Europe, Africa. Then, in 1971, Playboy had acquired the Mansion West and Hef moved in immediately on a part-time basis, ten days there, ten days in Chicago. Who could blame him? The Mansion West is yet a newer version of heaven, a stately piece of baronial old England set on seven acres of hills and tropical gardens, alongside a dark towering stand of virgin redwoods that, at one quarter acre, is the largest remaining in the Los Angeles area. It's right off the hot Mercedes track of Sunset Boulevard in Beverly Hills, but once inside the gate, you'd never know: You have plunged into a green peaceful dream with an elegant Tudor mansion at its center.

Back in the real world, Hefner had to choose a successor to Spector. After endless long meetings and discussions, he settled on splitting the job, naming Richard Koff as Assistant Publisher and former Articles Editor Arthur Kretchmer as Executive Editor.

On the surface, everything looked peachy in September 1972. PLAYBOY's circulation hit a phenomenal 7,200,000 and *Oui* magazine, introduced that month,

sold out its entire 800,000 press run in a matter of days.

But there were hard times ahead.

For one thing, the economy was staggering along even more uncertainly than usual, lurching in 1973 toward recession and Mach-three inflation. It was creaming everybody but was a special kick in the stomach to the leisure business. Some days our Miami hotel was a ghost town of empty rooms, and it was sold in 1974.

About that time, too, PLAYBOY came up against competition of a new sort on the newsstands. Ever since 1955 or so, the world had not lacked in imitations (and parodies) of PLAYBOY. One such started in 1965, *Penthouse*, was one of the more slavish and humorless imitators; but by the early Seventies, it was changing the game somewhat by, simply, being a lot raunchier than PLAYBOY had ever been—or wanted to be. And then along came Larry Flynt with *Hustler*, who went way down the line from *Penthouse*, in the direction of animal-husbandry films and color instruction manuals for butcher's school.

Apparently, Mencken was still right, you still couldn't go broke underestimating the taste of the American people: Both *Penthouse* and *Hustler* were beginning to sell in the millions. PLAYBOY's circulation was affected and dropped gradually. The decline was real, but not drastic, and PLAYBOY remained, as it does today, among the country's top ten magazines in terms of revenue. Still, among other problems, circulation was down. Accustomed to nonstop growth and success, PLAYBOY, with difficulty, reported its first losing quarter in recent memory.

And in 1974, in the midst of those business hassles, along came the DEA, in the imposing form of U.S. Attorney James Thompson, presently governor of Illinois. Taking on PLAYBOY has never been the worst way for a politician to get his name in the headlines, and Thompson used it well. It didn't matter that there was less drug use at the Chicago Mansion than in any reasonably well-heeled fraternity house at the University of Chicago, nor that Hefner's drug of choice really is Pepsi. For some time, the DEA had been looking for an excuse to get inside and look under Playboy's rugs, and it found the handle with Bobbie Arnstein, Hefner's Executive Secretary for 11 years. Her story is too long and sad and complex to tell here, but it let her drift onto the edge of a cocaine deal because she wanted desperately to please and hold on to a young man involved in it. The DEA pounced. Bobbie—a slight, hip, smart, funny woman who was fragile and easily hurt emotionally—felt enormous guilt about opening the door for the DEA. She had attempted suicide more than once. On January 12, 1975, she died in Chicago of a self-inflicted drug overdose. Her suicide came three months after she was convicted and

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THAT'S IMAGINATION. THAT'S PLYMOUTH.

conditionally sentenced to 15 years in prison for conspiracy to transport and distribute cocaine. Bobbie passionately maintained her innocence on those charges, and she was appealing her conviction at the time of her death.

Hefner flew immediately to Chicago and called a press conference. Shocked, shaken, angry, holding back tears, he charged that Bobbie's death had occurred because he had become the target of a "politically motivated" drug investigation stemming from PLAYBOY's advocacy of liberal causes such as the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws. Comparing the tactics used in the investigation to those of the witch-hunts of the Middle Ages, Hefner blamed Bobbie's death on the "incredible pressure" she had had to endure. "Narcotics agents frequently use our severe drug laws in an arbitrary and capricious manner to elicit the desired testimony for trial. . . . And when these laws are as serious as some of our drug laws are, the results can be horrendous."

Less than a year later, the DEA dropped the investigation, for lack of evidence. But Bobbie Arnstein was still dead.

In December 1975, Hefner told those gathered at the annual shareholders' meeting, "This has not been an easy year for the company."

But sometimes it is darkest, etc. In what the newweeklies were calling The Raunch Wars and The Pubic Wars, PLAYBOY took a chance and did it right. After brief indecision, it decided to *not* follow the trend toward intrauterine photographic expeditions and beavers so split and close up they might as well be *steak tartare*.

As Hefner explained at the 1975 shareholders' meeting: "We are moving in new directions aimed at disassociation from imitators. We will present sexuality without vulgarity. Sex will continue to be an important part of the editorial package, but we are not going to take the magazine out the window."

By 1976, the decision began to pay off. What had been lost in circulation was being regained in record advertising revenue, as advertisers increasingly fled in flocks from the competition as it got nitier and grittier. Hefner was able to say accurately in January, "I think we've turned the corner."

The October 1975 *Sappho* pictorial pointed the way: *hot stuff*, ten pages of sisterly love . . . but photographed as in a vivid dream, more sensuous and romantic than sexually explicit, and more of a turn-on for being so. Also in 1975, PLAYBOY ran a pictorial of Brigitte Bardot on the occasion of her turning 40 that was, for all its relative innocence, magnificently sexy. When it came out, one editor, who'd never done so in ten years of working there, ripped out the page of the magazine where she's stand-

ing nude by a stream and stuck it up on his wall, to stare at for inspiration. In 1976, PLAYBOY revisited another regular in *Incomparably Ursula*, discovered sex in the great outdoors in a 1977 Grand Canyon pictorial and in 1978 pushed to yet new frontiers with *Sex in Outer Space*.

Like the pictorials, other areas of the magazine were changing, also in ways that remained true to PLAYBOY. In fiction, the Names were still there in abundance: In 1974, PLAYBOY previewed *Humboldt's Gift*, which won a Pulitzer for Saul Bellow; in 1976, John Cheever's best-selling *Falconer* and Alex Haley's blockbuster *Roots*; in 1977, *The Honourable Schoolboy*, the latest John le Carré; and in 1978, Irwin Shaw's sequel to *Rich Man, Poor Man*, as well as new stories by Arthur C. Clarke, Paul Theroux, John Updike, Günter Grass, V. S. Pritchett, Gore Vidal, Norman Mailer, Kingsley Amis—another of those lists. But the Fiction Department under Victoria Chen Haider is also actively looking for—and publishing—good younger writers, as evidenced by Arthur Rosch's *Sex and the Triple Znar-Fichi* in the September 1978 issue and William Hjortsberg's two-part *Falling Angel* in October and November 1978.

The most dramatic change in PLAYBOY during the Seventies may be in the area of nonfiction. Arthur Kretchmer, now Editorial Director, said recently that he probably never got over being Articles Editor. Certainly, during his tenure, PLAYBOY has hung in at the top of the big leagues, replacing the celebrity outrage of the late Sixties and early Seventies increasingly with tough, probing investigative journalism. Since 1973, there have been two exhaustive nonfiction series, the *History of Organized Crime* and the *History of Assassination in America*. In 1974, PLAYBOY previewed Woodward and Bernstein's *All the President's Men*. For their revelations about the inner Hughes empire in the September 1976 issue (*The Puppet and the Puppetmasters*), Articles Editor Laurence Gonzales and free-lancer Larry DuBois won the Sigma Delta Chi Award, about as close as journalists get to an Oscar. And if not precisely probing but just as tough, PLAYBOY sent former Staff Writer Craig Vetter out to kill himself in a variety of flamboyant ways (including ice climbing and wing walking), which became a series of reports in 1978 called *Pushed to the Edge*.

The *Interviews*, now the satrapy of Executive Editor G. Barry Golson, haven't been slouches, either. Jane Fonda and Tom Hayden sat down to talk in 1974, which for her was a little remarkable, since a few years earlier she'd sued PLAYBOY for umpteen million dollars. Like an increasing number of significant voices, Fonda and Hayden realized that, like it or not, PLAYBOY has what one writer has called "tremendous

reach." Given the statistics of pass-along readership, each issue of the magazine is seen by approximately 20,000,000 people. That's reach. Far enough that the April 1976 *Interview* with Jerry Brown established him as a national contender for the Presidency—at least in the eyes of Jimmy Carter's advisors, who decided because of it and the reaction to it to let Jimmy be interviewed for the November issue. He was, and it became the interview heard round the world. PLAYBOY has also published the last known interview with Jimmy Hoffa, talked with Gary Gilmore days before he was shot by the state and with James Earl Ray in jail. In 1978, the *Interview* gave embattled orange queen Anita Bryant enough space to tell her story, and last month went inside John Travolta's brain to see how things looked from there.

We remain on the case.

And, as we said at the beginning, we feel fine.

In 1977, the boss fulfilled yet another lifelong ambition as guest host on *Saturday Night Live*—no, not to meet John Belushi but to *sing* on a network television show. The rumors were true: He wasn't bad. And it must have seemed like old times last August when he saw the goggling front-page headlines in the *Chicago Tribune*:

HEFNER AND PLAYBOY ACCUSED OF OBSCENITY

A zealous prosecutor in Atlanta was accusing Hefner of "distributing obscene materials." It was a misdemeanor under Georgia law, but, nevertheless, was front-page news to Hefner's old friend, the *Trib*. Apparently, it did not matter to the prosecutor that a Federal judge in the Atlanta district court had ruled that recent issues of PLAYBOY and *Oui* were definitely not obscene; nor that PLAYBOY had never lost such a case in a court of final appeal. He thought it was dirty, and that was that. As of this writing, he still does, and may continue to do so for some time.

The more things change, the more they stay the same.

In 25 years, Playboy has become an international empire, with foreign editions of the magazine in Germany, Italy, France, Japan, Brazil, Latin America, Spain and, as of February, Australia; the Clubs and Resort Hotels have also expanded world-wide—a new Club in Manila, a casino in Nassau, a planned hotel on the Boardwalk in Atlantic City. The Playboy Rabbit is certainly among the most universally recognized symbols in the world.

And some zealot still wants to put Hefner in jail.

It seems like a portent of 25 more lively years.

Have fun. We will.



Little Annie Fanny

BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL ELDER

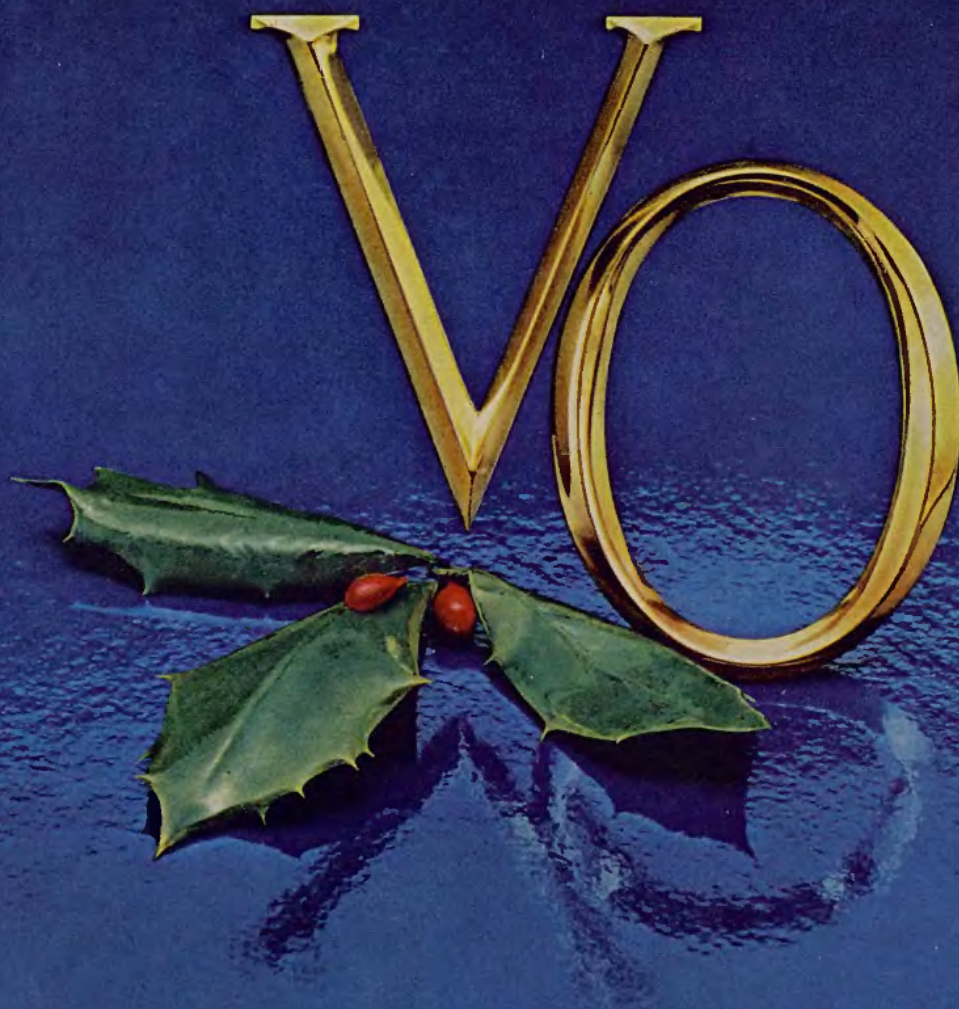
IT'S THE "HAPPY HOUR"...THAT MAGIC MOMENT WHEN THE T-BARS STOP AND THE SKI BARS START. MAKE NO MISTAKE. THESE ARE SKIERS FIRST. AND, TO A MAN, THEY'LL TELL YOU THERE'S NO WOMAN IN THE WORLD WHO'S WORTH A RUN DOWN A SLOPE OF FRESH POWDER. THIS ADVENTURE CONCERNS THE DOWNHILL RACERS AND THEIR STRUGGLE TO CONQUER THE POWDERED SLOPES ON THE PERFUMED PEAKS OF OUR HEROINE.







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PLAYBOY

ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

GEAR

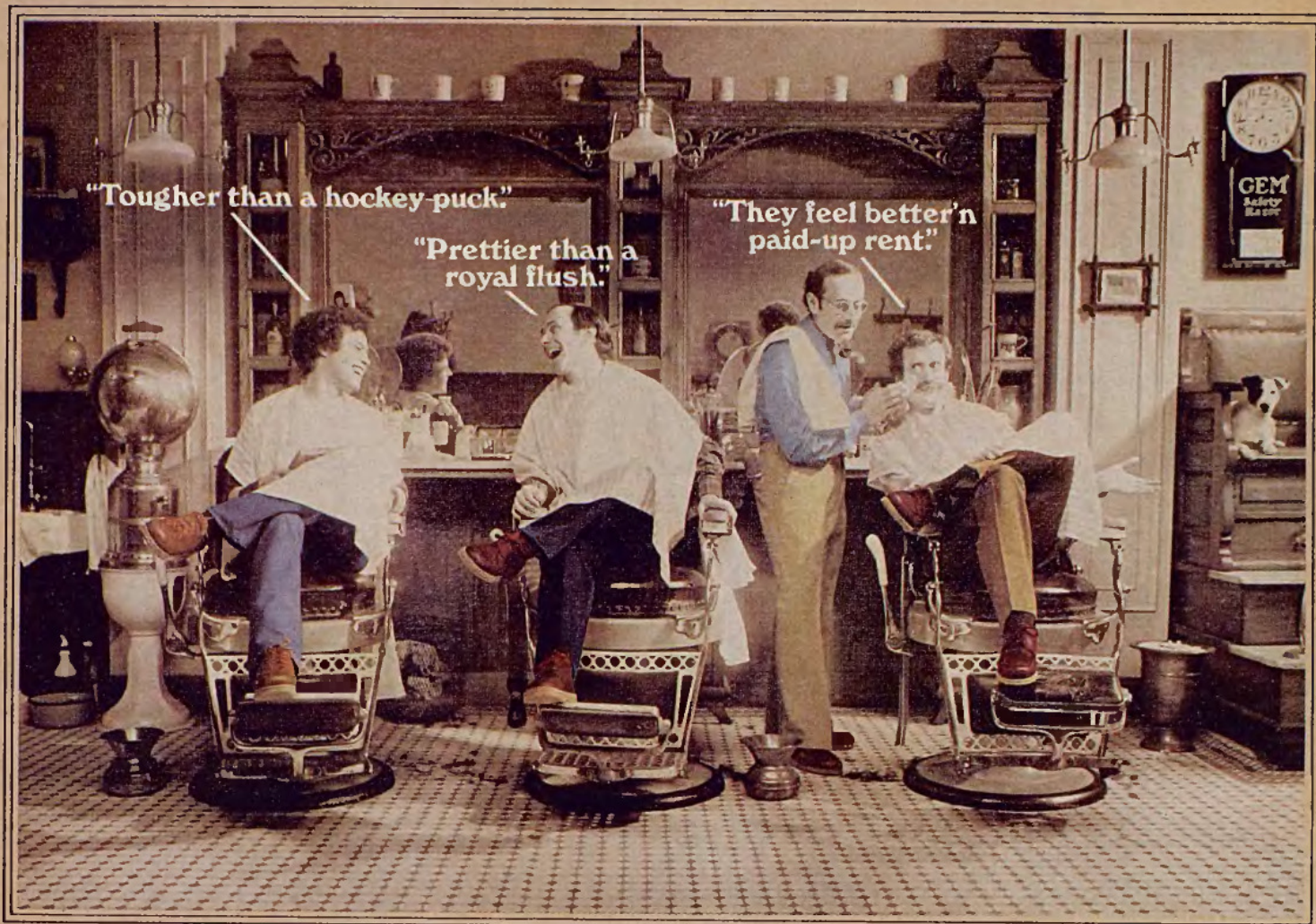
THINK THIN

Twenty-five years ago, a fledgling PLAYBOY featured Marilyn Monroe as its first Playmate and the family boob tube was built like a box. Twenty-five years later, oh, baby, look at them now: PLAYBOY is the hefty, handsome publication you're holding and TV sets have screens in a variety of sizes from postage stamp to more than a yard wide. Below, you see the shape of TVs

to come: Sharp Electronics' new superthin EL model that can sit L-shaped, as shown, or hang flat against a wall. The eight-pound black-and-white set, which Sharp hopes to introduce by late 1979 or early 1980, has an ultraclear yellowish-orange picture created by pulses that alternately polarize and depolarize electrodes built into the screen. Pretty Sharp!



How did Sharp Electronics Corporation create this revolutionary superthin-screen black-and-white television with its six-diagonal-inch viewing area? It replaced the cumbersome picture tube with an electroluminescence panel that's only two inches thick, that's how. Price: about \$450.



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FASHION

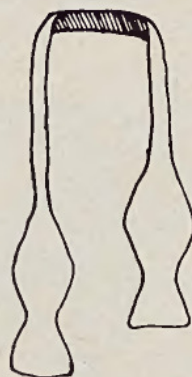
BOW TIE ONE ON

The rediscovery of what fun it is to go formal has brought about a problem: There's a whole generation out there that never learned how to tie a bow tie. So here's how, gentlemen, demonstrated by a dapper fellow wearing a three-piece formal outfit, by Tyrone, \$495; a wing-collar shirt, by Gil Truedsson, \$65; and a pin-dot bow tie, by Vicky Davis, Ltd., \$8.50.

—HOLLIS WAYNE

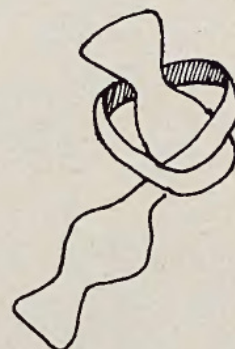


CHRIS CALLIS



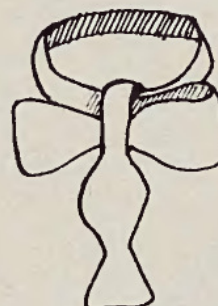
Left: Place your bow tie around your neck and leave the right end dangling 1 1/2" longer than the left. Simple enough.

Right: Now slowly cross the longer end over the shorter end and pass the longer end up through the loop.



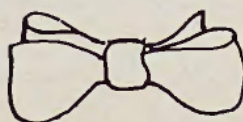
Left: Now grab the shorter end and—here's the tricky part—carefully form the front loop of your bow tie with it.

Right: When you feel the loop is right, hold it with thumb and forefinger and drop the longer end over it as we've depicted here. It's not so tough.



Left: Next, form another loop with the longer end and pass this loop behind the front loop and between the crossed ends you formed in figure two.

Right: You can easily adjust your bow tie by simply pulling on the loops and ends.



Left: You're ready for a night on the town. The bow tie being adjusted around the young lady's pretty neck, by the way, is worsted/satin, by After Six Accessories, \$10. (Her tuxedo vest, American Champagne.)

They Can't All Be Robert Redford

Our July 1973 Playmate, MARTHA SMITH, was a Detroit model looking for a career in the movies. We're happy to report she found one. Here are before and after pictures, the larger an outtake from her Playmate shooting, the smaller (Martha's on the right) from "National Lampoon's Animal House," in which she plays Babs, the prissy, stuck-up sorority queen, who runs off with an "animal" named Bluto, played by John Belushi. Yes, that's right—John Belushi.



EVA SERENY / SYGMA

Break an Arm!

Talking with your hands may be dangerous to your health. Ask Italian movie director BERNARDO BERTOLUCCI if you don't believe us. Bertolucci, best known for "Last Tango in Paris" and "1900," was in the midst of filming "La Luna" in Rome with Jill Clayburgh when he tripped and broke both of his elbows. Ci-ow!

POMPEO POSAR

Talk About Big Apples!

Singer DOLLY PARTON has really been around—on our cover, visiting Johnny Carson and in the Big Apple, where she gave a free concert on the steps of city hall. Her enthusiastic audience included New York mayor ED KOCH, who seems to be trying to measure her bust. Dolly told PLAYBOY last October, "My body is not really as extreme as people make it out to be. I have plenty, but it's not like what people say..." Sure, and Koch has a lot of hair.



MERRY ALPERN/LYNN GOLDSMITH, INC.



DAVE PATRICK

"I'm Mad as Hell and I'm Not Going to Take It Anymore"

Even before the movie "Network" popularized that slogan, editor-writer and former "Realist" publisher PAUL KRASSNER was angry. His outrage has covered just about every issue from assassination-conspiracy theory to Patty Hearst. This photo is either Krassner's fond farewell to fellow staffers at "Hustler" or his current opinion of California politics. No matter. Count on Paul to be pissed about something.

Out for the Evening

We don't know for sure if this photo was snapped at the Paris premiere of "Grease," but we do know that MARISA BERENSON needs to have a talk with her dress designer. What with one thing and another, you may not have noticed her escort—singer Joey TRAVOLTA's younger brother, JOHN.



FRANCIS APESTEGUY/GAMMA

PLAYBOY'S ROVING EYE

Page-Three Girls

America has the gatefold. London has the page-three girl. Every morning, thousands of Englishmen get up to peruse the beauties who bare their breasts in black and white on the third page of *The Sun*, a tabloid published by Rupert Murdoch. Here are eight page-three girls. Hey, Hef, have you ever considered putting out a daily?



DENISE PERRY

NICKI DEBUSE



JACQUIE DUNBAR

DIANE WEST



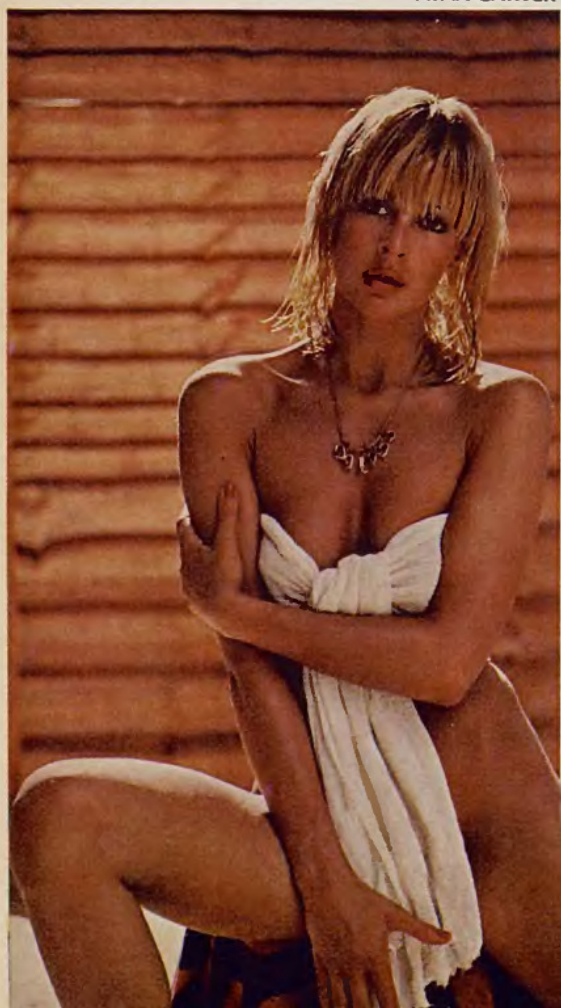
COLOR PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL WILSON



GILL DUXBURY



JANE WARNER



NINA CARTER

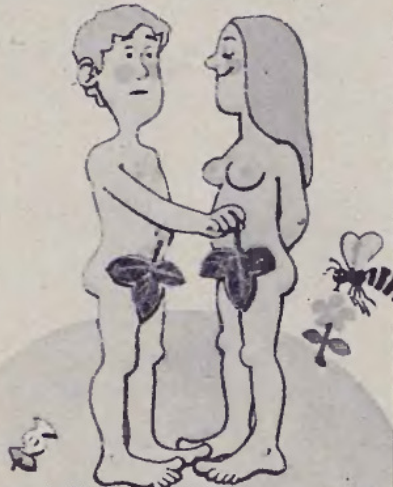


JANE CONNORS

COP-A-FELIA FORBIDDEN

Macho, my ass. Mexico City officials have made a mess of mass transit in an attempt to protect female subway riders. It seems that Latin lovers can't

Du kan have en kønssygdom uden at vide det



tal med din læge, hvis du er i tvivl!

The Danish government now offers stickers that advise: "You can have V.D. and not know it. Talk to your doctor if you're in doubt!" We're not sure these things will replace Easter Seals, but you never know.

resist fanny pinching during rush hour, so the city fathers decided to try segregating the sexes. Now they reserve the first three cars of each nine-car train for the fairer sex and jam the poor men into the last six cars. If a pervert wants to pinch a fanny, he has to outreach the long arm of the law. Police patrol the stations and physically eject any man trying to slip onto the promised land.

How is the experiment working out? Fine, except, at last report, observers were trying to explain the sudden wave of transvestites who cropped up almost overnight in Mexico City.

MONITORING THE HEARTTHROB

In September, *Sex News* reported on an impressive number of psychiatrists who take a roll on the couch with their patients. Now we have news from a pair of shrinks at Vanderbilt U that personal physicians often fall prey to the "seductive patient." Psychiatrists Marc H. Hollender and Stewart Shevitz interviewed 15 surgeons and other specialists on examination-room romance with female patients. The researchers describe the seductress as attractive, outgoing, dressed in vivid colors, low-cut dresses and lavish make-up. She comments on the doc's private life, using his first name, and her farewell handshake lingers. The shrinks call such women "hysterical personalities" who have little interest in sex. They barter sex for what it will bring—attention and indulgences. And the poor, unsuspecting physician, always ready to render help where needed, bristling with loyalty to the Hippocratic oath, falls into the trap. Gee, sometimes the risks just seem to outweigh the advantages of a medical career.

MA BELL'S RENEGADE DAUGHTER

The way we heard it, Alexander Graham Bell's first words over his new invention were actually: "Watson, guess what I'm holding in my hand." Oh, well, thanks to the telephone, generations of deep breathers have been able to enjoy aural sex and to inflict their passion on countless innocent victims.

Now there's a new twist. When Robert Scott Hooper and Theresa Holmes—PLAYBOY's eyewitness news team—were down in Miami working on our "Sex in America" series, they ran into a lady named Roxanne (below) who operates a unique answering service called Hot Rocks. She guarantees that she will get you off. For \$15, you can subscribe to her program (P.O. Box 9008, Coral Springs, Florida 33065). On the first call, Roxanne will find out a new client's predilections. From then on, he or she can call any time. Says Roxanne, "This is for the sexy, erotic, sensual, come-loving man. It's a fantasy world where you can say, hear and act out anything that turns you on. I want you to live out



R. SCOTT HOOPER

all of your erotic fantasies with me. I love to get you off and hear you come. Hopefully, I will go down in history as the Empress of the Hottest Sensual Phone Service that was ever given to man. I am usually in a state of permanent heat. Oh, I forgot to mention. I am sexy, vivacious, fun-loving, and have a mouth that you wouldn't believe." Right. Since Roxanne only takes calls, she is not breaking the law. It's up to her subscribers to decide whether it's better to give than to receive.

THE CURSE OF THE WORKING CLASS

Here's some bad news for the working-class hero. University of Sydney researchers think the sperm of lower-class men may trigger cervical cancer. Statistically, lower-class women are more prone to the disease than upper-class women. Why? Since intercourse predisposes women to cervical cancer, the researchers speculated that perhaps sperm was involved. They found that that of lower-class men contained more of the protein protamine than did the higher-class type. So the Sydney group concludes sperm protamine may cause cervical cancer. No word on why proletariat sperm has protamine in such abundance.



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"STRIKE TEAMS"—WE ALL KNOW WHAT HAPPENED WHEN THE COMMANDOS BLEW THE DOORS OFF THE PLANE. BUT WHO WERE THOSE MASKED MEN? OUR MAN IN TERRORISM TELLS ALL—BY **DAVID B. TINNIN**

NEIL SIMON, THE COUNTRY'S MOST SUCCESSFUL PLAYWRIGHT/SCENARIST, TALKS ABOUT NEW YORK VS. HOLLYWOOD, STAGE VS. SCREEN, HOW HE DEALT WITH THE DEATH OF HIS FIRST WIFE AND HOW HE FEELS ABOUT HIS SECOND MARRIAGE, TO ACTRESS MARSHA MASON, IN A FUNNY, POIGNANT, REVEALING **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

"THE FOUNTAINS OF PARADISE, PART TWO"—A RESEARCH TEAM IS STRANDED IN SPACE IN THE CONCLUDING INSTALLMENT OF WHAT THE AUTHOR SAYS IS HIS LAST NOVEL—BY **ARTHUR C. CLARKE**

"THE GIRLS OF LAS VEGAS"—BEHIND THE DRESSING-ROOM DOOR WITH THE LADIES WHO SET YOUR PULSE POUNDING. A SEVEN-PAGE PICTORIAL WITH TEXT BY NOTED AUTHOR **JOHN SACK**

"THE GRAPES OF ROTHSCHILD"—A FANTASY-FULFILLING WEEK ON THE ESTATE OF BARON PHILIPPE DE ROTHSCHILD, A WINE MAKER FOR ALL SEASONS—BY **G. BARRY GOLSON**

"TEN HISTORICAL SEX HANG-UPS"—OUR ANCESTORS' ATTITUDES MAKE CONTEMPORARY INHIBITIONS SEEM TAME—BY **MORTON M. HUNT**

"JOGGER'S JOURNAL"—ONE MAN'S TONGUE-IN-ADIDAS CHRONICLE OF HIS UNTIRING (WELL, ALMOST UNTIRING) QUEST FOR RUNNING PERFECTION—BY **RICHARD LIEBMANN-SMITH**

"THE YEAR IN SEX"—HERE WE GO AGAIN, FOLKS: ALL THE NEWS (GOOD AND BAD) ABOUT LIFE AND LUST IN 1978. AN IRREVERENT AND LAVISHLY ILLUSTRATED COMPENDIUM

"CROSS-COUNTRY SKIING"—WHAT IT REALLY FEELS LIKE, WITH TIPS ON THE GREAT GEAR AVAILABLE—BY **CRAIG VETTER**

"DIESELS"—WITH EVERYTHING BEING DOWNSIZED, IT WAS ONLY A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE THE OLD WORK HORSE WAS TRANSFORMED INTO A FAST-STEPPING PONY—BY **BROCK YATES**

COMING IN THE MONTHS AHEAD: EXCLUSIVE **PLAYBOY INTERVIEWS** WITH **RICHARD PRYOR**, **HAMILTON JORDAN**, **STEVEN SPIELBERG**, **MIKHAIL BARYSHNIKOV** AND **STEVE MARTIN**; TWO PARTS OF **JOSEPH HELLER'S** NEW NOVEL, **"GOOD AS GOLD"**; **"ALL THE BIRDS COME HOME TO ROOST,"** AN IRONIC HORROR STORY, BY **HARLAN ELLISON**; **"SEX IN AMERICA: CHICAGO,"** PART II OF OUR SURVEY OF THE SEXUAL TEMPERATURE OF THE CITIES, BY **WALTER L. LOWE**; **"RAIDING THE CONGRESSIONAL COOKIE JAR,"** THE BIZARRE, OFTEN FUNNY TALE OF HOW LOBBYISTS AND OTHERS TRY TO GET THEIR WAY ON CAPITOL HILL, BY RETIRING **SENATOR JAMES ABOUREZK**; AN INTIMATE LOOK AT **MARILYN MONROE**, WRITTEN BY **LENA PEPITONE**, HER PERSONAL MAID AND CONFIDANTE DURING THE LAST SIX YEARS OF HER LIFE; **"INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY,"** A PROGRESS REPORT ON THE ATTEMPTS TO SLOW THE AGING PROCESS, BY **RICHARD RHODES**; A REVEALING PROBE OF **"THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE PROFESSIONAL RACE DRIVER,"** WITH A MAN-TO-MAN TALK WITH WORLD DRIVING CHAMPION **MARIO ANDRETTI**; **"THE LEASER OF TWO EVILS,"** AN OUTRAGEOUS TALE ABOUT A MAN WITH A SPLIT-PERSONALITY PROBLEM, BY **PHILIP JOSE FARMER**; AND PICTORIAL VISITS WITH **"THE GIRLS OF CANADA"** AND **"FOREIGN FEMMES FATALES."**

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